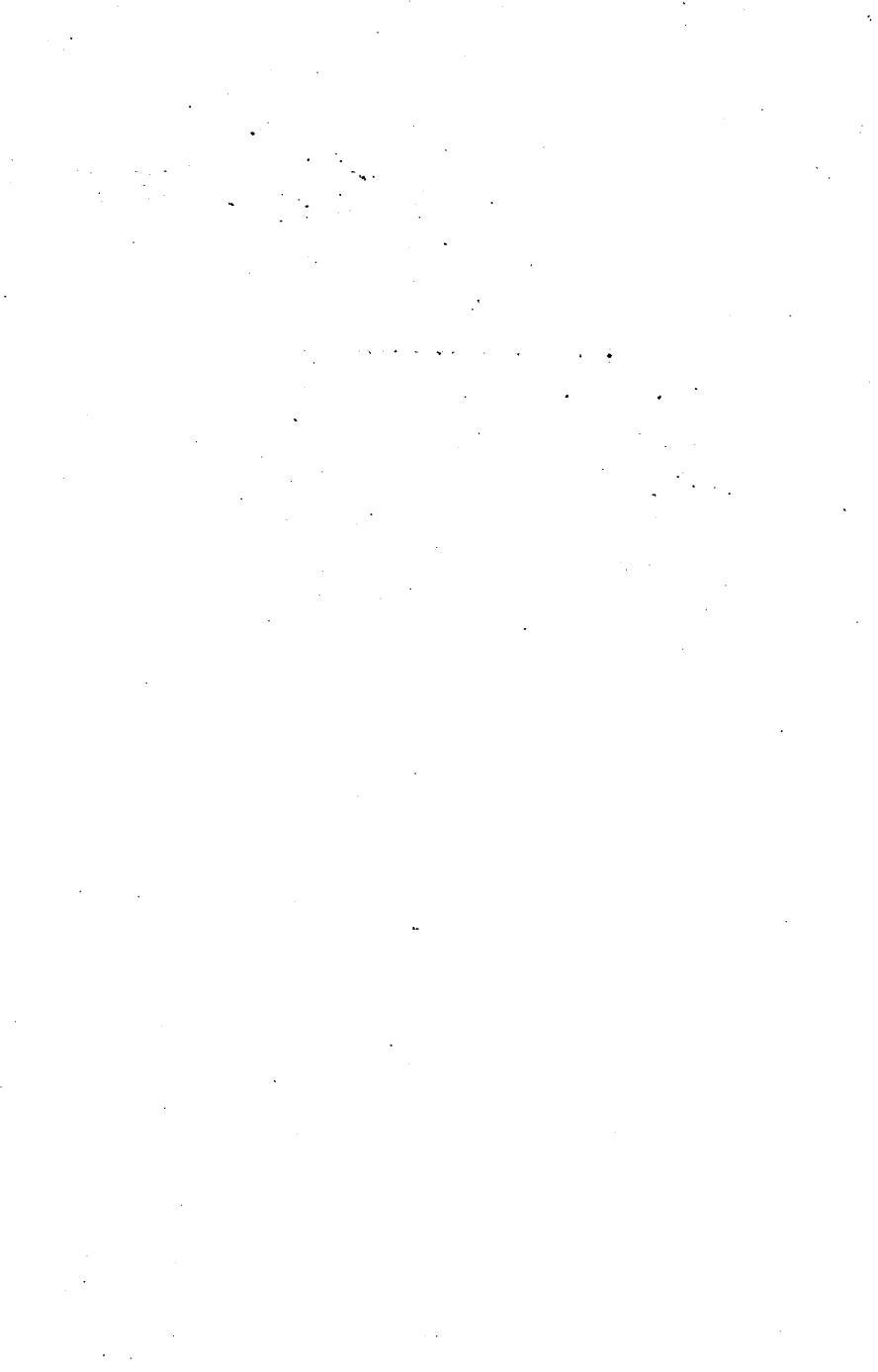


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I HAVE SEEN GOD DO IT

by

SHERWOOD EDDY
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FOREWORD

While I was staying recently with my old friend, Dr. Benjamin Bush, various reminiscences awoke a long chain of memories. Some of these seemed to pass before us objectively as a series of moral miracles, of *Gesta Christi*, or the triumphs of Christ. In the language of Pentecost, Peter and his companions were "talking of the triumphs of God." (Moffatt's translation.) Dr. Bush finally said: "Can't you record some of these incidents in a book? Even though you say you were only a spectator, you have had a unique opportunity to see God at work all over the world. Recall those early experiences when you saw God working in the lives of Moody and Drummond in student days at Northfield, Yale, and Princeton. You saw God working among Hindus and Moslems in India, Confucianists and Buddhists in China. You have seen men won to Christ in every one of the non-Christian faiths of Asia. You have known many of the spiritual giants of the world in our own time, such as Gandhi, whom you might help us to understand. Write about those atheists converted in czarist Russia and in Czechoslovakia. Tell of that converted bandit in China. Just a second, may I suggest a title for the book—'I Have Seen God Do It.'"

The idea at first did not appeal to me. But, later, when a brief illness prevented me from traveling to keep my engagements in the colleges, I had time on my hands to write. I have been oppressed of late by the obtruding memory of a long chain of mistakes and failures, of limitations, errors in judgment, and of sin and shortcomings in my life. I know if anything has been accomplished it is not because of me but in spite of me. But the very fact that I have been com-

pelled to travel incessantly over Asia, Europe, and America for nearly half a century has enabled me to be at least a spectator on the side lines, or a witness to watch God at work in the lives of all sorts and conditions of men.

Finally I decided to write. I shall begin with an account of my early experiences with Moody at Northfield. I shall mention a moral miracle that I saw take place in Czechoslovakia and then speak of spiritual conflicts witnessed in Russia, China, India, Japan and the Philippines. I shall recall incidents where I believe I have definitely seen God answer prayer. Finally we shall endeavor to study social change in history, in great movements that even now are swiftly shaping society. Just before finishing the book, the Second World War began while I was in Europe and revived the vivid memory of scenes in the last World War and of lessons to be learned from it. I believe I have seen God work in time of war as well as in time of peace.

I shall try to recall some of these memorabilia where God seems unmistakably to have been at work. Some refer to incidents which have never been printed; others are in books now out of print, while yet others are in more recent volumes which I have the permission of the publishers to repeat. My especial thanks are due to Farrar and Rinehart for their generous permission to use material bearing on this subject which is scattered in several volumes.

New York, January 1, 1940.

SHERWOOD EDDY

I HAVE
SEEN GOD DO IT

I

I HAVE SEEN GOD WORK IN AMERICA

.....
At the outset I may be challenged by the question of what I mean by seeing God work. If I have learned anything in my nearly seventy years of life, it is the discovery of God—God in the universe, God in nature and human nature, God in the individual and in society, God in history and in personal experience. The cynic may reply that only because life has been one long illusion, or delusion, could I presume or even dare to dream that I had really found God or seen him working in the world.

But I have found a vital center of experience which has deepened through more than five decades of my life. It has been to me solid, substantial, satisfying. However imperfect, it is the most certain and vivid reality of my life. I have found this experience not only validating itself in my own life but I have observed that it is capable of repeated verification all down the centuries, wherever men have been willing to fulfill the conditions of this greatest experiment in human living. I have seen this experience re-discovered and fulfilled in greater or less degree by men in almost every conceivable environment all over the world.

I admit at the outset that I cannot prove God's existence. Long ago I came to the conclusion that God cannot be proved but that he can be known. In the same way I cannot

prove the existence of another person but I can know that person. As Tennyson says,

"For nothing worthy proving can be proven
Nor yet disproven."¹

God is not found at the conclusion of an argument; rather he is the necessary ground of every argument and of all experience. Like the sun: "He is the one object in the world at which we cannot steadfastly gaze, yet in the light of which we see everything else." Our various arguments are efforts to explicate the knowledge of God which we already have and to relate it to our whole experience of the world. But our experience of the world implies a faith in some kind of God, in the sense that it presupposes a world of order and purpose rather than a chaos. Whether our faith in "some kind of God" does justice to God as he really is in his majesty over the world and in his relation to the world depends upon the depth of our religious experience.

William James showed long ago that if two hypotheses are presented to us, both equally tenable, but neither demonstrable, the call to decision between them may be an issue either living or dead; either forced or avoidable; either momentous or trivial. The question of God is a genuine option that is forced, living and momentous. It makes a world of difference to life and conduct.

¹ "Thou canst not prove the Nameless, O my son,
Thou canst not prove the world thou movest in,
Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in one:
Thou canst not prove that thou art immortal, no,
Nor yet that thou art mortal—nay, my son,
Thou canst not prove that I, who speak with thee,
Am not thyself in converse with thyself,
For nothing worthy proving can be proven
Nor yet disproven: wherefore then be wise,
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
And cling to faith beyond the forms of faith."

Here at the great watershed of human experience we are presented with the final Either—Or of life. At one extreme, in the words of Bertrand Russell, we may contemplate an accidental collocation of atoms, destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, buried beneath the debris of a universe in ruins. On man and all his works the slow, sure doom falls, pitiless and dark. He concludes that only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair can the soul's habitation be built.

At the other extreme Donald Hankey, wounded and dying on the battlefield, finds: "God! God everywhere—and underneath, the everlasting arms." The man who recognizes this great reality at the heart of life may lie upon the battlefield or stand amid the storm and shipwreck of life and cry exultantly with the Apostle Paul: "Be of good cheer, for I believe God." "I am certain neither death nor life, neither the present nor the future, no powers of the Height or of the Depth, nor anything else in all creation will be able to part us from God's love in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Poles apart are a world and a life without God and without hope, and a life and a world that have found God and can see him at work. If there were no God there would be no supreme mind in the universe, and the world as a whole could never have been thought or loved or willed. If there were no mind apart from the brain of the individual there could be no science, for science depends on an ordered, rational world, and it implies two minds, the one producing and the other understanding. If there were no God there would be no universal heart and no plan or purpose in the universe. There could then be no true religion, no answered prayer, no logical place for divine worship, no adequate ground of absolute moral obligation, no sure and certain hope for the future of mankind or for the individual. But on the other, positive hypothesis, with God, in God's world, all

things are possible and, potentially, all things are ours in an ever-widening experience.

For myself, I believe I have found God cumulatively and increasingly in nature, in man, in a world of values, in persons of spiritual genius, and finally most of all in personal experience. I observe all about me that multitudes of men have discovered God in nature. There is more than the artist can paint in the ineffable which he sees in Beauty. The husbandman finds something more than earth and sky. The scientist sometimes feels like Lord Kelvin "forced by science to belief in God." The philosopher has often found God in nature and the common man frequently has felt that there is something beyond the visible, as one writes: "I have never seen a high mountain or the ocean or any other vast and beautiful sight without a strengthening of my belief in God." Thus nature speaks to many of something within or beyond the visible. Not only the rare mountain-peak poets like Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning, but multitudes of our fellow men believe that they have discovered God in nature as a "Presence that disturbs us."

More than in nature I believe we get a clue as to the character of God in man, in the highest aspect of experience in mind rather than in its lowest in matter. Conceivably God might be either a super-force or a super-mind. If, however, the universe is more than a mere mechanism of matter and force its source may be found to be either personal or supra-personal. It should include all that is best in personality as man knows it.

I believe that I have found God not only in nature and in human nature but in a world of values. The deepest experience of the race seems to have gathered around man's three-fold quest in his hunger for the true, his sense of obligation to the good, and his longing to realize the beautiful. Man's appreciation of value grades him in the scale of being and measures all his progress.

The right key fits the lock. If the ultimate value of the universe is not mechanism but purpose, if the values of the true, the good, and the beautiful are absolute and are united in a perfect Mind and Heart and Will, then the recognition of value and obedience to moral obligation should discover the secret of life itself. Somehow the universe backs these values. Insofar as we are true to our best and realize the values of life, we do not merely infer that there is a God, but we begin to discover God himself. We find in experience that all the values seem to unite in one absolute value of Love. And as we learn to love we begin to live.

I believe that I have discovered God not only in nature, in human nature and in a world of values but more especially in persons of spiritual genius in the great seers and prophets of the race. I find that men have been discovering these eternal values in life and the spiritual experience that results from them not only since Socrates, Plato and Aristotle in Greece, and since Gautama, Confucius and Lao-tse before them, but since the earliest prophets of Israel who appeared before any of these great teachers. At the summit of humanity's long quest for God and of God's revelation of himself to man, I find Jesus, the firstborn of a great fellowship, the eldest in a vast family of brothers.

Here on the plane of man's common life, one who seems to be a young prophet in Galilee steps out of the silence of his carpenter shop to call all men to be his brothers and the children of one Heavenly Father. Somehow, he launches in less than three years the greatest spiritual movement in all history. Almost unlettered, and without writing a word himself, this peasant carpenter in some unaccountable way stimulated the greatest volume of literature ever known in the world. And for all time he has set for humanity its highest moral standards.

Jesus himself experienced and revealed God as Father. But in some unique way his faith and experience were con-

tagious. Somehow, men in his presence found God for themselves. They found not a word to be defined, not a cold hypothesis or an abstract first Cause, but a reality vividly realizable in experience. They discovered, lived out in a concrete life from Nazareth to Calvary, a Man who became a veritable human revelation of God. Here seemed to be the likeness, the very image, "the portrait of the invisible God." Once, at least, a man had lived a whole life in the light of his faith in God. And the very sight of him had created a wistful longing to be like him and to find his secret of the discovery of the very heart of Reality itself. Men believed that they had found in him not only a clue to character but the hope of a new social order in his proclamation of the Kingdom of God. The elements of this Kingdom we shall try to analyze when we study God working in history and in social change.

It is my firm conviction not only that all down the centuries multitudes of men have entered into this great spiritual experience, but that many are finding it all over the world today, and I have had the undeserved privilege of witnessing this phenomenon widely in many lands. My own spiritual life has been so cramped and confined, so sinful and darkened that the wonder is that I have seen anything of God working anywhere. If even I have seen him, any man can do so. I am more painfully aware of how superficial and shallow my own life and work have been than any other can possibly be. My only excuse for writing is that the nature of my work has compelled me to travel almost incessantly over wide areas of the world, both geographic and ideological, and to observe the lives of men under many social systems, many religions and many types of environment.

I believe I first saw God at work in the life of my mother. If I am ever able to accomplish anything in my life I shall owe it first of all to her Spartan character and training. My boyhood was spent in the small town of Leavenworth, Kansas,

and it was here in adolescent years that I had my first conscious Christian experience. I prepared for college in Phillips Andover Academy where, away from home, I first had to stand on my own feet. Then followed my college course at Yale in the class of 1891, with the rich experience of the student summer conferences at Northfield with D. L. Moody, Henry Drummond and the spiritual leaders whom Moody always drew about him there. Here God first became a reality in my life.

My theological course was taken in the Union Theological Seminary of New York, with a final postgraduate year in Princeton where a private devotional period of two hours each morning revealed deeper depths of spiritual experience than I had heretofore known. I spent a year in practical work in New York City as a secretary of the Twenty-Third Street Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, and worked as a painfully immature associate of Dr. Charles Parkhurst when he was making his first effective fight in exposing the vice, crime, and political corruption which flourished like a jungle growth under the protection of Tammany Hall.

At the close of my student days I was caught up in the great missionary crusade which swept some 15,000 of us students from the West out to the Orient and Africa under the audacious watchword "the evangelization of the world in this generation." Before going to the Orient I spent a year as traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, visiting the colleges of the United States. In 1896 I went out to India. For fifteen years I traveled through the colleges of that fascinating country, working in English among students who were members of the Hindu, Moslem, Christian and other communities in that great religious arena. At the same time my wife and I lived in a mission station in South India, working in the Tamil language, where we shared the responsibility for the care of some sixty churches

and nearly as many schools, among a population of half a million of all classes and castes, but chiefly among the masses where our work was among the poorest of the poor.

In 1912 I was called for the next two decades to work as Secretary for Asia of the YMCA. While this was in a way an empty title that carried no executive responsibility, my work now took me through those great evangelistic campaigns in China, where often thousands of students were pouring out daily to hear the Christian message, as well as among the more critical students of Japan, repeatedly over India, and among the students of the Near East including Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt.

The outbreak of the World War threw me among the soldiers of the British Army in the camps of England and France, and then with the first divisions of the American Army when General Pershing arrived with his expeditionary force. An annual Seminar of educators to study conditions in the war-torn countries of Europe required me to visit that continent each summer for two decades. I still spend part of each year in the American colleges. Through the accident of an arrest while investigating the needs of sharecroppers in Arkansas, a group of us were driven to establish a chain of cooperative farms in Mississippi as a social experiment which I shall try to describe. I have seen God work not only in the sphere of religion but in the equally sacred realm of science and of art, as well as in economic and political organization, in all social change for the better as well as in individual character. I feel convinced that I have seen God working in the lives of men among the many faiths of the Orient and I shall select Gandhī as an example of these. But for me personally the authentic sign of the divine handiwork is some semblance of the experience of Jesus, or some likeness to the character of Christ, however dim and imperfect it may be. For myself, Christ is the norm. Whether in transformed personal character or in social change, sudden

or gradual, that seems to be in line with, or an approach to, the Kingdom of God as Jesus envisaged it, we shall count him everywhere the touchstone of the divine.

It is obviously easier to see God at work in sudden and dramatic changes like the volcanic upheaval that transformed Saul of Tarsus into the Apostle Paul, than it is in slower educational or evolutionary development. It is more natural to appreciate spiritual change if it is congenial to our own ideas, or in conformity with orthodox conventional standards, but we shall try to recognize the authentic evidence of the divine artistry even if it lies far beyond our own provincial experience. If God himself is the light that lighteth every man, if he has made of one blood all men of all nations for one potential brotherhood, if whoever will do the will of God, consciously or unconsciously, is counted by Christ as his brother or sister, then we should expect God to be working everywhere in all men, whether good or bad and whether we can see his handiwork or not. We may find him striving to work not only in what we call "peace" in the present unjust status quo, but even in the hell that men call war. It will be of incalculable value and joy to each of us if we can form the habit of looking for God at work not only in the spectacular and unusual but in the daily round of our common life.

I SAW GOD WORK IN THE LIFE OF MOODY

The most powerful religious influence that I can remember in my early life was that of Moody and the series of student conferences held at Northfield, where I had the greatest spiritual experience of my college days. I did not want to go to that first student conference. I can remember the very spot on the campus at Yale where a classmate asked me to attend the Northfield Conference and I promptly refused to go. He pointed out the wonderful opportunity for spiritual uplift, for a personal blessing, and a life of deeper consecra-

tion in contact with men like Moody and Henry Drummond. I told him I was not interested. Then, to get down to my level, he spoke of the good times, the swimming and tennis, the field sports, track meet, baseball and general jollification that the students would have at this conference. I decided to go for the sake of the good time.

I can remember that I dropped into a back seat at the first meeting hoping that it would soon be over so that I could get out for athletics. Then Moody, huge and homely, rose to speak. He was the most dynamic human I had ever met, terrible and earnest. He had the most drive, the largest heart, the most impassioned concern that every student and every man should yield his life in absolute loyalty to Christ. As he began to speak, almost from his first words a spark from his flaming spirit fell into my dry heart. I remember his first text, "If any man thirst, let him come and drink. From within him shall flow rivers of living water." There I sat as a useless college student, cold, selfish, cynical, who had been sneering at the poor boys from the factories and the slums in the industrial college town of New Haven as "muckers." I was so hypercritical that a fellow student was warned not to room with me because of the effect it might have upon his character. Worse, I was sinful and as Moody continued to speak I felt a deepening sense of guilt as never before in my life. He did not accuse me but rather held up an ideal and a picture of an abundant life of which I had never dreamed and before which I felt shriveled and self-condemned in my petty selfishness.

There I was, a pharisaic student at Yale, no good to my college, to my country, to God or to man. And there was this unlettered man, Moody, who had never had the privilege of entering a college or a high school, using bad grammar, yet spiritually shaking half a continent and overturning men in the universities and cities of Great Britain and America like a volcanic eruption. Before he had finished that

first address a great thirst had sprung up in my heart: "Oh for a man to arise in me, that the man I am may cease to be!"

I forgot all about my petty self and my little "good time." I could not sleep that night. I was out by a great rock in the field wrestling with my own selfishness and sin. That hour marked a turning point in my life. God was now beginning to become real to me and religion was becoming vital and first-hand in my own experience. It was no longer merely traditional as something which had been received at second-hand from my elders.

I shall always be thankful that I could see God at work in the life of America's greatest evangelist in a day when a flaming evangelism was speaking with power to men. As his work was a major formative influence in my early life and in part lay at the basis of the modern missionary movement that swept thousands of us out to the ends of the earth on a spiritual crusade, I must speak of the work of this man more at length.

There was little religion in that cold Unitarian home in East Northfield, but the death of Moody's father when he was but four years old left a widowed mother and her nine children battling with stark poverty on a barren New England farm. Discontented with his narrow lot, yet bursting with energy and the stirring of great things within him, Dwight Moody at the age of seventeen went to Boston and sought work in his uncle's boot and shoe business. Crude though he was, he was a born business man. He was ambitious to make what was then considered a large "fortune" of \$100,000; though he was earning only \$30 a week at the time.

He had had several years of meager schooling but he had always hated books and found himself at the age of seventeen ashamed of his ignorance in his first Sunday School class, unable to find the books of John or Hebrews either in the Old or New Testament. His teacher, Edward Kimball,

little dreaming that he was winning the greatest evangelist of the nineteenth century, called on his blundering pupil at the rear of Holton's store where he was wrapping up shoes. He asked the young man the question that Moody himself was later to ask of millions, whether he was a Christian. Moody knew that he was not, but earnestly responded when he was asked to yield his life to Christ and bowed his head as Kimball prayed for him. With a strange joy in his heart, Moody left the store that day to walk with newly opened eyes on Boston Common, and "fell in love with everything" in God's glad out-of-doors.

He was rejected as too ignorant in his first application for church membership, and could not even answer the simple question of what Christ had done for him.

After two years in formal Boston he moved to Chicago when it was a rising city of only a hundred thousand. As a crude, raw youth of nineteen he first found work in Wiswall's boot and shoe store. Inexperienced though he was, he was a veritable dynamo of drive and energy and he could soon sell more shoes than anyone in Chicago. Later he was making \$5000 a year as an energetic salesman and had laid up \$7000 toward his confidently expected fortune of \$100,000.

He was a whirlwind as a young business man but he could not speak in public, so he hired four pews at the back of a church, went out into the streets and filled his pews each Sunday with young men. His explosive energy drove him back to the streets again and he gathered together fifty-eight poor boys and started a mission Sunday School of his own in a vacant saloon. Soon he had secured a large hall, increased the attendance to fifteen hundred, and characteristically, had secured the great merchant, John V. Farrwell, as superintendent. Moody himself swept the floors, when necessary he thrashed the toughs and gangster boys and, even then as in all his after life, he laid hold of big men to con-

tribute money and to do work that he himself could not do. I often heard him say, "It is better to put ten men to work than to do ten men's work yourself."

But his volcanic energy would not let him keep silent. Soon he was speaking to rough boys more effectively than were the great men, and then he began tackling saloon-keepers, gangsters, drifters, strangers—everybody. His inescapable question, "Are you a Christian?" frequently started something, whether it was a fight or a conversion, but his great human sympathy, his consuming earnestness, and the native tact under his blunt manner overcame all obstacles. Once when Moody asked this challenging question of a man on the street and he angrily said: "It's none of your business," Moody replied: "But that *is* my business." "Then you must be Moody," said the man. He was not afraid to proclaim his message on a street corner or on a soapbox and soon, as the boldest man in Chicago, he began to tackle rich and poor on the street and in their own homes.

I can remember his telling us students at Northfield why he left business and how he felt called to enter Christian work. In his great Sunday School when one of his teachers became ill, Moody had to take his class of rough, frivolous street girls, but he could not hold their attention. Later the teacher came to his place of business with the news that he was dying of galloping consumption, that he had been ordered home by his doctor, but that he could not bear to leave with not a single member of his class converted or won for Christ. Moody suggested that he leave his business and drive the teacher to call upon each member of the class. He told us how he saw that teacher on the brink of eternity plead with each of those girls and then kneel, as Moody prayed for each in turn, until one by one they yielded their lives to Christ. They gathered for a final prayer meeting with every girl converted. All prayed for their teacher and all were in tears. Moody there first found the joy of heaven

over one sinner that repenteth. Finally the class gathered at the station to see their teacher off. Brokenly they sang a hymn together and watched him standing on the rear platform, as the train receded, pointing them upward where he would meet them in the life beyond.

When Moody went back to his boot and shoe store after that moving experience, somehow gold had lost its glitter and money its hold upon his ambition. Unaccountably he had lost interest in business and material things. Henceforth nothing less than winning men could satisfy him. He turned his back forever on business and went out to be a maker of men. But like the Son of Man, he now had nowhere to lay his head.

He had just given up a salary of five thousand dollars a year for an insecure income of three hundred dollars, or less than a dollar a day. He lived in poverty among the poor, sleeping on benches in the YMCA, and neglecting his health, as a city missionary in Chicago.

All of us might well wish that we could have been present when Abraham Lincoln visited Moody's Sunday School and spoke to his students in 1860. There were points both of similarity and of contrast between these two great humans. Both had been poor, both were denied formal education or a home of culture, but both became great speakers and leaders of men. Both were giants in character, Lincoln in his vast breadth and Moody in his narrower depth. Whereas Lincoln was self-educated, a lover of good books and a master of classic English, Moody hated books in general. Though he became "a man of one book" he could not fluently read nor rightly pronounce even that. Lincoln was called to do many things, one of which was to save a nation, while Moody said, "*One* thing I do." That was to save men. But even his agnostic biographer, Gamaliel Bradford admits that "the power of molding souls is the greatest power in the world."

While in Chicago the restless and volcanic Moody had

served in turn as secretary and president of the YMCA. He had there built the first large YMCA building in America, erected a large hall to hold his increasing audiences and built a church as a home for his multiplying converts. When Moody heard Henry Varley say that "the world has yet to see what God can do with a man wholly consecrated to him," he resolved humbly to see what God could do through him. A cultured critic, shocked at his illiteracy, said to him: "Don't speak in public, Moody, your grammar is bad." The imperturbable Moody bluntly replied: "You've got grammar enough, what are you doing with it?"

Moody had been holding meetings every night in Chicago for eight months but when the Civil War began in 1861 he threw himself into this great evangelistic opportunity. He went nine times to the front, working among the soldiers, the wounded on the battlefields, and the prisoners of war. Here he learned to know some of the greater depths of human nature. In a unique way he knew and loved men.

When his wife became ill they took a sea voyage, visiting England to see her sister and to know Spurgeon and George Muller. He was impressed by the latter's orphanage of fifteen hundred children for whom no appeal for money had ever been made, yet they had never lacked a meal. In 1873-75, and later in 1881-84, came his great evangelistic campaigns in the British Isles. When he arrived in England as a complete stranger in 1873, his only two friends and anticipated supporters had both suddenly died and he thought of returning at once to America. Unexpectedly, however, and providentially, he received a letter inviting him to hold meetings in the little YMCA in York. Here he began a humble work with his noonday prayer meeting which in time transformed the ministry of F. B. Meyer and hundreds of other clergymen and laymen throughout the British Isles.

The crude American diction of Moody, the little organ of Sankey that the Scotch counted a chest "o' whustles,"

and the fact that they were both unordained men proved a great offense to many and there was deep prejudice to be overcome. But in York and later in Sunderland, Carlisle and Newcastle there was soon a growing attendance and four meetings a day were found necessary to meet the demand.

Moody and Sankey spent three months in Edinburgh, two in Dundee, and four in Glasgow where 3500 converts were admitted by ticket at one meeting. Scotland was moved to its depths until Dr. Horatius Bonar said that in some communities there was hardly a house without a convert. Whole cities were stirred as by the Apostle Paul at Corinth or Ephesus.

Later, Moody was invited to speak to the students in the British universities. In Cambridge the first meetings opened amid jeers and noise and a group of drunken undergraduates came in to break them up. A mothers' meeting for prayer turned the tide and eighteen hundred subdued men gathered at the final meeting. This experience was repeated at Oxford. Moody was the means of the conversion of the father and sons of the great fox-hunting and cricketing family of the Studds. J. E. K. Studd when a student assisted boldly in Moody's meetings at Cambridge and in 1886 came on a mission to American students. At Cornell, Studd was the means of the conversion of the brilliant but at that time hard young agnostic, John R. Mott. It was Mott who, with all his masterly organization of the student movement, the YMCA, and of world-wide missions, as the greatest Christian statesman of our generation, later carried Moody's message of evangelism to the students of America, Europe and Asia. And Mott's life was only one of thousands quickened by Moody and his converts.

Following his mission in Scotland, in 1874 Moody went to Belfast and Dublin, where the crowds could not get into the largest buildings. Then he was called to the teeming cities of the Midlands. In 1875 London was shaken for four

months. Some twenty thousand were gathered in the great Agricultural Hall, while the Royal Opera House was filled with five thousand from the elite West End. Here Grenfell and a host of Christian workers and able laymen were reached. Moody was then but thirty-eight years of age, a man who had but recently been working among the street arabs of Chicago. Britain was moved as never in its history since the days of Wesley and Whitefield in the eighteenth century. Dr. Dale of Birmingham watched him in amazement but could find no relation between the simple work of Moody and his pentecostal spiritual results.

As a new type of hymn was urgently needed for the meetings, Moody put in his last hundred dollars to get out an edition of hymn books which no publisher would risk. In the end there came in approximately a million dollars in royalties from these books which neither Moody nor Sankey would touch personally, but which poured money into Moody's schools and institutions at Northfield, Mount Hermon and Chicago. As no other evangelist ever did to such an extent, he raised several million dollars for YMCA buildings, churches and charitable institutions in the cities moved by his great meetings. When men were converted or quickened, Moody wisely strove to lead them immediately into active service for Christ and into generous giving in Christian stewardship. Always beginning with the personal, his work inevitably had vast social consequences.

The years 1875-77 witnessed the beginning of Moody's great revivals in America in the New York Hippodrome, in Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, St. Louis and Cincinnati. After the revival in 1876, the *New York Times* wrote of the work of Moody and Sankey editorially: "The drunken have become sober, the vicious virtuous, the worldly and self-seeking unselfish, the impure pure, the youth have started with generous aims, the old have been stirred from grossness. A new hope has lifted up hundreds of human

beings, a new consolation has come to the sorrowful and a better principle has entered the sordid life of the day through the labors of these plain men."

While writing of Moody's life I chanced to read *The House of Quiet*, the autobiography of A. C. Benson, son of the former Archbishop of Canterbury. The terrible conviction of sin which fell upon him as the result of hearing Moody only once and his description of Moody himself is revealing. A similar conviction of sin was experienced by hundreds of students in Oxford and Cambridge and thousands in England, Scotland, Ireland and America, as I can personally testify. I have met in India, China and the ends of the earth, leading missionaries, bishops and clergymen who were convicted and converted during Moody's meetings in the British Isles.

Mr. Benson in describing Moody's meetings in Cambridge says: "The preacher himself—a heavy-looking, commonplace man, with a sturdy figure and no grace of look or gesture—stepped forward. I have no recollection how he began, but he had not spoken half-a-dozen sentences before I felt as though he and I were alone in the world. The details of that speech have gone from me. After a scathing and indignant invective on sin, he turned to draw a picture of the hollow, drifting life, with feeble, mundane ambitions—utterly selfish, giving no service, making no sacrifice, tasting the moment, gliding feebly down the stream of time to the roaring cataract of death. Every word he said burnt into my soul. He seemed to me to probe the secrets of my innermost heart; to be analyzing, as it were, before the Judge of the world, the arid and pitiful constituents of my most secret thought. I did not think I could have heard him out . . . his words fell on me like the stabs of a knife. Then he made a sudden pause, and in a peroration of incredible dignity and pathos he drew us to the feet of the crucified Savior, showed us the bleeding hand, the dimmed eye, and

the infinite heart behind. 'Just *accept* him,' he cried; 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, you may be his—nestling in his arms—with the burden of sin and selfishness resting at his feet.'

"I went out into the night, like one dizzied with a sudden blow. I felt like a wounded creature, who must crawl into solitude. . . . Thus rudely awakened to the paramount necessity of embracing a faith, bowing to a principle, obeying a gentle force which should sustain and control the soul, I flung myself with ardor into theological reading, my end not erudition, but to drink at the source of life."

Yes, thank God, not only Mr. Benson, Henry Drummond, Sir George Adam Smith, Grenfell and the Studds; but Mott, Speer, Wilder and thousands of us students of the last generation saw God visibly working in the life of Moody.

2

I HAVE SEEN GOD WORK IN GREAT BRITAIN

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For half a century I have visited Great Britain almost every year, save during the decade and a half I was in India. For the last two decades our annual American Seminar made a study of conditions in the principal capitals of Europe. In London, year after year, the successive Prime Ministers, members of the Cabinet and of Parliament, leaders of the three political parties and representative economists and writers have spoken to our party, not only of conditions in Great Britain but in Europe as a whole. The purpose of this book does not include a discussion of these economic and political problems. Rather, for lack of space, I shall confine myself, somewhat arbitrarily, to the development of personal and social religion among a few outstanding individuals I have known in England. I shall refer first to my contacts with Sir George Williams, the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association, and to the outreach of the foreign work of that organization throughout the world, and then to certain social prophets in the Church of England today who have continued the earlier work of Frederick Dennison Maurice and Charles Kingsley.

GEORGE WILLIAMS AND THE FOREIGN WORK OF THE YMCA

I have seen God work in the life of George Williams and in the movement that he founded. Through the personal

influence of a Christian fellow worker one Sunday evening in 1837, at the age of sixteen, George Williams knelt at the back of the little shop where he worked in Bridgewater and gave his heart to Christ, just as Dwight Moody did eighteen years later in the back of his shoe store in Boston. In 1841 at the age of nineteen he came to London to work for the draper's firm of Hitchcock and Rogers in St. Paul's Churchyard. When young Williams entered the business it was said to be almost impossible for an employee to be a Christian, but within three years, due chiefly to his influence, it was difficult to be anything else.

With another man he began to meet for prayer in his bedroom. Soon he could write: "We met, our numbers grew and the room was soon crammed. We had conversion after conversion." Within a year young Williams had won nine men by prayer and personal witnessing and six others were under conviction. In 1844 as George Williams was crossing Blackfriars Bridge on the way to St. Paul's, he spoke to a newly-won friend of their growing desire to introduce religious services in every store in London. On June 6, 1844 twelve young men met in his little bedroom to establish an association for drapers' clerks and others, and laid the foundation of the Young Men's Christian Association. As the meetings grew, they had to move from the little bedroom to a room in St. Martin's coffee-house which they rented for sixty-two cents a week.

The year 1844 in England marked the birth of two organizations both of which became world-wide, the YMCA and the Cooperative Movement. On December 21, six months after the meeting of twelve men in George Williams' bedroom, twenty-eight poor flannel weavers in Rochdale opened a little store called the Society of Equitable Pioneers. Many of them had been struggling to live on a wage of fifty cents a week, working fourteen hours a day. Like the YMCA, the Cooperative Movement has become world-wide, includ-

ing in its membership over 100,000,000 people in 465,000 societies in every country in the civilized world.

In 1894, at the Jubilee world gathering of the YMCA, George Williams was knighted by Queen Victoria "for his distinguished service to the cause of humanity." Even after he had passed eighty years of age, he was still fervently witnessing for Christ. When he crossed the Atlantic he spoke to almost every fellow passenger on the ship, until he had finally borne his joyous witness to Christ to many thousands of individuals. When as a very old man he again met John R. Mott, though his mind was wandering and he could not fix his attention for long on any one subject, he asked: "Are you ever thrown into contact with a man without speaking to him about Jesus Christ?" The same was true when I saw him later just before he died. Consistently he could have said, with the Apostle Paul, "*One thing I do.*" A single passion consumed him to the end.

The movement founded in London in 1844 by a twenty-three year old apprentice from the country was, insofar as it was Christian, inevitably missionary. On the same day, October 3, 1889, fifty years ago, two American secretaries went out to the Orient, eastward and westward from New York. John Swift crossed the Pacific to Tokyo as the first secretary in the populous Far East, and David McConaughy crossed the Atlantic on his way to Madras to guide the rapidly growing national YMCA work in India. I saw both these men leave the Northfield student conference that year for the first foreign enterprise undertaken by the YMCA. I was deeply impressed by their consecration and daring, but I little dreamed at the time that this work would ever challenge me or claim my life.

These men did not go out to force upon unwilling nationals an organization or a philosophy of life that was unacceptable to them. They went only in response to repeated and multiplying calls from many lands. Their mission aimed

at the saving of life—all of life—and making it whole and more abundant. It meant representing to the Orient not only the technical and material but the spiritual sources of all that was best in western civilization. It meant paving the way for international friendship through deeper understanding. These two men were followed by nearly six hundred others for longer or shorter periods in the fifty years that followed. Amid racial, religious, class and caste differences and ancient hatreds they went, aiming to teach all young men to work and play together, to cooperate, and to find the way of life in a new unity and a growing world brotherhood.

Within the next fifty years work was opened by the 1,200 stronger Associations of the United States and Canada in thirty-two other less-favored countries. Today the movement includes 9,893 Associations in 69 countries, with 500,000 business and professional men as board and committee members, and a total membership approaching two millions, extending its wider ministry to many times that number.

The YMCA had the enormous advantage of presenting a whole message for the whole man and for the whole of society, visibly embodied in its many-sided work. Its program for body, mind and spirit, and its physical, educational, social and religious work made a strong appeal to multitudes of the 600,000,000 young men of the world, so many of whom were living under impoverished economic, social or religious systems. These YMCA secretaries did not go to do ordinary missionary work for the masses, or even the hundreds of millions of young men, but to found training institutions, radiating centers, and model organizations, to develop indigenous Associations as self-directing, self-supporting and self-propagating institutions which would in time leaven the mass in their own lands.

To all classes of men the Association could offer a complete and concrete program that was at once practical and

spiritual—physical, educational, social and moral—furnishing all the essential elements needed for building individual character and for national regeneration. As a pioneering agency the YMCA introduced physical education, athletics and sports such as baseball, football, and, a game of its own invention, basketball. It was the YMCA that introduced body-building and character-building sports among the once anemic scholars and physically undeveloped students of China, a land which now takes a leading place in the Olympic sports of the Orient and includes physical development as basic in its system of national education.

Not only in the colleges and in the teeming cities of the more than 350,000,000 of India, but amid the poverty of that land and in rural areas, the Association has extended its work. It began to organize throughout the Orient boys' clubs, handicraft courses, summer camps, student conferences, and personal problem discussion groups which brought the young men of all lands in touch with the problems both of Oriental and Occidental civilization. Imagine a large and effective Association building placed in the heart of a great city in the Orient. Here tens of thousands of young men are avid for modern education, amid ancient systems of social and religious life sometimes in a state of rapid disintegration. Here is a life-giving center with an effective plant amid a vast ocean of human need.

Now let us endeavor to gather into that modern building many of the best men, leaders and representative students from all churches and all religions and unite them on a broad platform for human betterment. They now seek to sweep aside all the sectarian, doctrinal, racial, national, communal or caste strife which might divide and embitter them. They introduce for motivation the simple teaching and moral dynamic of Jesus, himself an Oriental, as he comes not to destroy one single value in the ancient cultures or systems

of the past, but to fulfill all their own deepest aspirations and highest hopes.

The YMCA seeks to meet them at first, not along the line of greatest resistance in the bare, doctrinal or sectarian preaching chapel of a crowded street, but by the way of least resistance and of maximum practical help in the complete work for personal and social betterment offered by a modern city Association building in the Orient. If you combine all these personal and social functions in one effective, modern plant, you may realize the unique opportunity which this work offers. You will see why we went out quietly, without advertisement or printed appeal, to raise first a million and a half, then five, and finally over eleven million dollars to erect such buildings in almost every city of the Orient, in Asia, the needier countries of Europe, Africa and Latin America. This building campaign was inaugurated by a call for a meeting in the White House issued through President Taft which provided \$1,515,000 toward the cost of the first forty-nine buildings.

We may observe the opportunity of the YMCA in a single country like China, which for the last few decades has been the land both of greatest need and of greatest spiritual challenge in the world. Some forty years ago Fletcher Brockman, Willard Lyon and Robert Gailey went to China. Less than four decades later, when Chiang Kai-shek was President of China, seven of the ten members of his cabinet were not only Christians but either former secretaries of the YMCA, or officers and directors of local Associations and warm personal friends of these three pioneer Americans. Over a hundred former Chinese YMCA secretaries trained in its methods were rendering conspicuous service in the government and all departments of the national life.

I hope it will be seen, even in these brief paragraphs, that the awakening Orient, as well as the Occident, wants not only the technical and material benefits of our western civ-

ilization, but most of all the spiritual source of power of all that is best in it. Fundamentally the world needs not only machines, and not only bread, even in abundance. It needs life. It needs God. And the human heart is hungry and unsatisfied until it finds him. This was the discovery of the prophets, of the early twelve in Galilee, of the twelve in the upper room of John Wesley and of George Williams. This is the heart of the true message and experience of the church and of its world mission. I believe I have seen God at work in the length and breadth of Asia these forty years, bringing men to the great discovery of himself. I have witnessed his working in all churches and even in all religions, in all spheres of life, and in all men of good will.

THE MODERN SOCIAL MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND

As a reaction to the extreme individualism then prevailing in the religious life of England, the Tractarian Oxford Movement under Keble, Newman and Pusey in the last century reclaimed the corporate nature of religious life and the conception of the church as a society with an organic life of its own. Then came the broad churchmen, F. D. Maurice and Charles Kingsley, with their theology centered not in individual conversion but in the Kingdom of God and a redeemed society. From these men, with J. M. Ludlow, Thomas Hughes, E. V. Neale and Octavia Hill, came the Christian Socialist Movement, the Workingmen's College, aid to the workers in organizing trade unions and consumers' cooperatives, the attack upon sweated labor, unsanitary housing, the exploitation of men and women in competitive industry for sordid profit, and a growing movement for social reform.

Later, the Anglican descendants of the Tractarian Oxford Movement like Bishop Gore and Canon Scott Holland, and of men influenced by Maurice like Bishop Westcott, founded the Christian Social Union in 1889. Mr. Tawney has shown how Protestantism and Puritanism with their emphasis upon

individual conscience, private judgment, and personal salvation were favorable to the rise of the capitalistic system with which the churches became heavily involved.

A group now arose chiefly in the Anglican Church that began to demand not merely reform within capitalism but a new social order in place of this soul-destroying economic system. There had long been prophets like Thomas Carlyle, business men like Robert Owen, reformers like Cobbett and workingmen in the Chartist movement demanding sweeping reform. But the churches were standing for the most part remote and aloof from the struggle of the impoverished workers. The Roman Catholic Church was hostile to democratic and revolutionary movements, while the Protestant churches were largely concentrated upon atomistic individualism and were often under the sway of the money power.

Karl Marx had challenged the alliance between religion and reactionary politics and the divorce of religion and social passion. Like Mohammed's, his appeal to war was potent, while the Christian call to love, compassion and charity were making almost no impression upon the all-powerful economic system. It was first the Anglicans, and especially a small group of high Anglo-Catholics, who recovered a corporate passion for social justice, with a theology of apocalyptic vision and an apostolic audacity centered in the cross, not merely as a symbol of past vicarious salvation, but as a test of present discipleship.

Bishop Gore, of aristocratic lineage and a courageous high churchman, was for half a century a leader in the religious life of England. He was the father and inspirer of the whole Christian social movement. Stewart Headlam was also a social leader and helped to found the Guild of St. Matthew about 1884. Conrad Noel was not interested in the mere "social implications" of religion and mild reforms, but came forward boldly with the challenge of the church that they must transform and Christianize the whole of life. Lewis

Donaldson, a vicar in Leicester, now Archdeacon Donaldson of Westminster Abbey, championed the cause of the workers in the boot and shoe trade as an outright Christian Socialist, with his slogan: "Christianity is the religion of which socialism is the practice." He led a famous march of the unemployed workers to London up to the doors of the House of Commons. But apart from Dr. Gore, these men were considered far too dangerously radical to be made bishops. They worked side by side with Keir Hardie, Ramsay MacDonald, Arthur Henderson, and the labor leaders of Great Britain. Father Bull and Father Healy of Mirfield, George Lansbury as a lay Christian leader, young Studdert-Kennedy, William Temple, the Archbishop of York, long a member of the Labor Party and active in the Workers' Education Movement, A. J. Carlyle and many others threw themselves boldly into the working class struggle.

The social passion of these Anglo-Catholics became incarnated and organized in various successive social movements such as the Guild of St. Matthew, the Catholic Crusade, the League of the Kingdom of God, and at present in the interdenominational Socialist Christian League with some six hundred members. This is similar to the organization of the Socialist Christians in the United States.¹

Typical of these Anglo-Catholic leaders is the saintly and fearless St. John Groser in his parish in the slums of East London.² After the World War when he found prices exorbitant and landlords profiteering with their shameless rents for condemned tenements, Father Groser organized 20,000 of these poorest slum dwellers in the Stepney Tenants' Defense League, who paid their dues of two cents a week. Out of their bitter poverty these people were often charged \$5 a week

¹ Reinhold Niebuhr of Union Theological Seminary, New York City, is the chairman. Their organ, *Radical Religion*, costs \$1.00 a year.

² Rev. St. John Groser, Christ's Church Vicarage, Watney St., London E.1, England.

for two or three dilapidated rooms, sometimes below ground, damp, verminous and rotten throughout. These people were thus deprived of food; they were undernourished because of these high rents and were living below the level of the Poor Law.

The avaricious landlords combined to evict the helpless tenants, thus forcing them into the poorhouse. Cooperating with labor leaders, socialists and communists, Father Groser led a series of strikes of these poor tenants against the heartless landlords who promptly fought back. The first strike of 150 families was won and rents were reduced from 20 to 30 per cent. The second strike of 250 families was also soon won. In the third strike of 300 families, though the landlords fought hard, the tenants won again and \$150,000 in illegal rents which had been collected by the landlords from these and other families were returned within a year. In the fourth battle 400 families went on strike, refusing to pay their rents for six months.

Father Groser represented them in court against the landlords. The judge, though sympathetic, was compelled unwillingly to order their eviction, but the poor continued their non-violent warfare behind picket lines and barbed wire. Poor women, not terrified by force, lay down in the streets to resist eviction from their homes. The streets were sometimes blocked by great crowds representing outraged public opinion in favor of the strikers. In the course of the year the 20,000 organized in the 'Tenants' Defense League won over \$350,000 in reduction of rents and the return of illegally collected back payments.

When I visited this slum in East London I found the white-haired Father Groser, with rather striking resemblances to St. Francis of Assisi, both in garb and manner of life, consulting with the communist leader. They had sat up together for a whole night in their committee which was

leading the strikers and negotiating with the landlords. Father Groser and his fellow Socialist Christians deplore the growing struggle between the possessing classes and the dispossessed, yet try to identify their lives with the poor as completely as they believe their Master did. Their paper *The Church Militant* is printed under the caption: "His blood-red banner streams afar; Who follows in his train?" One might have expected all true followers of Christ thus to have identified themselves with Christ's poor. But unfortunately the vast majority did not do so in Jesuit Spain, in czarist Russia, in Catholic Italy, or in Protestant Britain or America.

All of these Anglican Church leaders mentioned above were catholic in their belief of the corporate nature of society and of the church, and men of social vision and passion derived from Jesus and the prophets. One and all they abhorred the false view that the church was a mere conglomerate of selfishly saved individual souls looking for a future world of bliss. With the crucified and risen Christ as the Head of the one corporate Body, they believed in an extension of the incarnation, that in them Christ must live and be crucified afresh with his same gospel for the poor. As he proclaimed and gave his life for the coming Kingdom of God on earth, they gave their lives for a new social order that should supersede the sinful, selfish order of the mammon of unrighteousness, which many of them as boldly and unsparingly condemned as their Master had the rich in his day.

I would like to write a further word of one of these Anglicans, the Dean of Canterbury, who counts himself both catholic, as a member of the universal church, and Protestant, in fervent evangelical personal religion, for whom the two commands to love God and his neighbor are both equally imperative. He is deeply spiritual but has the social vision and passion so lacking in any atomistic individualist type of religion.

THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY

For many years now I can truly say that I have seen God work in the life of Hewlett Johnson, the Dean of Canterbury. Often disagreeing with his judgment, as he has with mine, I have been impressed by the sheer human goodness of his Christian character—his love, especially for his enemies, his humility and unfailing patience under abuse, and his courage in moral combat for the weak. He reminds me of Stephen Langton, before whose tomb in Canterbury Cathedral I have just stood, which bears this inscription: "Stephen Langton, Archbishop, 1208-1228, scholar, saint, and above all champion of English liberty. His election to the archbishopric angered King John; he was exiled, his supporters were driven overseas and England lay for six years under papal interdict, without church bell, Christian rites, or public worship. Archbishop Stephen's courage inspired the nobles to wrest from the King the Great Charter."

Like Stephen Langton the Dean believes that liberty and justice for all his fellow men are essential elements in the Kingdom of God, or any approach to it in a new social order of men. He feels he cannot confine himself to an arid ecclesiastical sphere. He simply cannot "keep out of politics" or out of economics, for he cannot keep out of life itself, nor leave humanity despoiled, bleeding and neglected by the roadside. He cannot pass them complacently by, as do so many ecclesiastics and religious people today.

I have seen the Dean meet the members of our American seminar year after year and unfailingly make a deep spiritual impression upon them. One Jewish rabbi, who had apparently lost his hold upon a personal God, and who had perhaps come under the spell of twentieth century humanism, in a rationalized religion without God, could not sleep all night for sheer spiritual excitement after the Dean had opened his heart concerning his own rich personal experi-

ence, and had answered the searching questions of a score of the ministers of our party.

After the great-hearted Dean had asked Mr. Gandhi as his beloved guest to sit with him in the pulpit of the cathedral, and on another occasion had invited the head of the Salvation Army to preach there, a member of the congregation wrote to him that he ought to be murdered at the foot of the high altar, where the Archbishop Thomas à Becket had been killed eight centuries ago. When I saw General Miaja, who was then commanding the armies of the Spanish Republic, he asked our party not to promise vainly to do great things for Spain, for he said bitterly that of all those who had so promised almost no one had done anything for his country save the Duchess of Atholl and the Dean of Canterbury. When the agents of Franco, Hitler and Mussolini were claiming that the Spanish Republic was atheistic, persecuting religion and forbidding religious services, the Dean accepted the invitation of the Republic to visit Spain and see conditions for himself. When he went to Bilbao and the Basque country by airplane, he personally witnessed the bombing of the town of Durango by German planes and saw the dead lying in the streets. When Franco's General de Llano announced that the churches of Durango had been destroyed and the priests killed by communist "Reds," the Dean spoke that night over the wireless to Europe to say that this was completely false and that he had witnessed the bombing by German planes with his own eyes. The people killed were devout Catholics, freely worshiping in their churches. There had been seven thousand communicants in these Basque churches at the recent Easter service.

Hewlett Johnson always stood boldly and loyally for the defense of the Spanish Republic, and for the great experiment of the first workers' state in the Soviet Union, but most of all for the undefended and despoiled poor of Great Britain and the world. For all of these he fought fearlessly.

The iron of economic injustice had entered his very soul and he was wounded with the sufferings of the oppressed and could not keep silence. I have seen him completely careless with amused unconcern for his "reputation" as the "Red Dean," when I myself would have urged caution in speech or action. If his Master had been associated with Beelzebub, he was not afraid of being called a "communist" in the sense of the Christian principle: "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need." Whatever the evils in the inevitably crude and cruel early stages of the Soviet revolution, he always firmly believed that a wider integration of life must yet take place in Russia which would mean the return of religion in that land as a vital dynamic in the national life.

For some years I have spent each autumn at Canterbury writing in the great garden of the Deanery. The following account of the Dean's life I have derived from many conversations with him and from the manuscript of the autobiographical introduction of his last book, *The Socialist Sixth of the World*.

The Dean says: "Looked at through the eyes of artisan, engineer, employer of labor, or Christian minister—and I have been all four in turn—our Western economic and social order which we call 'Christendom' is rather, I believe, flagrantly un-Christian and palpably unscientific. I find it hard to say in which capacity, as Christian or as scientist, it offends the more. The whole thing is monstrous. In modern industry an age of science has given place to the frustration of science. Placing a premium on selfish motives, it influences the acquisitive instinct, tolerates hunger amidst plenty and smashes human lives."

The Dean says: "I was born in 1876, in Kersal, then a fashionable suburb two miles from the center of Manchester. My family were of the prosperous middle class, and my father was the head of the family manufacturing business

which celebrated its hundredth anniversary when I was a small boy. As we grew up, a family of nine children, we moved on, as most people of the well-to-do class then did, from smaller to larger houses and at length we went to live in a comely Grange twenty-five miles from the city, while my uncle built a vast mansion in Warwickshire. At the age of seventeen I attended the Victoria University of Manchester to study science and engineering, took a degree in science, and became an associate member of the Institute of Civil Engineers."

Hewlett Johnson now determined to live more dangerously as a Christian and resolved to become a missionary engineer in Africa. To this end he began working up from the bottom as an apprentice in a Manchester engineering factory. The men who occupied lathes next to his were keen and ardent socialists and opened up an ideological attack upon his privileged position as a capitalist. The Christianity in his own heart, which was making his inner thoughts none too comfortable, was the ally of the socialist demand for economic justice. He felt his double life was weakened by this inner conflict and he could not equate his business life and Christianity. During the six years that he served in turn as apprentice, as assistant manager, and then in the ranks of the employing class by joining his father's firm, he growingly realized that an increasingly ruthless industrialism was at war both with scientific training and Christian morality.

The Dean says: "When the financial affairs of our family passed under a cloud and I felt for the first time the pinch of poverty, I tried to live on my wage as an apprentice of \$3.25 a week. My fellow workers with families were struggling to live on \$4.25 a week in their bitter poverty. I felt that the whole system was a denial of brotherhood. Sundays and my daily Bible reading, for which I arose at 4:45 each morning, quickened my misgivings. I saw that individual

charity of the rich could never touch even the fringe of the problem. Justice, not charity, was the only remedy. Charity had become a dangerous sop or clearing of conscience.

"My wife and I now offered ourselves for missionary work in Central Africa where I could utilize my training as an engineer. As the missionary society required a course in theology, I spent four years at Oxford where literary and historical criticism and philosophy completed the modernization which my scientific training in evolution had begun. After being rejected by the missionary society as being unsuitable for their theological requirements, I founded and edited *The Interpreter*, a liberal theological quarterly. At the request of the Bishop of Chester, I was ordained and went first as curate and then as vicar for eighteen years in the parish of St. Margaret's, Altringham. This was a wealthy suburb of Manchester of big industrial magnates and I was appointed as vicar by the Earl of Stamford.

"I had now passed from association with the poor to the rich, where one section of God's children was brought up with every luxury and every educational facility, and where many of the rest remained ill-fed, ill-housed and rushed at a tender age to the deadening, repetitive tasks of modern industry. Who could wonder that the product of the latter was often a maimed creature with whom none but a saint could mix? The system wrought moral havoc at both ends of the social scale among the very rich and the very poor.

"The majority of the rich men I knew were good men, kind, generous and considerate with no knowledge of the human consequences of this inhuman economic system. For illustration, if you suggested to an average young airman that he should alight from his plane, go through the nearest infants' school and bash out all the children's brains, he would resent the suggestion. But he has no objections to dropping high explosive bombs on the same infants and killing them impersonally from a distance. He does not see

himself a child murderer on a large scale. Just so the beneficiaries of the un-Christian industrial order were quite oblivious to the accompanying poverty and harassing insecurity and human blight of the economic system. I saw that most boys in the industry succumbed. They perished mentally, aesthetically and spiritually. The rich knew as little of these deaths as the pilot whose bombs dealt death to infants.

"If, as a Christian minister, I merely attacked gambling, immorality, deceit, and indifference to spiritual things and left unchallenged the root cause of the capitalist system from which these evils sprang, I was like the Pharisees straining at gnats and swallowing camels. I found that it was the system of capitalism that was morally wrong, its neglect of science shameful, and its consequences disastrous. The result was want for some, opulence for others and confusion for all. The whole system is one of strife. It begins in petty commercial competition; it ends in world war. No longer could I resist the conclusion that capitalism is doomed.

"For capitalism seeks not the greatest good but the greatest profit. Business is business and all are caught in the same vicious circle. Control by a few owners of the means of production leads inevitably to booms and slumps, to unemployment, poverty, brutality and at length to war. It is all one war system. None can escape. But, happily, there is an alternative. The instruments of production can be publicly owned and worked not for private profit but for public service. Production can be controlled by plan and all can live a civilized and abundant life.

"In 1712 a steam engine was invented which developed 56 man-power. Now we have a turbine unit, working on a 24-hour basis, producing 9,000,000 man-power and displacing human labor. Is this vast power over the lives of men to be controlled by one monopolist, or by a privileged group, or by the whole community in the interest of all? Our mass production is not mated to mass consumption. In the World

War when we diverted 20,000,000 men from mass production to mass destruction, we so organized and unified our planned productive process that boys and girls, old men and women maintained our common life, fed the guns, and repaired the wastages of war. Yet capitalism makes science now plan for scarcity and not for plenty. Science is faced by two alternatives; two masters seek her allegiance. She must either serve the capitalist order and the last stage of disintegrating capitalism, which is fascism, or build a new social order. The former implies class strife, race prejudice, scientific decadence and death. The latter means complete planning for maximum output for the service of all humanity and every individual as a member of a potential world brotherhood.

"If it follows the teaching of Jesus, Christianity must demand for all men justice, freedom, a creative abundant life and an ever-widening fellowship for each human soul and for all men—with no racial, national or class distinctions—one brotherhood of men under one God. There is nothing more fundamental about Christianity than these. Jesus said: 'Blessed are ye poor and woe unto the rich.' His death was no accident. He had identified himself with the depressed classes; he had challenged the possessing classes. That identification and that challenge are as essentially a part of discipleship today as they were in the first century, and they are as likely to cost the Christian disciple as dearly now as then."

The Dean attacks the denial of these four essentials, especially the criminal injustice of the economic order in Great Britain. He quotes Sir John Boyd Orr, distinguished British expert on *Food, Health and Income*, estimating that \$2.50 a head per week is essential for an adequate diet, he calculates that only half the population of the British Isles can afford that sum and that half the population is inadequately fed. Nine millions have only \$2.25 a week available for

food; nine millions more, only \$1.50; and four and a half millions have less than \$1.00 a week. This latter undernourished class includes one-sixth of all British children. The Dean says he feels with Eugene V. Debs: "While there is a lower class I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; while there is a soul in prison, I am not free."

Even after Hewlett Johnson had taken an uncompromising socialist line and had become unpopular with some of his wealthy parishioners, many leading citizens petitioned the Prime Minister that he be appointed Dean of Manchester. With over twelve million people within twenty-five miles of Manchester, this is one of the largest industrial areas in the world and contains the largest masses of the poor of almost any equal area in Europe. Later, Canterbury offered him the chief church in the Anglican Communion and a world platform. While his bold course has compelled him to pay a heavy price in unpopularity, he, and the courageous group of Anglo-Catholics mentioned above, believe that while they are doing their utmost to further their Master's effort to save the world, they are also in the process of doing something to save the church itself from the possible sad fate that awaited the largely apostate and worldly church in czarist Russia and Jesuit Spain. The Dean feels that a capitalistic church is now on trial as well as capitalistic and fascist governments.

The Dean of Canterbury is not blind to the tragic future if there is a trial by battle between the capitalist and fascist countries. He believes that after the fatal compromises and retreats of the democracies for the last eight years before the arrogant advance of the fascist-Nazi powers, we are now entering a long period of war followed by revolutions that will try the souls of men. But he also believes that beyond all the demonic destruction of violence, where imperialist capitalism has sown the wind and must now reap the whirlwind, there will yet arise a socialized, planned econ-

omy that will slowly realize the four eternal Christian principles of justice, liberty, a creative life for all under an economy of abundance, and a growing brotherhood of men in a classless society of equals. If he takes the long look ahead, he is an optimist because he is a Christian. I have seen God work in the Dean of Canterbury and Father Groser as truly as in that winner of men George Williams with his devout personal religion.

3

I HAVE SEEN GOD WORK IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

.....

Under the world-wide work of the World's Student Christian Federation I was frequently called to visit the various national student movements and especially their summer conferences both in Europe and Asia. In none of these was God more evidently at work in transforming the lives of men individually and in social change than in Czechoslovakia. In a strange way I was thrown with the students and leaders of this land in two of the great crises of its history. For more than a thousand years the Czechs have been marked for suffering—a people repeatedly crucified—but always in the providence of God rising from the dead. Once during the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648) their country was invaded on four sides by a crusade at the call of the pope and was defeated by the overwhelming Teutons, their ancient enemies. For three hundred years they were conquered and crushed under the iron heel of the German Hapsburgs. For a hundred and fifty years Protestantism was prohibited and stamped out with great bloodshed. Their martyr, John Huss, had been burned at the stake at the beginning of the Protestant Reformation, a whole century before Luther. Old Bohemia was nine-tenths Protestant when that religion was forbidden and their leaders executed or driven to flee for their lives.

Finally, after the World War, all was changed and the

people regained their freedom. Dr. Masaryk, the first President of the new republic, had been the son of a humble coachman, a poor blacksmith boy who had become the brilliant professor of philosophy, first at the University of Vienna and later in Prague. Here he took up again the long fight for freedom for his oppressed people—the George Washington of the modern Czechs. During the World War, to organize public opinion on behalf of Czechoslovak liberation from the Hapsburg rule he conducted a campaign in Switzerland, France, England, Italy, Russia, and finally, in America where he won the sympathy and support of President Woodrow Wilson. With Eduard Beneš, later President, as his right-hand man, and General Stefanik he prepared the Constitution for the new republic in Pittsburgh and it was adopted beneath the old Liberty Bell in Philadelphia. The republic was proclaimed in Prague in 1918 and was confirmed by the Treaty of Versailles in 1920.

It was the most democratic post-war republic and seemed almost a model state, where 96 per cent of the German children were in German schools. To the Czechs had been restored their ancient barriers and mountain fastnesses of old Bohemia, that bastion of defense more than a thousand years old. It seemed impregnable. Once again they were free. They were at last to have their first student conference after suffering for three centuries under Hapsburg tyranny where they had been permitted no student meetings of any kind on religious, political, or social questions. They invited me to come to their new republic as the foreign guest speaker at their first summer conference in 1920.

I knew enough of their history to realize that I would be facing many ardent young atheists and rationalists, whose only acquaintance with religion was what they had seen of it under the oppression of the church and state of their Hapsburg conquerors. I myself saw in the museum the instruments of torture that had been used in the inquisition

during the persecution of religion when Protestantism was stamped out. It was no wonder that many of them had rejected the only kind of religion, or pseudo-religion, that they had ever known. Just after the war, the student YMCA secretary from America, Huntley Dupré, had erected a great community center in a large building filled with four thousand needy students. After months of prayer and planning he had arranged for the first student conference. He had hoped that there might be founded, in this once Protestant land of John Huss and of the early Reformation, a real Christian Student Movement related to churches which were now once more free.

At the opening session I held up a copy of the New Testament and proposed that we study "this book of John Huss." Because of their prejudice, I dared not call it a New Testament. They said: "Why should we study that book; why not study some other philosophy of life?" I replied: "This was the book that made John Huss, your great hero, martyr, and patriot." He was at once the Bohemian Martin Luther, Mazzini and Joan of Arc. He was both their religious and secular hero, the first great Czech nationalist and reformer.

In a daily Bible class we began the study of the Sermon on the Mount. Some of them had never read or even seen a Bible. Here were atheists, agnostics, nominal Catholics, Protestants, many who were indifferent or violently anti-religious. The conference was held in an old feudal castle at Prerov in Bohemia. I remember there was a chapel in the castle with the image of the Virgin and Child, but we dared not show it to the students because of their deep prejudice against religion.

As a result of their unfortunate national experience, the religious convictions of these Czech students at that first conference as disclosed by a questionnaire was as follows: eighteen of them were atheists; nineteen had a pantheistic belief in an impersonal God; nine believed to some extent

in Buddhism; seven held to the Hindu doctrine of the transmigration of souls; twenty-five were at least nominal Catholics, while thirteen were deeply prejudiced against the church.

Almost from the beginning we could see God at work. The Bible came to them as a new book, a challenging moral discovery. It was literally like dynamite. After the first day of studying the Sermon on the Mount one young giant came to me and said: "My own life is all wrong; we studied this morning 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.' Whether there is any God or not, I do not know, nor had I cared for these things until today. Whether I shall 'see' him or find him if there is such a being I cannot tell, but I admit that I am not pure in heart and that if there is a God I am not fulfilling the conditions of finding him in my own life. I went to the devil in the war and I was rotten. I am a sinful man, I know that. I ought to be better but I do not know how. What am I to do?" That day he began to follow Christ insofar as he knew him, and tried the great experiment as to whether he could find God if he became pure in heart.

We were soon witnessing moral miracles, glorious conversions, as students were finding God for the first time in their lives. This conception of religion was not a selfish, personal, possessive salvation merely for their own souls in some future life. They had a country to save, a new nation to build, a people to Christianize again and to vitalize in all the relationships of life, religious, social, and political. Many of them began to seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and to enter in at the straight gate and narrow way as they studied for the first time this marvelous Sermon on the Mount. Every chapter, almost every verse, was lit up with new meaning as we saw God at work personally and socially, in the individual and in this microcosm of their newborn nation. I have never been a literalist and I have often observed that "the letter killeth" whether among

Pharisees or Christians, but in that conference through a fresh study of the New Testament I saw, as I have often done among inquirers from the non-Christian religions, that the flaming Word of God, as Karl Barth would say, was "living and active and sharper than a two-edged sword."

Then something happened that staggered us as Christians and tested our faith. The students called out the popular Minister of Education from the cabinet who made in his address a scathing attack upon religion as reactionary, superstitious, and unscientific. He cut the ground from under their feet and undermined the newborn faith of some of the young believers.

The atheists rallied and claimed a victory for their side. They demanded a debate between this cabinet member, who claimed to be a rationalistic atheist and scientist, and myself as a believer. Could I prove there was a God or could they prove the position of atheism? I declined to take part in such a debate although I eagerly accepted the challenge later to debate in the new Russia on the issue of theism versus atheism, or Christianity versus the Militant Godless Movement. That debate was the only hearing I could get for religion in Soviet Russia at the time, but the situation was totally different in Czechoslovakia. Here we had a free opportunity to witness for Christ and could see "the mighty works of God." I knew that I could not demonstrate philosophically the existence of God and that even if I could do so, it would convert no one. That was not the method of the early church. Neither Jesus nor Peter at Pentecost had offered any argument for God's existence. We found in Czechoslovakia also that God could not be demonstrated but he could be known. He could not be forced upon the intellect or the rebellious will but he could enter in at the lowly door of the humble, or hungry, or pure in heart.

The meeting that morning broke up with some excitement and the atheists claimed a victory by default. It seemed to

them as though we were afraid to meet them on their own ground or even to argue the case. As we left the hall I remember turning to my friend, Huntley Dupré, and saying: "Huntley, let us not be afraid; God is not dead; we are not beaten. We shall win this battle yet, although I confess I cannot see the way out, for this gathering is almost over and much of our work seems to have been undone by this atheist 'scientist.' "

What followed we did not desire nor expect. Was it an accident or a providence? I do not know. I only know that something happened which turned the tide spiritually in that conference, and that God apparently did a work which has not been undone in the two decades since. The students went out as usual for the afternoon sports and games and then went down to take their plunge in the Elbe River at the end of the day. Suddenly the alarm was sounded—one of them had been drowned and could not be revived. Those atheists brought up that dead body, and here was a problem on their hands. They had to have some kind of service for decency's sake. Otherwise, the already indignant peasants in the neighborhood would have accused them of godless atheism, so something had to be done. Because of their prejudice they would call no minister, or priest, or rabbi to conduct a religious funeral. But they asked me as a layman to conduct some kind of a service. We stood about the coffin out there in the dust of the road before the body was sent away to Moravia to the boy's sorrowing parents who were poor peasants.

I was not interested in the proprieties or the conventionalities of an ecclesiastical funeral, but I was deeply concerned about those young atheists and skeptics who were left alive. It was a very unorthodox and unecclesiastical service. Facing that student conference I said: "Fellow students, what have we here in this coffin—only a hundred and fifty pounds or more of flesh? Is there no soul, no God, no life beyond, no

hope for this poor boy or his sorrowing parents? Has he died like a dog, 'without hope and without God?' Must we send home this dead body with the death of all their hopes to his poor father and mother, who have sacrificed for a lifetime to give their boy an education in the university? And is there any hope for us if there is no God?"

"Or, on the other alternative, if there is a God, a soul, a life beyond, a larger, expanding, glorious life into which this boy has already entered, then all things are possible for this boy and for every one of us." Then to their amazement I opened an unfinished letter found in the pocket of his coat left on the shore when he was drowned. Unknown to us, he was one of the daily-growing group that had already found God and had entered into life. He had begun writing to a friend: "Dear ———, I have found a new experience, a new life. I see no hope for the world but the love of Christ. A great task awaits the students of our land. I for one must be a better man. It is possible . . ."

Then, as he was writing, came the call: "All out for the games, fellows, come on." He had hastily folded the unfinished letter, thrust it in his pocket, rushed out to the games and then to swim.

I cannot describe the impression of that letter upon the students. It was like an electric shock. They felt somehow that this boy was alive and speaking to them, not from that closed coffin but, as it were, from an open heaven. I took as my text the closing words of his unfinished sentence, "It is possible." I said: "Fellow students, when I came to this conference, the first that you have ever held in this new republic, I came here in the faith held by John Huss. For three centuries you have been able to hold no such meetings, but now you are free again and able to build your new republic. When I put that New Testament into your hands on the first day I dared not call it a part of the Christian Bible, but because of your prejudice I called it the book of John Huss. I be-

lieved that the spirit of your great Bohemian martyr would influence this conference, and that Jesus Christ, once crucified, but now risen and alive for ever more, would speak here and raise men who were spiritually dead. I think he has been doing it. I believed that this Bible, forbidden for a hundred and fifty years, would speak again as a living Word, that by it God would convict of sin and quicken men with a new life. I came to this conference in the faith that not less than twelve of you, like apostles, would rekindle the fires of freedom and of faith in this land of John Huss, in ancient Bohemia and Moravia, the lands of the Christian martyrs. And I believe it still. I am not interested in the formal ceremony of this funeral, but I am concerned with you who are still living, though many of you are atheists, agnostics, unawakened, indifferent, still in sin or doubt; men who are not alive spiritually but merely exist on a physical and mental level. As I close, I want to ask every student here one question. I do not ask if you are a Catholic or Protestant, a churchman or non-churchman, an atheist or believer. I do not care who you are or what you are at the moment. Every man here is a sinner, but 'the pure in heart shall see God.' It is possible to find God and to see him in Christ. It is possible to find a new spiritual life. Each of you may become a new man, born again into a new world which could break upon our dull eyes above this dusty road as the splendor of God's marvelous universe.

"It is possible to build a new Republic of Czechoslovakia that may some day carry out all the dreams of John Huss which were frustrated or postponed when he was burned at the stake. This country may yet be all that for which he lived and died. It is possible to found a Christian Student Movement, to enter into fellowship with the World's Student Christian Federation which unites Christian students in every civilized land, where ancient Bohemia may take her honored place again. It is possible that you too—though

atheistic or agnostic today—may have a part in the building of a new man, a new character, in the place of your hitherto dead soul. You may have a share in the building of a new Student Christian Movement, a part in the creation of a new nation born again in freedom and in faith, and in the building of a new world that shall hold as its ideal the Kingdom of God on earth. Yes, it is possible. All things are possible. The question is: Will you *make* it possible by a living act of faith, or will you make it impossible for God to do any mighty work here, as in Nazareth, because of your unbelief? Over this coffin of our dead comrade who lives today in the larger life beyond, I ask you in closing this one question: Are you going to be one of the twelve? It is possible for *you*.

"I do not ask for blind credulity. Faith is not trying to hold something that is not so. Faith is not trying to believe something in spite of the evidence. It is daring to do something in defiance of the consequences. It is a scientific experiment, just such as you would make in the chemical laboratory. If you will fulfill the conditions on your part, if you will repent, if you will seek to be pure in heart, if you will dare to 'do his will,' even though at present you do not know whether there is any God or whether or not religion is true, then I affirm in the words of this boy: 'It is possible'; all things are possible; you too will find God. We face a crisis in modern Czechoslovakia, as John Huss faced a crisis in old Bohemia. He answered with his life; he fought the good fight; he was faithful unto death. What will your answer be?"

As the boy's body was carried away that evening in the little YMCA Ford truck, those students who as yet knew no religious hymn sang their Czech folk song: "Good Night, Sleep Well." On the last day came the closing meeting of the conference. The daughter of the cabinet member who had cut from under their feet the faith of some of them, took the chair. It was the students' own meeting and no outsider

took part. Every student rose to speak in turn. All hearts were laid bare. They were solemnized and staggered by the death of their beloved comrade. I venture to believe that no student at that conference who there entered into a new life will ever forget that experience. Not twelve but more than twice twelve took their stand for God and Christ. Three atheists became honest inquirers. They were humbled and broken. They saw it was not a matter of mere flippant argument. All boasting was gone. They felt that John Huss and his Master, Jesus Christ, were right, rather than their rationalistic atheism. Some atheists and agnostics said in substance, "Whether there is a God or not we do not know, but if there is a God we are going to find him. We shall earnestly and honestly make this experiment to which we have been challenged, and we hope to cast in our lives for the great task that awaits the students of our land. Perhaps 'it is possible' even for us." After that meeting the leaders founded a Christian Student Movement for Czechoslovakia, and they entered the membership of the World's Student Christian Federation.

In their dread of clericalism in its long association with the oppressive Austrian hegemony, and with their past prejudice against organized religion, they called their new organization "The Czechoslovak Student Renaissance Movement." After long discussions they adopted as the first article of their constitution the following: "The Movement unites the students and graduates of the universities in faith in God, in the life of truth, in the spirit of Christ and of John Huss, to help and improve one another, to work for the mental, physical and spiritual perfection of all men and to promote faith, goodness and truth."

The influence of President Masaryk was profound with the students in the early days of the Republic, and in one of his first speeches he called for the necessity of the regeneration or spiritual rebirth of the land, especially on the

part of youth. The students took to heart his words: "The ideal is Jesus, not Caesar. I say it is our task to make realities of the religion and ethics of Jesus, of his pure and immaculate religion of humanity. . . . The relationship of religion to political and practical life I sum up in the command that we should seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and that all other things shall be added unto us. A man and a people religiously convinced, a nation steadfastly determined to realize its ideals, will always reach their goal. This I have learned from life; this too is the teaching of our own history and that of all nations."

In the closing paragraph of his *Making of a State* President Masaryk says: "In our democratic Republic, freedom of conscience and toleration must not merely be codified but be realized in every domain of public life. The Father of our Nation, John Huss, and our historical past alike enjoin upon us pure Christianity, the teaching of Jesus and his law of life. Democracy is the political form of the humane ideal."¹ He concluded his *New Europe* in 1918, with these words: "Caesar or Jesus—that is the watchword of democratic Europe, not Berlin-Bagdad, if Caesar is conceived as Mommsen constructed him, seeing in him the ideal of Pan-German imperialism."

Americans are justly proud of their Founding Fathers but we have no such clearly Christian sentiments from the lips or pen of Washington or Lincoln as had the Czechs of Bohemia from John Huss and President Masaryk.

Again last summer I met some of those who had attended the first student conference in 1920 and who had stood firm ever since. It was the beginning of the great crisis in September, 1938, when once more their nation was to be crucified, their wealth and prosperous trade taken from them, their liberties denied, and persecutions were to be instituted against Jews, Social Democrats, liberals, radicals,

¹ *The Making of a State*, pp. 452, 492, 496.

Czech patriots, students and all who wished to be free from a crushing totalitarian state. In this crisis I met President Beneš and reminded him that I had talked with him and the aged President Masaryk about this very Sudeten problem of the German and other minorities many years before. I little dreamed then that this brave country would for a time become the crucial center for Europe and the world, or that this last democracy east of the Rhine would be deserted by every friend and ally and forced to surrender to the terror of Nazi domination. President Beneš was aroused from his sleep at midnight, warned that neither Britain, nor even France with her written treaty, would defend his country, and that he must "appease" Hitler by immediately surrendering a third of the territory and resources of this model republic. It was one of the most bare-faced crimes in history. But this temporary conquest and enslavement was not the end. Even President Masaryk, for a moment gifted not only as a statesman but as a religious seer or prophet, had foreseen such a tragedy.

In an interview with Heinz Leipmann, international journalist and novelist, in 1927, at the age of seventy-seven, President Masaryk became consciously or unconsciously prophetic: "We built up our Czechoslovakian Constitution on the American model, but we tried to add to it whatever experience statesmen and philosophers had won during this time. In November 1918 we went to Prague and declared our independence. And now our country has been in existence a short time—but look around! Though our nation consists of many peoples, of Czechs, Slovaks, Poles, Germans, Hungarians—we have peace and mutual understanding. And I am very proud to tell you that our country has more schools, proportionately, than any other country in the world. That is the reason, I firmly believe, that, whereas our neighbors have so many internal troubles, our country lives in peace."

Suddenly Masaryk became silent; he stared for a long time at the sun. The old man's face had changed. It bore an expression of unbearable exhaustion and pain; his lips were pressed together. At last he opened his mouth and said: "Each time in our long history that our country has been destroyed, we have built up a new and better one; each time our constitution became more liberal than the last had been. *Maybe my country will have to go through one more ordeal*—maybe it will have to be destroyed once more, to be built up as the real, the definite, the eternal democracy . . ."

Czechoslovakia has now been betrayed once more. Democracy has suffered another defeat. The arrogant advance of rampant fascism is on the march. Manchuria, Ethiopia, Spain, China, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Memel, Albania, Danzig, Poland—these are the milestones of the triumphant advance of modern fascism and Nazism. But history will repeat itself. Czechoslovakia, often crucified, humbled, crushed, and persecuted, will once more rise from the dead and the nation will be born again. I have never seen well-nigh a whole people possessed by such a deep, unshaken faith in their destiny even in the depths of adversity. Yes, I have seen God work in Czechoslovakia.

And I believe I shall yet see him working again in a free Czechoslovakia and a freer Europe, not under Nazi or communist dictatorships which deny God and the sacredness and rights of individual personality. Even an omnipotent God must find it hard to work in barbarous Nazidom, in atheistic communism, in imperialistic Britain, in materialistic, profiteering America. I see no way out for our godless world save as we return to the way of life revealed in Christ for the individual and for society.

4

I HAVE SEEN GOD WORK IN RUSSIA

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I have seen God work under the seemingly impossible religious handicaps of two strongly contrasted regimes in czarist and communist Russia. Under the czarist dictatorship both state and church were not only tyrannical but also corrupt. The system of police and spies, of Siberian exile and death for revolutionary patriots, was so abhorrent to liberal students that many could not believe that there was a God who cared for human injustice and misery. Not only were there great extremes of wealth and poverty, there was also gross immorality, a high rate of venereal disease and a notorious epidemic of suicides among the despairing students. At the invitation of the Student Christian Movement and of Baron Nicolai, the spiritual father of that movement, I went to Russia in 1912 to lecture to students and to conduct religious meetings in the three principal cities, Kiev, St. Petersburg and Moscow. Before any meetings were allowed in the first two cities, Baron Nicolai had to furnish an outline of every lecture to convince the police that nothing would be said against either the state or the church. A police captain in full regimentals sat in the front seat to see that we faithfully followed the outline. My first impulse was to assure him and the audience that I would say nothing against these institutions, but I was warned that if I did so the students might leave in a body, for most of them abhorred both institutions as oppressive tyrannies.

As I could say nothing either for or against church or state, fortunately I was left with what seemed to them the one most challenging and fascinating subject in the world, as to whether a student of modern science or philosophy could hold a rational, vital, joyous religious faith, and whether he could overcome the seemingly insurmountable obstacles to such faith in the terrible condition of czarist Russia and live triumphantly a personal and social religious life. Some were seeking their country's deliverance through violent revolution, either by the anarchism of Bakunin or the communism of Marx. The latter group then seemed small and insignificant when Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin were in exile or had escaped from Russia. Lenin was then editing their little secret paper, *Iskra, The Spark*, which was soon to kindle a conflagration in Europe.

Some students were seeking only their own individual salvation through adherence to the doctrines of Tolstoi, involving literal voluntary poverty and extreme asceticism, but these teachings were violently rejected by the majority. Others had turned to some form of atheism, skepticism or cynicism or were frankly seeking to drown their spiritual aspirations in lives of dissipation. The Greek Orthodox Church had become bound up with all the evils of czarism, and religion often seemed a gross caricature of its mighty possibilities, or an opiate to lull the people to sleep in the midst of suffering. A blind bureaucracy had for a century opposed all reforms, suppressed the conquered national minorities, dissolved or treated with contempt the new Duma, outlawed trade unions and ruthlessly put down peasant revolts and industrial strikes with bloodshed. Wealth, privilege and power were for the few; ignorance, poverty and squalor for the masses; exile, prison and death were the rewards of reformers or revolutionaries.

In the revolutionary centers not more than five students were allowed to meet together without permission of the

police. In Moscow all meetings were forbidden to us by the czarist officials. Accordingly we had to conduct our meetings in secret. We obtained the two largest student rooms available and by standing in the doorway between them we could reach two hundred students a night—a hundred crowded together on the floor of each room. We would speak for an hour with the double windows sealed to keep out the cold, until Baron Nicolai complained that even the lamps were growing dim for lack of oxygen. In the break between the two meetings during the social half-hour for tea, I would run through the snow outside to seek oxygen for my lungs. Then, after another hour of speaking we would sometimes say: "We must close for tonight and we will resume tomorrow evening at eight o'clock. But we will have one last after-meeting now for all who are contemplating suicide." Five or ten students would remain and say quite frankly why they found life impossible and were driven to the decision to take their own lives. We would try to deal with these sympathetically, one by one, showing that no true Christian with faith, hope and love, should think of suicide and that this new way of life was open for all.

During these meetings in Kiev, St. Petersburg, and Moscow, nearly three decades ago, I received a vivid impression of the character of Russian students of that day who seemed to be poles apart from the materialistic students of the present Soviet Union. Russian students of that period were brilliant though sometimes unbalanced in intellect, with a wealth of affection, deep in their capacity for sacrifice, deepest of all in their religious nature, but often impractical, mercurial and undeveloped in volitional and moral power. Czarist Russia's poverty and material and spiritual need were much in evidence. There was a large volume of correspondence with these czarist students and I kept a careful record of the interviews and even of the questions asked by them.

The following were the most typical questions of those asked during the meetings:

1. "What is the meaning of human existence; is life worth living under present conditions?"

2. "How can I reconcile Christianity with my revolutionary principles? I believe Russia must first be free and then Christian."

3. "Can a Christian commit suicide?"

4. "Is Christianity applicable to modern life and modern social conditions and can it be reconciled with modern science?"

5. "Why does God allow men so to suffer? Why did he let them be born? How do you meet the problem of evil?"

6. "Did not Christ command us to give away all that we have? How can a Christian possess any worldly goods? Like Tolstoi, I believe in non-resistance; I refuse to take oath or do military service; I reject all modern civilization; I believe that the possession of wealth is a sin; I have given away my goods and now have left only the coat on my back. I feel that I must either follow the rule of Christ literally, or else give up Christianity altogether. Is not this necessary?"

7. "I intend to retire into a monastery after finishing at the university. Is it possible, without long solitude, to find the grace of God? Can a Christian enjoy art, music, literature, the beauty of nature, or the joys of life? All our ancient saints were ascetics. You criticize asceticism, but how do you reconcile this with the example of John the Baptist?"

8. "For three years I have sought God in vain, in utter darkness. I do not believe in God or in Christ. How can I find the light?"

The letter which follows was from a medical student who had lost her faith, had said "good-bye" to her roommate and was going down to the river to commit suicide. On her way she saw the notice of our meeting, the subject of which had been taken from Tolstoi's phrase: *The Meaning of Life*.

As she stood, cynical and sneering, to ask what the foreign speaker could possibly have to say upon this subject and whether he had himself found any deeper meaning in life, she decided to postpone the hour of her death at least until the conclusion of that lecture. After coming to the meetings she sent me the following letter before I left Russia:

"I am a medical student troubled by doubts and passions. I had lost all faith and saw no meaning in life. I decided to put an end to my days by suicide. Once I loved God, in my infant recollections. Formerly he always helped me, but afterwards all went downwards in my life. I ceased to pray and to believe in him. Day and night I thought of committing suicide. I considered it to be cowardly but could not conquer myself. I gave up books and study. Daily a friend came to see me, but being an unbeliever too, could not tell me anything that I could not have told myself. On the 25th of January I left her for the last time, saying: 'Good-bye; tomorrow I will cease to exist.' A life without meaning, without aim, without eternity, with nothing but human pleasures, was disgusting to me. It was then that I saw the notice of your lectures on *The Meaning of Life, A Rational Basis for Religion*, etc. I went, and on returning, I went to sleep for the first time during the last two months without thought of suicide. Since then I have attended all your lectures. I now read the Bible daily and am again able to pray. I do not know what the future will be, but now I desire again to live. In any case, I shall prolong my life for the next three months to make the test of Jesus Christ by reading the Gospels once more and making the experiment which you suggested. Pray for me."

I knew that there were skeptics, atheists, and students contemplating suicide in every meeting and that many of them were hostile to the only organized religion which they had known under the corrupt czarist church. I therefore made them this challenge: "I do not ask for blind credulity,

that you try to swallow all that I have said. Such a presentation of Christianity as I have made probably seems new and strange to many of you. The idea that a modern student of science or philosophy can have a rational, joyous faith not in conflict with modern science, that he can live a life of moral victory over sin and can have spiritual power in service to help build a better world may seem at first incredible to you. I only ask you to make an experiment which is as reasonable and scientific as any in the chemical laboratory. 'If any one will *do*, he shall *know*.' (cf. John 7:17.) If you will read through any one of the four gospels, studying a small portion each day for three months with open mind, and will honestly try to put into practice what you do believe, whatever appeals to your own reason and conscience as true, I challenge you and claim that you will find God as a growing spiritual reality in your life before you have completed that experiment."

The afore-mentioned medical student believed that this was a fair test and decided that she would try the experiment. She walked miles through the snow to a Bible class taught by Madame Poika, a friend of many of the nobility, who had herself found Christ as a mighty spiritual reality when, as a thoughtless young society girl, she attended Moody's evangelistic meetings in London. I learned later in a letter from Baron Nicolai that this medical student had finally found Christ for herself and was on her way to relieve the famine sufferers at that time, for Russia had famines for centuries on an average of once in every five or six years, until the inauguration of the present system of mechanized collective farming. The clear conversion and completely changed life of this atheistic skeptic was typical of others that were to follow. We began to see God at work among these despairing or revolutionary Russian students, in spite of the almost insurmountable handicaps of a discredited church and a tyrannical state, which were considered by

many students as the two worst enemies of the people. I found this to be true in Greek Orthodox "Holy Russia" and in Jesuit Spain.

The following letters were from students still struggling in darkness or doubt. They reveal the terrible conditions of czarist Russia at that time. The first of them is from a young Jew, living in the midst of the ghettos, anti-Semitism, and czarist pogroms fomented by representatives of the state and church, through such forgeries as the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*:

"I shall endeavor to state the bare facts, which are well known to anyone having to do with the Jewish youth of Russia. If the question were put to me whether there is any religious interest among the Jewish youth, I should reply, 'No, none.' But side by side with conscious unbelief, one can notice in almost every individual a deep sorrow and a longing to find some way to a higher ideal. Now in their midst you can notice the growth of a national movement. But that movement has nothing to do with religion or with God. Nearly all the thinking Jewish youths are unbelieving. The movement is still in its very beginning but it has a rich soil which is abundantly fertilized by the Russian Government, by all its restrictions and its persecutions . . .

"As for my own life, I sneered at religion as other people did and called it superstition. The further and the deeper I tried to go into the substance of things, the more I was brought to a complete negation of life. I decided that to live thus, without any object, was quite impossible. Therefore the hour was fixed for my life to be brought to an end. However, a friend of mine persuaded me that even death is not in reality an end. My friend discovered that while attempting to commit suicide himself, the noose around his neck broke, and he fell to the ground. He advised me to read the Gospel and to try and enter into the meaning of it, saying that it had helped him. I seized upon it as a drowning man

catches at a straw. I cannot yet define the results but I can say that the New Testament and your lectures have persuaded me that it is possible for people to find an object in life and to believe in the future. My life is not the only case of disappointment and despair. Here you have facing you a whole company of my poor disappointed comrades, intellectual, thoughtful young Hebrews. . . .

"All these people differ in many ways but they are all alike in one respect. I am sorry to say that I have not met among our young people a single thoughtful man who has not at one time or another contemplated suicide. Sir, these are the facts. Can you do anything to help us?"

Another student wrote: "Tell me what to do. I am in utter perplexity, not knowing where to turn. I am nineteen; a student, passionately fond of learning. But now something has come over me. Books have lost their power. People say, 'There is life.' Where is it? Tell me . . . I want to believe—ever so much; I want to believe in *life* but I do not see it anywhere! Other people say, 'There is no life, it is all a delusion.' Is it so? Tell me frankly if there is such a life to be found. I want no scientific theories, no abstract truths. Teach me, as if I were a younger brother, standing utterly alone. There is much talk about helping those who are in danger of committing suicide, but is there no help for those who want to *live* and do not know how; who seek *life* and cannot find it? Such a condition is awful, believe me! Perhaps there is no life at all. Perhaps it is only in the next world. Or is there *life* and *truth* also on this earth? I await your answer."

I have never known such heart-hungry students as in czarist Russia and chaotic China. It was against such a dark background in these lands that the eternal truth of God in Christ as the way, the truth and the life, shone out with dazzling brightness. It was inded *good news*!

A girl student wrote: "I am the daughter of a pious priest.

Four years ago, at the age of seventeen, I took poison and tried to commit suicide, but the doctor prevented my carrying out my purpose. I now live only for my parents' sake. I am like a living corpse. My only desire is for death. Under present conditions in Russia I see no meaning in life. I have lost all faith in God. What am I to do? I will faithfully read the Gospel every day during the next three months, as you asked us, and see if God answers my prayer. I can do no more."

The above letters were typical of numbers that were received. Many of those in the darkness of despair later found light and life in personal interviews or in the meetings of the Student Christian Movement. We saw God at work in the sphere of personal religion even in czarist Russia.

THE NEW RUSSIA

When I began to enter the new Russia almost annually after 1923 I found this amazing country was like a new planet. The people were then emerging from the abyss of misery. They had suffered from the World War, two revolutions, civil war between the Red and White armies, and foreign invasion with armed expeditions from fourteen nations at once. They had been fighting at one time on a dozen fronts, they had been harassed by a world blockade, and had suffered from famine and pestilence. Some ten million people in Russia had perished in the war and its aftermath. The old civilization was crumbling in ruins. Conditions approaching anarchy prevailed in the transition between czarist and communist Russia.

The old educational system in czarist Russia was cultural and highly individualistic for the privileged classes, frequently producing introverts of the Hamlet type. The new Soviet education is experimental, scientific, materialistic, and practical, producing a new psychological type of extroverts, however crude, with a tremendous release of creative energy,

enthusiasm, courage, and confidence in life. Believing that organized religion, as they had known it, was always at best an anti-social force, an opiate or drug, and at the worst a positive poison, the attitude of modern students in Russia, naturally is anti-religious and prevailingly atheistic.

I have already said elsewhere that there are in the Soviet system certain evils so serious and so enduring that they make it for me forever a moral impossibility: their essential denial of political and civil liberty, the emphasis upon violence and compulsion shown in the successive purges of their continuing revolution, and their narrow and exclusive dogmatic basis, illustrated by the dogmatic atheism and anti-religious zeal required of every orthodox Communist Party member. Yet no dictatorship can permanently maintain an absolute tyranny, or crush all spiritual or religious elements out of life. What amounts to religious persecution in Russia may at least destroy the "wood, hay and stubble" of superstition and religious reaction. It will lay bare the indestructible foundation upon which a great superstructure will some day be reared.

When I visited the new Russia after the World War and the revolution, I found a tragic situation. Here was a great people with the largest European population in the world trying the boldest experiment in all history. They were endeavoring to do away with the economic injustice of czarist capitalism, of wealth unshared side by side with poverty unrelieved, and to build an economic system of justice for all, based on the common ownership of all the means of production under the frankly stern dictatorship of the workers who formed the majority of the population. They were seeking to build a classless society without the false distinctions of rich and poor, black and white, Jew and Gentile, and without the reactionary, anti-social force of the organized religion that they had known in czarist Russia

which had been prevailing on the side of the rich against the poor.

To understand the Soviets' dread and hatred of religion as a soporific "opiate" as Marx called it, or a positive "poison" of reactionary, anti-social superstition as Lenin and Stalin considered it, we have to recall the history of religion as they knew it in Russia. From the time of Peter the Great when the Czars had forcibly made themselves the autocratic heads of both church and state, Russia had developed a religious type of esthetic mysticism. Along with much genuine piety of peasants and the lower clergy, the character of the religious life of czarist Russia was pietistic, individualistic, prevailing reaction and anti-social. It lacked both moral fiber and social vision. It stood for charity not justice, reaction rather than reform. The life of many in the monasteries and among the higher clergy was a scandal, and the supposed miracle-working mummies of the "incorruptible" bodies of the saints were a symbol of the official degradation of the church.

At the head of the whole system was a feeble-minded moron, the Czar; over him was a neurotic, hysterical Czarina; and in his temporary influence over them both a human beast, Rasputin, called the "holy devil," who sometimes spent his nights in drunken orgies and his days in political plotting, influencing the appointment of officials of the state, church and army.

Far more serious and deadly than the scandals and immoralities of such an individual beast was the identification of the church, not with the needs and sufferings of the masses in their neglected ignorance and poverty, but with the worst evils of the time in superstition and anti-social reaction. It is hardly to be wondered at that the revolutionary leaders concluded that religion was not a mere harmless superstition but a positive evil, far more deadly than drink or prostitution.

In an effort to understand the attitude of the Soviet Government toward religion the writer obtained an interview with the highest Soviet official concerned in the matter. He said: "You ask what is the present status of the church and the policy of the Government toward religion. In the class war the clergy supported the White Guards and the monasteries were sometimes turned into fortresses against us. The priests often led the people in counter-revolutionary activity against the Government. In the villages the religion of the churches is mostly magic and superstition. Christians are often hostile to our economic program. In our present socialization of agriculture we are in the midst of a life and death struggle. Any hostility to our economic program means to us counter-revolution. Any priest or minister who is against our program of collective farming becomes thereby our political enemy.

"There has been no change in our principle of liberty of conscience. No religion and no faith as such is persecuted but only their political intrigues or economic opposition wherever such exist. Under our policy the magical and superstitious elements of religion are passing away. You ask if there are any elements in religion that are *necessarily* antagonistic to the present policy of the Soviet Government. Yes, we stand absolutely against all exploitation, human slavery and social injustice. Religion traditionally, and in Russia habitually, has sanctioned such oppression.

"We are particularly concerned about religion in our schools and colleges for training youth. Regarding religion as we do as gross superstition we are anxious to insure the triumph of pure science in our educational system, and to remove from the mind of youth all vestiges of superstition and of the anti-social attitude that always accompanies religion. You say that in America you have liberty to teach theism or atheism, religion or anti-religion, and you ask why we do not let the people choose for themselves and be-

lieve what they will. We say, *People do not believe what they will but what they are told. And we propose to tell them!*"

During a visit to Russia in 1926, in an interview with Rudziatak, then head of the Russian railways, he spoke with keen disappointment of an American business man who had just been in Russia, because this man had appeared to be friendly while selling his goods but had bitterly attacked their whole regime after he had departed. It suddenly occurred to us that these leaders might say the same of our party, for we were most certainly going to criticize them upon our return to our own country. Accordingly we had an interview with 'Trotzky's sister, Madam Kamaneva, then the head of the Cultural Relations Society, and inquired if we could meet the Soviet leaders to tell them exactly what we thought of their system, what we were going to say and write about it, and frankly bring forward our criticisms or indictments of it, giving them an opportunity to reply and state their own position.

Accordingly the meeting was arranged. Our party of twenty-four Americans held a caucus to discuss what appeared to be, in our opinion, the chief evils or defects in their system. Four of our number were chosen to present our four principal indictments. These were handed in writing in advance to the Soviet leaders, and several of their number were chosen to present their side of the case. The four principal evils we singled out were: their dictatorship with its severe abridgment of liberty; their policy of world revolution by violence; their attitude toward religion; and their relationship to other nations.

For several hours we attacked them unsparingly upon these four vulnerable points, and listened to the speakers they had chosen to state their case and defend their policies. Never in any other country or upon any other occasion had we been so brutally frank, so merciless in our criticism. Our argu-

ments were received and replied to in the finest spirit. Both sides spoke with healthy realism and frank objectivity.

The writer seconded the criticism of the first speaker as to their denial of liberty. I said that in that very city of Moscow, under the unspeakable czarist regime, which we condemned, we had been able to give lectures and conduct meetings for students in 1912 for believers or unbelievers, theists, atheists or agnostics. Why then were we not free to do so under the present Soviet regime? Why was Soviet Russia at that time the only civilized government on earth which did not permit public meetings or lectures for students upon the subject of religion?

When the editor of *The Godless* magazine rose to reply he stated that there was nothing in their constitution, which guaranteed liberty of conscience, to prevent our holding such meetings. Upon this statement we challenged him to a debate upon the following Sunday on the subject of religion—Theism versus Atheism. He immediately accepted the challenge and we agreed upon the terms of the debate. There were to be four speakers, two Christians, the writer and a Russian friend, and two atheists; each speaker was to be allowed an hour, with questions following. Mr. Maisky the Soviet ambassador to Great Britain took the chair.

A large hall had been secured in the city, a notice was put in the papers and within forty-eight hours every seat was sold and the proceeds given to an orphanage, according to the agreement. We had expected to meet an audience of atheists and probably go down to a forensic defeat, in the hope of getting the door of tolerance or religious liberty opened just a little further. To our surprise, about one-third of the audience were Christians who boldly heckled the communist speakers, as the atheists heckled the Russian Christian who spoke. Some two hundred written questions were handed up to be answered, such as: "Please explain to us the relation between lynching and Christianity. We do not lynch people

over here, nor deny them justice because of their color or race, but we understand that you do lynch Negroes in Christian America. What is the relation between your Christian 'love' and your lynching?" Such questions were hard to answer before a hostile audience.

The debate began on a Sunday afternoon. In five hours the hall had to be cleared for the next engagement. It seemed to the writer that the proverbial interest of the Russian in religion was so vital and deep that nothing could ever uproot it from his heart. It seemed that no tyranny could be maintained forever and that once real liberty were granted religion would reassert itself and find expression, as it always has in history, along with every other elemental and fundamental capacity of the human heart. The love of truth, goodness and beauty; vital religion and rational morality; the eternal demand for justice and liberty can never be crushed and eliminated from the human spirit.

The willingness to have the debate at all was to their credit and indicated a measure of tolerance at that time. Today things have "tightened up," both politically against all opponents of the group now in power, and religiously in the more determined drive against the churches. No such discussion with the leaders and no such debate would now be permitted. In the almost kaleidoscopic changes which are continually taking place in Russia anything may happen in the future.

Their artificially and forcibly propagandized atheism, which is a kind of fanatical religion, however they may abhor the term, is no more necessarily permanent than was the esthetic mysticism of their former Byzantine religion. One of the most powerful preachers in Russia—for the moment silenced in exile because no really powerful preacher is given freedom—was once a convinced atheist. There were villages in Siberia converted from their orthodox religion to atheism by propaganda, which were for a time swept again

into the stream of a new and vital religious life by a dynamic modern preacher of the free churches. Tyranny is no test of truth. Russia will have to choose eventually between liberty and tyranny. Once the people are granted complete liberty, or take it for themselves, we shall see whether atheism or theism is native to the human heart, whether irreligion or religion is natural. By their fruits the two systems will be judged. As long as there are slums, child labor, neglected unemployment, lynching, race prejudice and segregation, crime, racketeering and lawlessness prevalent under our system of pluto-democracy or capitalist religion, the verdict may not be a foregone conclusion. If present conditions in favored America are the best that religion can do in these economic and social areas after nineteen centuries in the world, it will take more than creedal claims to justify it.

Under the terrible handicaps and obstacles of both the czarist system and Soviet communism I have seen God working in Russia. It must be hard for even an Omnipotent God to work under the monstrous evils of both regimes. I believe he is working there, however, and everywhere, both to change individual men and society for a new creation of real Christian individuals and for a social order of justice, liberty, more abundant life and a real brotherhood of love, instead of the denial of justice and liberty, the impoverished life of millions, and the hatred, strife, and war between classes and nations in our godless world today.

THE PRESENT CHALLENGE

I visited Russia in July 1939, on my fifteenth trip to that country. As we were vitally interested in religion, especially in the U.S.S.R., our party attended a church service in Moscow. A Russian Christian present told me that there was an average attendance in that church of some two hundred every week night; with over a thousand every Saturday night and every Sunday morning throughout the year.

There must have been twelve hundred crowding the church that Saturday evening. This church with many others has never been closed during the last two decades, and I was told it was one of sixteen churches still open in Moscow.

I discovered this church last year after our party met Yaroslavsky, the head of the Militant Godless Society. When I asked him for his definition of religion, I found that it was in his conception merely a superstitious theory to account for the origin of the universe incorporated in an anti-social organization. There was no distinction between religion true and false, or good and bad. It was all equally bad in his view and the better it seemed the more dangerous it was. Though we both used the word religion, we were obviously talking about two different things.

When I asked him if he could scientifically prove his atheism and demonstrate that God did not exist, he said: "Certainly." I inquired why then American scientists did not recognize that atheism was proven and were not atheists as they were in Russia. He replied that it was merely because they were afraid. I confess this made me indignant. I asked him if America was the only country where people were afraid and whether there was any terror in Russia in the midst of the violence and death of their repeated purges. He was silent and did not answer, for this is not considered a suitable subject for discussion with foreigners.

This summer we visited in turn Moscow, Kiev and Odessa. We went through the Lavra, an old monastery of the tenth century in Kiev, and were shown by the atheist interpreter the bogus miracle-working bones of the old monks in their coffins. It was claimed by the Orthodox Church that these bodies were incorruptible and had the power of healing devout worshippers who, rich and poor alike, used to lavish their gifts upon this once heavily-endowed monastery. These evidences of superstition are now used as an exhibit in the anti-religious museum for which the monastery affords an

ideal setting. The interpreter seemed to take delight in this spectacle so humiliating to Christians.

When we met the student members of the youth movement in Kiev and found them without exception enthusiastic atheists, we held a kind of experience meeting with them, asking each to tell us of his past, how he had become an atheist, and to give a reason for the faith that was in him. It was of course sad for our group to learn the results of the type of religion they had known in czarist Russia. When we came to the last Sunday in the Soviet Union, we decided to hold privately our own little service of worship. We sang together "Lead kindly light amid th'encircling gloom" (in the darkness of the surrounding atheism and crass materialism). We then sang "Faith of our fathers living still in spite of dungeon, fire and sword," and

For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name oh Jesus be forever blest,
Halleluiah!

Then we had our own little experience meeting in that upper room, as John Wesley or the early Christians might have done. Ministers and laymen spoke in turn, each telling how he had found God and why he now believed in him. It was a deeply impressive and moving experience and none present will ever forget it. I think we all saw God's work in the lives of those Christian men and women, imperfect though they were, and realized that we had something that those crass materialists, however earnest and sacrificial they were, never dreamed of. And every true Christian there believed that God would yet triumph in the Russia of the future, whatever its present tragic errors and mistakes under a revolution temporarily discredited by its violence, its atheism, its denial of liberty and fraternity, as was the revolution in France two decades after its inception.

5

I HAVE SEEN GOD WORK IN CHINA

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For three decades after 1907 I was called by the leaders of that country to visit China eight times. During that period I witnessed more sweeping changes in that land than in any country in Asia.

The Chinese are one of the great root races of the world. They wore silks when our ancestors were clothed in skins. They invented writing, printing, gunpowder, the mariner's compass, and a score of other necessities. They were making paper by 105 A.D., nearly a thousand years before that invention was carried by the Arabs to then backward Europe. But the Chinese became paralyzed by Confucian conservatism and suffered from arrested development. While modern Japan in a generation had enrolled 99 per cent of her children in schools, and Soviet Russia in a decade had gathered more than nine-tenths of her youth under a system of compulsory primary education, backward China, after knowing letters for 3500 years, had left more than four-fifths of her children out of school and over nine-tenths of her peasants and workers in illiteracy.

When I first visited China some thirty years ago her people were the most conservative on earth, still wearing the antiquated queue, the age-long symbol of submission to their Manchu conquerors and to a petrified civilization which

bound them to a dead past. The corrupt Manchus, the last of eighteen long dynasties, were then on the throne and the wily old Dowager Empress was preparing for the Boxer Uprising, which was a final spasm of revolt against the resistless impact of the West. For four centuries helpless China had suffered under the ruthless advance of foreign imperialism and under the often unequal and unjust treaties of seventeen foreign nations.

Modern China, especially after the Russo-Japanese war, began to flare in revolt against the white man's arrogant rule. The basic demands for economic justice and political liberty which motivated the American and French revolutions were now leaping to flame in the Orient. As the West had passed through five revolutions spread over nearly as many centuries, so China was now forced in a single generation into a transformation of her whole life. This movement was at once intellectual, economic, political, social, and religious. Thus five simultaneous upheavals were disrupting the country. Here was a whole fifth of the human race in the midst of a vast transition, suddenly plunged from the ancient and medieval into the modern world. There were two simultaneous conflicts between a static Oriental and a disrupting Occidental civilization, and between the new indigenous nationalism and foreign imperialism. Two processes were at work in China, those of decomposition and of reconstruction, or the rapid disintegration of the old order and the slow and painful building of the new. This reconstruction was absolutely imperative, for something was wrong with petrified, changeless China. Despite their noble moral foundations the Chinese had been conditioned and their development arrested by their four ancient religions. Phonetically these may be recalled by the first four letters of the English alphabet—A, B, C, D—Ancestor Worship, Buddhism, Confucianism, and Taoism.

Ancestor worship had laid the dead hand of the past heavily upon China; Buddhism with its polytheistic pan-

theon had become partly a way of escape from life; Confucianism, despite its high moral and social philosophy, was paralyzing in its conservatism and offered no modern dynamic for disintegrating China; while Taoism for the common people had degenerated into a mass of ignorant superstitions. The last was chiefly responsible for China's helpless anarchic individualism, which left her people, as Dr. Sun Yat Sen said, "like a sheet of sand." It was hindering national unity as it "let nature take its course" along lines of least resistance. As far as her modern students were concerned, these ancient religions were counted dead issues.

There were only two ideologies which professed to be able to reform and to reconstruct the life of the nation both individually and socially. These were communism and Christianity. The one is violent, the other non-violent; the one atheistic and the other theistic; the one moves characteristically by destructive revolution, the other by moral suasion, education, and constructive evolution; one is motivated in its early destructive stages chiefly by hate and the other by creative love. I found that in many audiences the choice between these two was the one genuine option before the modern students of China.

I believed that I could offer to China something which could furnish a new dynamic, both personal and social, with motivation for the regeneration of individual character as well as for national reconstruction. I felt that vital religion had a part to play in this transition, in the transformation of this great race just as it had among our ancestors in the West. Accordingly I went there at the invitation of the Chinese leaders to present the challenge of the Christian faith to the students of this great nation.

THE BOXER MARTYRS

I saw God working for China even in America in the life of my classmate, Horace Pitkin, who was later killed by the Boxer mob. In my early student days at Yale Pitkin made

a deep impression on my own life. Humanly speaking I would never have volunteered to go as a missionary had it not been for him. I have seen God work in the life of my classmate and in the results that followed his early martyrdom in China.

Horace Pitkin was born in Philadelphia, October 28, 1869. He prepared for college in Phillips Exeter Academy and entered Yale in 1888. He threw himself immediately into Christian work in college, both among his fellow students and in the Boys' Club and the Bethany Mission for the poor. In 1889 at the Northfield Student Conference at the end of his freshman year he became a student volunteer for the foreign field and, all unconsciously, crude freshman though he was, he became at once a missionary to Yale University. As the first student volunteer in Yale he began to trouble the conscience of the rest of us complacent students by earnest personal work. He early won his roommate, D. T. Huntington who later became a missionary bishop in China, his classmate, Frank Keller, who had the honor of first opening up the bigoted inland province of Hunan for Christian missions, and his younger friend, E. C. Lobenstine, who later became a missionary statesman in China. Soon he had gathered around him a band of fifteen or twenty volunteers, who became a spiritual power in college. He used to quote Mackay of Uganda, saying: "I must be more terribly in earnest where I am, knowing that I must so soon go elsewhere." Like John Wesley he could have written on the flyleaf of his daily-used New Testament "Live today!" He was the living embodiment of Bonar's hymn:

"Time worketh
Let me work too,
Time undoeth:
Let me do,
Busy as time my work I ply
Till I rest in the rest of Eternity."

I was thrown even more closely with him when we entered Union Theological Seminary together as classmates. Here he was toiling night and day for the missionary cause, recruiting men and raising money. Although I professed to be willing to go to the mission field, I noticed that no one else decided to go or to give to the cause because of my professed willingness. When another volunteer, who was a classmate, died suddenly, I faced the question of my immediate duty and, under a sense of sure guidance, I finally signed the student volunteer declaration: "It is my purpose if God permit to become a foreign missionary."

From that day with Pitkin and Harry Luce we began to pray and work for this cause, first in Union Seminary and the churches of New York, the next year during weekends in the colleges of New England, and then, in 1893-94, as traveling secretaries of the Student Volunteer Movement, each seeking a hundred other men who would immediately go to the foreign field. Pitkin's own field that year was in the colleges of the middle west where he did literally "everything by prayer."

In 1898 he went to China at his own expense, and was assigned to the American Board Mission in Pao Ting Fu near Peking. This was the period of the collapse of the reform movement and the bitter anti-foreign reaction under the old Dowager Empress. Pitkin wrote of the spread throughout his province of secret societies who were drilling to develop magic spells to make them bullet-proof, and proclaiming their slogan: "Death to the Foreigners." He had just passed his second language examination and wrote to us a round robin letter as a group of Yale men on April 27, 1900: "We're getting rumors of war here all right. You know of the Boxer or Big Sword Society to root out all foreign devils and exterminate their religion. . . . We are surrounded. Fifteen miles from here the Boxers are assembling in great numbers. They are bound to sack a Roman Catholic station

nearby, then another and then Pao Ting Fu. At present the city sends fifteen soldiers a night for our guard. It's after midnight. . . . The Lord be with you all, boys. He has been very good to me and I thank him."

On June 2, 1900 he wrote his last letter to American friends in Peking: "It may be the beginning of the end. (All the Roman Catholics had been killed nearby.) God rules and somehow his Kingdom must be brought about in China. We may not be left to see the end. It's a grand cause to die in. Jesus shall reign, but we do hope a long life may be for us in this world . . . 'I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord *in the land of the living*.' I know I shall up there. Down here may he help me also to see it . . . God leads, thank God he does. We can't go out to fight. We have no soldiers to trust. We must sit still, do our work, and take quietly what is sent us. And it will be but a short time till we can know definitely whether we can serve him better above or not. We can't be sure of a single day's life. Work and pray for us."—Horace Tracy Pitkin.

The edict of the Empress Dowager on June 23, 1900 led to the murder of foreigners. On June 28 Pitkin's beloved Chinese pastor, Meng, was dragged to the temple and beheaded. On June 30 a mob attacked the mission premises and began burning, looting, and killing. Pitkin prayed with his Chinese teacher, and wrote some last letters to his wife and buried them in two places. To the faithful letter carrier, Lao-man, before he escaped over the wall, he gave this verbal message: "If all the letters are destroyed, tell my wife that God was with me at the last, and his peace was my consolation. Tell her to send our little son to Yale and that it is my hope that when he is twenty-five he will come to China as a missionary."

On July 1 the American Board compound was attacked. Pitkin was endeavoring to defend Miss Morrell and Miss

Gould. He was beheaded and the two ladies were bound, taken to the temple and put to death. Pitkin's head was offered at the shrine of the Boxers' god, while his body was thrown outside the city wall in a pit with nine Chinese Christians. When it was later discovered, his hands were lifted as in prayer, expressive of the attitude of his life.

Robert Speer in closing his account of the life of Horace Pitkin thus aptly quotes Bunyan's Valiant-for-Truth: "My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me to be a witness for me that I have fought his battles who now shall be my rewarder . . . So he passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

I repeat that even as a student Pitkin was already a missionary, consumed by one burning passion. Before he left America he won more than a hundred men who actually went to the foreign field. It is well that he did so for he never lived to win a convert in China itself. General Feng, later called "the Christian General," told me that as a young soldier he was in Pao Ting Fu when Horace Pitkin was there as a new missionary. Feng was stationed at the gate of the mission compound, ostensibly to protect the missionaries but actually to see that every one was murdered, that not one should escape. Feng told me that the first awakening of his conscience came when he saw Miss Morrell come out from the mission compound and face the Boxer mob, offering to lay down her life if they would spare the women and children inside. Ashamed, the crowd slunk away, but the next day a fresh mob stormed the gate and killed Pitkin with thirty-two missionaries and all the Chinese Christians they could seize.

When we arrived in the city of Pao Ting Fu fourteen years later three thousand students came pouring out to attend the first meeting. Many of these men stood for nearly

two hours during the address, while several hundred were turned away from the doors for lack of room. We gave three addresses without a break, and at the close spoke of the cross of Christ. We could find no better illustration of that cross than the death of Pitkin himself, for there were men in that audience who had seen those martyrs die. When I came to the story of the cross and of Pitkin's death the interpreter suddenly broke down under deep emotion and stood silent, unable to speak. It is considered a terrible disgrace for a Chinese to weep in public. The audience bowed their heads in sympathy and in shame. Many were in tears. When, after a pause, we quietly gave the invitation, some decided for Christ and many became honest inquirers. Thousands of Christian books were sold in a day in that city where Pitkin had been martyred. We found in China also that the cross of Christ was still the power of God unto salvation.

EARLY EXPERIENCES IN CHINA

On the occasion of my first contact with China I attended the conference of the World's Student Christian Federation which was held in Japan in 1907, going as a delegate from India where I was then working. This was just after the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-05 when Japan, one of the smaller nations of the Orient, had just defeated giant Russia, supposed at that time to be one of the greatest military nations of the Occident. Japan's victory had sent a thrill of hope like an electric shock through the subject peoples of Asia. As a result some 15,000 Chinese students rushed over to Japan to get a hasty, superficial education, vainly hoping thus to learn the secret of Japan's material and military power, so that China also could throw off the hated and humiliating foreign yoke.

Leaving respectable Confucian homes many of these Chinese students had fallen under the influence of the looser

moral conditions in Japan and had become prodigals in a foreign country. However, they still had the basic moral earnestness of the Chinese character developed through centuries of Confucian training. Deeper than any other Oriental people I always found the Chinese had a conscience that could be appealed to. This made China, during her great national crises, the greatest evangelistic field in the world.

Up to that time the Christian forces had gained but a handful of converts from the literati and a few from among the students of China. When Robert Morrison landed in Canton in 1807 he found a cable across the mouth of the river, barring the entrance to foreigners. Forbidden to preach in public, he labored seven years without a convert, unable even to mention the subject of religion except behind closed doors. The combined effort of the heroic little group of early missionaries had not resulted in ten baptized converts in twenty-five years, and there were less than a thousand in all China after fifty years of missionary work.

Even when my friend, Fletcher Brockman, landed in China in 1898 he and his young wife were forced to spend the night on the frozen winter ground outside the ancient city walls of Nanking. The Chinese did not want the "foreign devil's" civilization, railways, education or religion. Brockman was gladly willing to give forty years of his life if he could win even twelve of these literati or student leaders to the Christian faith.

Then suddenly came the break among the Chinese students in Japan. Every night Mott and I with several others conducted meetings among the Chinese students in Tokyo. Many of them came under deep conviction of sin. Some of them became Christians and large numbers joined Christian Bible classes as honest inquirers. It was then that Brockman, and he alone, saw from this little microcosm of Chinese students studying in Japan the sudden change of attitude

that was destined soon to spread over the whole of China. Why should we not do in all China what we had just done among the Chinese students in Japan? Walking on the streets of Shanghai, Brockman seemed to see a vision of the new possibilities for this long proud and exclusive land. He asked if I would return from India to give three months for evangelistic meetings among the students of China, saying, "We will guarantee you an audience of a thousand students a night in fifteen cities with men coming out to enter the Christian life every night that you will give them the opportunity of doing so." I looked at Brockman askance and wondered whether the tropical sun had affected his brain, or whether this was indeed a God-given vision of faith.

I had been asked to speak at St. Stephen's College in Hongkong on the return journey to India and I made up my mind that I would test the situation there, and if I found conditions as Brockman believed them to be, I would return to China for such a campaign. When I went to Hongkong, Canon Barnett, principal of the college, asked if I would address his students. I replied: "It is a simple matter to speak to your students, but will you let me call for immediate decisions based on the Christian teaching which the college has been giving to these students for years?" He hesitated, for many of his students were from the leading families, sons of Confucian officials and of several Chinese millionaires. It might break up the college if a group of students abandoned Confucianism and embraced Christianity. But I suppose he thought: "What is the college for? We have never had a convert though we have been praying for them for years." Finally he said, "You may do as you feel led." I saw that he was afraid and I knew I was. But we had to make the test.

I spoke for an hour, reminding the students of the then recent occurrences of the Boxer uprising when so many Chinese Christians had lost their lives. I told them that if

they embraced this faith they might be disinherited, or be deprived of their homes or even of life itself. At the close of the address I asked if there were any who, based upon their long study of Christianity in that college, would accept Christ and his way of life, and would rise before the entire college to confess their faith. I made the test as difficult as I could. There was a long embarrassing pause. Alas, we had failed.

And then! After more than thirty years I can still see in my mind's eye that student as he rose in his blue silk robe and long queue, which was then worn by every Chinese from the Emperor to the coolie in the street. He was the leading athlete of the college. He rose before the entire student body as the first man in that institution ever to take his stand publicly for Christ and break openly with the old Confucian order. His rising to confess Christ was like an electric shock upon the entire student body. Then a man brilliant in his studies, next the son of a prominent official, and finally nine or ten students rose and publicly took their stand for Christ and his revolutionary way of life. Here it seemed was the beginning of the fulfillment of Brockman's vision for China. The break at last had come and we believed by that token that we should see "greater works than these" throughout all China.

When I went out to the mission field over forty years ago, there were three Gibraltar rocks that seemed to stand impregnable against our modern missionary crusade. These were the Moslem world, the Brahmans and higher castes of India, and the literati and students of China. Now we believed that the third was at last vulnerable and about to fall. This was in the line of our ardent hope in our youthful and daring watchword of that day, The Evangelization of the World in This Generation.

Before I returned to the city of Hongkong to begin the tour of China, the Christian leaders had offered the small

YMCA hall for meetings, but Brockman had said that as he guaranteed an audience of a thousand students a night we must omit Hongkong and go to other cities. At last their faith had risen and with much trepidation they hired the large city hall which would hold one thousand. To our dismay on the opening night it began to rain heavily and I remember going down to that first meeting in the rain through the empty streets. Apparently not a man was coming to the meeting, for the Chinese would not come out in such weather in silk slippers and gowns. With heavy heart I climbed the empty stairs, sad over the prospect of a meeting wrecked by the weather on that critical opening night when these poor people had dared to rent the city hall. When I got to the top I could hardly get in for the hall was packed to the doors. A thousand a night came out in that first place and the audiences continued to increase in city after city.

When I went back to Hongkong later, a large theater was filled each night three times in succession, with more than four thousand students coming out to the meetings with intense interest to hear this new challenge of revolutionary Christianity presented to ancient China.

HIGH TIDE IN CHINA

As I look back over eight visits to China in three decades I can see that we reached a high tide in the third campaign, in 1914-15. During that year the total attendance at the meetings exceeded 200,000 and there were many hundreds of inquirers and converts. A complete change of attitude was evident in the typical city of Peking, the ancient capital, once the most conservative center in all Asia. When we arrived we were received by President Yuan Shih-kai and the vice-president (later president), General Li Yuan-hung, who asked us to speak to his family and guests on the subject of Christianity. For the first time Christian

meetings were permitted within the sacred "forbidden city" itself. A pavilion was erected just in front of the Imperial Palace where the old Dowager Empress had ruled with an iron hand until she fled before the storm aroused by the Boxer Uprising. She herself had guided to its terrible conclusion this bloodthirsty revolt against the foreigners, when some of my own friends were martyred in 1900. Four members of the Cabinet now cooperated with us in arranging for these religious meetings, and four thousand students a day crowded the hall listening with earnest attention. Fourteen thousand attended during the week of meetings in Peking and twelve secular Chinese newspapers published columns of reports of the Christian messages almost in full. This carried them out to a wider public throughout the province. Two hundred Chinese Christian leaders in Peking alone were trained in normal courses to lead Bible classes in order to conserve the results of the meetings and to instruct the inquirers, for the effectiveness of these campaigns depended almost entirely upon the ability of the Christian forces to follow them up.

That year we also went to the far inland province of Hunan. Twenty years before, after leaving Yale, I had written a small pamphlet entitled, *The Supreme Decision of the Christian Student*. In this I had appealed on behalf of our missionary crusade for volunteers to enter the unoccupied province of Hunan with its more than twenty million inhabitants. The province was then without a single Christian missionary because of the fierce hostility of this bigoted section. Now as we entered Changsha, the capital, in 1915, we saw announcements of the Christian meetings on the very notice boards where a few years before had hung the posters that called for the killing of the "foreign devils"—the Christian missionaries—and their Chinese fellow workers. We visited the provincial capital of Changsha in response to an official invitation from fifteen Confucian

principals of colleges and schools inviting us to address their students. Three thousand students were admitted to the meetings by ticket. The governor's band was in attendance and at the close of the last meeting played "God be with you till we meet again"! Meetings were also held at "Yale in China" and other Christian institutions in a province that was now being slowly converted to Christianity. And this sweeping change had occurred in two short decades!

That year in the south we visited Canton where Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the father of the newly founded republic, was the leading official. Here for a week we held a series of meetings with a unique plan. In the snows of old czarist Russia we had first encountered the novel idea of a "double-barreled" meeting, where after a brief intermission the meeting would continue for heart-hungry students who did not want to come miles through the snow merely for one brief address. In Canton they had prepared a trained body of several hundred Chinese Christian workers, and it was proposed to present the message not only by the visiting evangelist but by all of these several hundred workers dealing with non-Christians personally throughout the week. At the evening series of meetings no one was to be admitted without his ticket, but the ticket instead of being a piece of paper or cardboard was a living person, a non-Christian friend personally brought to the meeting. They told me that no missionary or Chinese pastor would be admitted without such a ticket, and asked that I also should invite someone to come with me, so that there should be no exception. Accordingly I called upon President Sun Yat Sen and invited him to come. He attended and sat in the front seat. Near him was old Wu Ting Fang, former minister in Washington, and Admiral Ching, the local commander of the Chinese navy. On the last night Admiral Ching started to sign a card as an inquirer but I could see that he was being dissuaded by another non-Christian offi-

cial. I stepped down and asked if I could meet him for a personal interview, and he invited me to his office the next morning at eleven o'clock. As he left the meeting that night, with the city in political turmoil, an assassin shot him dead. I kept the appointment, but it was to stand beside his coffin. The times were tragic and solemn for us all.

More remarkable still were the meetings held in the ancient city of Foochow. Here five thousand a day were pouring in to the meetings, admitted by ticket only. Prof. C. H. Robertson, a scientific genius from Purdue University, had an absolutely unique gift for visualizing the techniques and results of modern science and applying them to life. As an earnest Christian he was working with us all over China throughout the meetings. Representatives of science and religion were here conducting a joint campaign. Two new worlds of thought were thus suddenly opened to the Chinese and they seemed equally interested in both. The provincial parliament adjourned and invited Robertson and me to address them. The Commissioner of Education had officially invited us to visit Foochow and the Confucian presidents of thirteen government colleges closed their institutions each afternoon in order that the students might attend the meetings. To cooperate with us, they even postponed the government examinations for a week. Hundreds of students were enrolled as inquirers and several hundred took their stand, confessing Christ as their Lord. There was of course a considerable shrinkage afterward in the numerical results, especially in a time of national crisis when the Chinese churches in many places were not intelligently trained to instruct the new converts and inquirers. Whatever the results, here or elsewhere, more than nine-tenths of them were due to the local missionaries and Chinese workers who had borne the burden in the heat of the day during the long years of painful preparation and costly sacrifice.

In Foochow in a little churchyard there are the graves of eleven missionaries who were murdered by the mob just before the Boxer Uprising. With the interpreter we went to visit this hallowed place for a time of prayer on the evening before we had to face the throngs of students who would be crowding the meetings on the succeeding days. Among those graves there were four members of the Stuart family—the father, mother, and two children. Although wounded herself, the eldest daughter helped to rescue her four brothers and sisters and these five orphaned children were sent back to England. After completing their education, they faced the question of their life work. England was home to them now and China was far distant, the land that had murdered their father, mother, brother and sister. Yet back to China every one of the five went, constrained by the love of Christ to give their lives in service to the people for whom their parents had died. Here was the spirit of the martyrs of the early Christian centuries.

The eldest son, James Stuart, went to the far western province of Szechuan and in the course of his saintly life there, helped to win and develop among many others a Chinese boy who later took his name, James, as his own. This boy became the celebrated James Y. C. Yen, affectionately known as "Jimmie" Yen. He was the lineal descendant of Confucius' favorite pupil in a long line of a family of scholars for many centuries. I saw him first as a student at Hongkong University and then at Yale. Later, in the World War, when 200,000 Chinese coolies were sent to France to dig trenches, Jimmie Yen went to minister to them as a "Y" secretary. Ignorant and superstitious, these coolies could not read or write, so Dr. Yen, swamped by requests to write thousands of letters to their families, suggested that he should try to teach them to read and write for themselves. To teach coolies to read had been unknown for three thousand years. Yet, within six months the first

thirty of them had learned a thousand of the most familiar characters, and as they stood reading the bulletins of the war they were looked upon with amazement by the other coolies as though they were miracles of learning, like Confucius himself. Then there was a rush, for all wanted to learn to read at once. Jimmie Yen then devised the "thousand-character method" where in a few months illiterate Chinese could be taught to read and write. He developed this new means of mass education and in a few years, through the cooperation of many missionaries and Chinese Christians, five million Chinese were able to read the new literature specially produced in these simple characters.

But even when they could read, they yet had empty stomachs, and Jimmie Yen found that the four basic problems of China still remained unsolved—ignorance, poverty, disease, and selfish individualism, or sin. So he and his fellow workers devised new basic methods and a technique for training as follows: for age-long ignorance, education; for poverty, economic reconstruction; for disease, public health and sanitation; for selfish individualism, a new spiritual dynamic for the regeneration of the individual and society. Jimmie Yen finally called for ten thousand Chinese students and leaders in a national crusade to go out in sacrificial service to meet these four great needs of his people.

As we told the story of Jimmie Yen to thousands of materialistic students during the evangelistic campaigns we asked: "Where did this man get his dynamic motivation? Why should he give his life in sacrificial service when so many of your selfish, grafting, corrupt officials are robbing China and letting her sink to her doom? Do you remember those eleven graves, and those children who gave their lives in sacrificial devotion to the land which had killed their parents? Do you remember James Stuart who carried the message to Jimmie Yen and others in China? Many have

sacrificially died; and one died upon a cross." Here was the motive that could constrain not only Jimmie Yen and the Boxer martyrs but thousands of others in China's national crisis. Here was the supreme way of life for agonizing, war-torn China.

Our last campaign in China was in 1935. I had again gone to the Far East to present Christianity to the students and officials of that great land in the midst of tragic circumstances. For four months we visited twenty cities in the twelve crowded provinces which included three-fourths of China's teeming population. We now found a new China moving at headlong speed and I was compelled to take eleven journeys by airplane to keep my appointments. Most of these planes were provided by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, or by the officials or governors of the provinces, while the rest were commercial planes.

These modern, materialistic, and usually radical students considered the old religions effete and dead. For many of them the issue in their minds was between a rapid and seemingly effective destructive communism and the slow, patient, educational methods of constructive Christianity, whose record in the West, however, had not been altogether praiseworthy. An average of two thousand students a day attended the meetings in these twenty cities. Strangely enough, in eight provinces the officials were willing to assemble, usually at the call of the governor of the province, to hear a challenging message on the social and moral evils which were eating like a cancer into China's national life. Bribery, graft and corruption were still rampant, and the use of opium and of the more deadly Japanese drugs was menacing. Sin, personal and social, was an oppressive and deadly fact which could not be escaped. We usually spoke the first night on China's sin and desperate need, the second night on God, the third on Christ as Saviour.

We came at last to the old city of Amoy where we found

evidence of the results of the previous religious campaigns. On a former visit, at the very apex of the social scale, the mayor, as the chief official, had made his decision in a personal interview to enter the Christian life. I remember that a group of Chinese leaders were on their knees in an adjoining room praying as we confronted this man with the inescapable challenge of Christ to his own life. The mayor had accepted Christ and had stood as a tower of strength, an honest, efficient official and an earnest Christian during all those sixteen years since his conversion.

At the other extreme, at the very bottom of the social scale, a bandit and opium smoker named Ling-Po in a meeting that same year was soundly converted and instantly changed in character as though by a moral miracle. We held the meetings in a large pavilion especially constructed to hold the five thousand students and graduates who were coming out every night to hear the Christian message. These men were admitted by ticket only, after they had signed application blanks designed as a literary test, as no hall could possibly contain the crowds if we admitted the ignorant coolies. As this bandit could not read or write or even sign his name, he could not secure a ticket of admission, nor would he have dared to give his name even if he had been able to write. Accordingly in curiosity he approached the pavilion and cut a hole through the side of the temporarily constructed structure where he could peek through and hear at least fragments of the address. On the second night he begged a ticket from a student and got inside. He says now that he was convicted as he heard the statement: "The robbers must stop robbing China." We were referring of course to the grafting officials, but this bandit applied the message to himself. He knew that he had been robbing China and considered himself even worse than the corrupt officials. For twenty years he had been an opium smoker and a gambler and for a decade he had

been a leader of some eighty desperadoes. As pirates they boarded the ships in the harbor, as robbers they looted the city, and as bandits they ravaged the countryside. There was a reward of \$1,000 on his head for his capture dead or alive.

In the final meeting when we asked how many would turn from their sinful past and enter the new way of life, he rose with the rest, deeply convicted of sin. When we asked the inquirers and converts to sign cards so that they might be enrolled in Bible classes and followed up by the Christian workers of the city, he requested a student to sign his name for him. After being long kept on probation he was finally baptized by the aged pastor and had lived all those years as a humble evangelist, raising his own modest support of \$10 a month. He had felt the call to go out as a special worker to reach other bandits. He had won over a hundred and seventy of these gangsters and their neighbors to the Christian life. In two villages some thirty robbers had given up their predatory existence and settled down as honest farmers.

When this man personally confessed his faith we asked him to bear witness to Christ in the large public meetings in Amoy in 1935. He spoke with tremendous power in meeting after meeting and the amazed students broke into enthusiastic applause as they saw this moral miracle of a transformed life. He offered to give himself up to the authorities and submit not only to prison but to the death sentence for his former crimes. I took the responsibility of asking him not to do so under that archaic penal system. We placed his little son, who was growing up in illiteracy, in school. Then this former criminal went off on a still more dangerous mission to the bandits in their distant lair in the mountains to bring yet more of them to this new revolutionary Christian way of life with all its religious, economic and social implications for the new China. Here the gospel meant literal salvation from sin and the trans-

formation of personal character. Such things were not happening in atheist Russia. It seemed to me to be the visible handiwork of God.

During this campaign of 1934-35 when we visited twenty cities, there was a total attendance of 180,600; while 2,476 non-Christians registered their personal decision to enter the Christian life, and 4,144 were enrolled to join Bible classes as inquirers to study the New Testament. A man who has heard nothing of Christ, with a materialistic or superstitious pagan background, cannot ordinarily intelligently make a final decision unless he has studied the four gospels and come to know the meaning of the faith which he is embracing.

During this tour we came at last to the far western province of Szechuan, which is now the headquarters of the present Chinese Government, and finally to the city of Chengtu. Here on a clear day we were in sight of the snows of Tibet in this most western province. It had taken the missionary with whom I stayed three arduous months to make the journey through the gorges up the rapids of the great Yangtse River to this distant city. I did not have three months to spare so made the journey by airplane, flying in six hours through the magnificent gorges several thousand feet deep. These students a decade before had been so hostile to Christianity that they had broken up Christian meetings in disorder. Their interest and concern were now so great that fifteen thousand attended the meetings during that one week, while eight hundred registered as inquirers to study Christianity or made the final decision to follow Christ as Lord and Saviour. Bible classes and study groups were organized with a twofold purpose of building their own personal characters and also of undertaking some practical project of service for national reconstruction, which was desperately and imperatively needed. Here as

everywhere we tried to integrate the personal and social message as one.

The interest of these West China students in religion, as something that might save their sinking country and their corrupt province, was pathetic to behold. I remember one Sunday morning going down to the first of five meetings which we were to hold that day. We were to meet a thousand government students for an hour in a theater. The local leaders had warned me not to invite these students to come to any other meeting. There was not a ticket or even standing room for any of them when fifteen thousand students were crowding the meetings that week. We could probably never see this particular audience again in this life and it gave an added solemnity to each meeting. I spoke for an hour and there was a deep response. I continued for a second hour as they were unwilling to leave. Then for a third hour to make the most difficult test I could, I said: "I am willing to give up my dinner today. This eternal issue is far more serious than eating and drinking or even life itself. Any of you who wish to hear more of this Christian message come with me over to the YMCA and we will continue." The after-meeting was crowded and many were standing. When I gave the invitation, several score of these students rose to accept Christ, and a larger number enrolled in Bible classes, as they had never studied Christianity and could not intelligently accept it. For some days students kept coming in personally to add their names, some of them as converts to the Christian life and one or two to enter the Christian ministry.

In Canton during the week of meetings there, 17,700 were in attendance and 1,185 made their decision to become Christians or to enroll as inquirers for further study. Such was the tragic interest in Christianity during that visit to China in 1935 in every city from Peking in the North to

Canton in the South, and from Shanghai to Szechuan in West China.

Nothing less than a whole gospel, both individual and social, could command the attention of these desperate students. Once again I found that they would not even listen to the presentation of a purely selfish, personal, possessive salvation for their own souls, for some future world. They were passionately concerned in only one question: "What, if anything, can save sinking China now? Is there any hope of a national rebirth?" They were willing, however, to consider the necessity of becoming new men in order to build a new China. I do not recall a single Chinese student whose object and motivation in these matters was wholly selfish.

As I look back over eight visits to the Far East in the last thirty years, whatever my own painful inadequacy, I am sure that I have seen God work in China.

6

I HAVE SEEN GOD WORK IN INDIA

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For fifteen years I had the fascinating privilege of watching God work in India. I landed in that ancient country as a very crude young missionary, in 1896. I found the people intelligent, courteous, lovable. They were deeply religious with a natural affinity for spiritual things, in contrast to the people of the Far East where the background is pre-vaillingly concrete and often materialistic. The present population of over 350 millions in India is divided and subdivided more than in any other country. There are nine great religions—for this is the world's great religious arena—over two hundred languages and dialects, and over two thousand castes which are forbidden to intermarry or interdine. If we except about a million Indian princes and land owners, the average per capita income in that poorest country on earth was estimated, when I was there, at \$27 a year, or little more than 7 cents a day.

When I landed in India the bubonic plague was raging, taking a toll of two hundred lives a day in Bombay alone. In Poona, nearby, I joined the search parties endeavoring to stamp out the disease. Here I saw the home life of the people. Among the well-to-do each house had its family shrine, like a tiny temple, with red painted stones and small brass idols, all wet and flower-strewn with the daily morning worship. Then we visited the dwellings of the poor with

their mud houses, leaky roofs, and rude ladders leading to dark attics or holes into which people crawled and slept.

That year I also witnessed the famine of 1896, and later the greater famine of 1900 which resulted in five million deaths and left fifty millions hungry. Children were being offered for sale for a few cents. In the famine of 1896 I sent one letter home asking for help from people in America. In response, friends and strangers sent me \$17,000 for famine relief and the rescue of orphans. Money came from Negroes, American Indians and twelve different nationalities. One school of girls in China sent their offering for the Indian famine just before they themselves were martyred in the Boxer Uprising. Dr. S. K. Datta, Indian scholar and patriot, writes: "Human life is of little value in India. Life is spent in grinding poverty and bitter toil. Villages are blotted out by famine and pestilence."

The new nationalistic movement which I found in India was the result of the total impact of Western culture upon the East with its modern economic, political, social and religious ferment. Perhaps greater changes have taken place among the leaders of these lands of the Orient in the last four decades than in the previous four thousand years of their history.

When I landed in 1896 a seething ferment of new ideas was working only among the students and educated classes. Economically and politically, the demand for liberty and complete home rule, either as dominion status within the British Empire, or independence outside of it, was essentially the same as the demands in the American and French revolutions.

I came to admire British rule in India, and I knew of no finer instance in history of the government of one people by another. Later I sympathized even more deeply with the cause of the Indian Nationalists and patriots. They bitterly resented the exorbitant cost of India's English-officered

army consuming 62.5 percent of the entire central revenues, the drain of millions a year sent from India to England in salaries, pensions, and interest charges, the fact that only one-fifth of India's children were in school, and that 93 percent of the population had been left illiterate after many generations of British rule. It seemed to the Indians also that strife was artificially fomented between their religious and racial divisions by the fatal system of communal representation, as Britain followed the old plan of "divide and rule." It is prevailingly in British India that Hindu-Muslim riots occur, not in the Indian States whether under Hindu or Mohammedan rulers. Most of all Indians resent the racial discrimination of Anglo-Saxon superiority.

Although Jesus, being an Asiatic, makes a strong appeal to an unprejudiced Indian, yet to the average Indian patriot the religion of the white man who for generations has conquered and drained his country, seems to him only part of an exploiting imperialism. Foreigners like Sir John Seeley are honest enough to admit that "long subjection to a foreign yoke is a most potent cause of national deterioration."

I spent my time traveling among the colleges and working among a few of the hundred thousand students and nearly five million Indians who had been educated in English. I was a College Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association and Traveling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement of India and Ceylon. After repeated efforts I was finally driven to the conclusion by painful experience that the time had not come for widespread reaping among the proud, high caste students of India. Accordingly I turned to the study of the Tamil language in order to have access to the Indian churches, the masses of outcasts among the poor, and the middle castes. In our mission station, responsibility for which I shared with an elderly missionary absent in the hills, we had the joint care of fifty schools and sixty churches in a population of five thousand Chris-

tians and some 500,000 Hindus and Mohammedans. We were responsible for one little area of about fifty miles square, with a hundred Indian fellow workers scattered through the district.

I spent fifteen years in India with a twofold objective which was both personal and social: to play some small part in raising up Indian leaders for the Christianization of that land, and to cooperate with others in seeking to change ultimately the whole social order, to build a new India as part of a new world.

As illustrations of these two objectives, the personal and social, of work among both Christians and non-Christians, we shall take four examples. Among the Christians we shall note the life of Azariah, the first Anglican Indian Bishop, and Abraham, Bishop of the ancient Mar Thoma Syrian Church of Travancore. We shall then observe the significance of Mr. Gandhi who is chiefly concerned in the spiritual and social awakening of India, and that of Jawaharlal Nehru, the political leader of that vast subcontinent. I believe I have seen God work in these four men of different types.

BISHOP AZARIAH OF DORNAKAL

Azariah's father was a pastor and his mother an earnest Spartan Christian. His family was so humble that his ancestors had been refused access to the temples of Hinduism. Though now the most virile and progressive group in South India, until the coming of Christian missions and western education they have been for centuries outcastes and devil worshipers. I visited Azariah's home church, far from any railway, where I found three hundred earnest Christians coming out every morning at five o'clock, before sunrise, for a service of worship before going to their work in the fields. Four miles away, where he attended high school in Megnanapuram, "The Town of True Wisdom," I found the site of the ancient devil temple and the stone once reek-

ing with the blood of beasts sacrificed to the demons, where his ancestors had worshiped. When the last man in that community became a Christian, with their own hands they tore down this devil temple and erected a fine stone church, seating three thousand Christians. At the entrance is the old altar stone of the former pagan shrine. As in the early apostolic centuries, in India and China today you see Christianity as a virile new religion challenging the paganism, polytheism, and idolatry of the ancient world.

Azariah was my first and best friend in India. I found him an earnest young secretary of the YMCA, about my own age. We were soon fellow evangelists, working both in English and in Tamil in South India, and later among Christians and non-Christians through the land. One night when we were working together in Jaffna, North Ceylon, as he saw the Jaffna Foreign Missionary Society sending its Tamil missionaries to India, he went out under the palm trees and shed bitter tears to think of the Christians in his own mission who had been uplifted by Christianity both spiritually and materially, but who were doing so little for the evangelization of their own country, while some foreigners were giving their lives for it. When he returned to India he gathered together the young men of his churches and they organized the Indian Missionary Society of Tinnevely. They finally opened a new mission field, sending their own workers to the Telugu country in the state of Hyderabad near the center of India.

Later I was privileged to meet with Azariah and a score of Indian leaders from each province of India, Burma and Ceylon when, after long conference, they organized the National Missionary Society of India, in the historic library of William Carey at Serampore on December 25, 1905. This society united representative Indian Christians from almost all Protestant churches and all provinces for the

evangelization of their own country and is continuing its work in several provinces today.

The constitution of the new society was adopted in the pagoda where Henry Martyn had worked a century before. This Indian missionary society was established a hundred years after the haystack meeting at Williamstown, and two hundred years after Ziegenbalg came to India as the first Protestant missionary. The National Missionary Society opened up work in five different parts of India. As the secretary of both these indigenous societies, Azariah traveled across the country preaching this new missionary crusade, with all India for his pulpit, calling on the students to go as workers and the churches to give in sacrificial service for their own country.

Then, disastrously I feared, Azariah felt called to give up this most useful work and to go out himself as a missionary to the neediest of his own people. In 1909 he chose for his field the most degraded, drunken, carrion-eating devil-worshippers in Hyderabad. The poverty of the people, struggling to live on four or five cents a day, was abysmal. This was a heroic sacrifice for Azariah to make, for the people were so degraded that I did not expect to see any appreciable results in his lifetime. I said good-bye to him fearing I would never see him again.

When I did next see him, however, in 1912, he was being consecrated as the first Indian Anglican bishop by a group of English bishops. They were graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, with a thousand years of Christian civilization and culture behind them, while behind him was the abyss of the past. As the Bishop of Dornakal he is today probably the strongest and most effective bishop in all India.

I went back to visit the Bishop at a recent Christmas season. Here, where I had expected to see but little fruit in our lifetime, I found in his diocese a Christian community which today numbers over 220,000 Christians uplifted from

their former drunkenness, devil worship, carrion-eating and ignorance. Their children are now in schools and they meet in intelligent worshiping congregations on Sundays. But, more remarkable, most of the new converts, with an attendance of some 70,000 in their scattered churches, gather every night in the week for the study of the New Testament to conform their lives to the way of Christ. So great has been the moral transformation of these people that over ten thousand from the higher and middle castes have joined the church, convinced of the moral superiority of this way of life. "I am not ashamed" of such a way with its "good news," able to transform each life and to uplift a whole community. Personal transformation and social change are here equally remarkable. I saw a former robber who is now an earnest evangelist supporting himself as a carpenter as Jesus did. Preaching without pay he had won two small congregations for Christ. I witnessed whole communities socially changed in their material and spiritual life.¹

Here we can see today the solid results of missions, both individual and social, which affect the whole life of a people—moral, religious, intellectual, and economic. From their former impoverished degradation, oppression by their fellow men and haunting fears and superstitions, these people have been visibly uplifted in two decades, with an unbelievably small financial expenditure, borne almost altogether by Indian Christians themselves, in communities that as a whole are now happy, useful, spiritual and civilized. There are many who do not believe in missions who would let them rot in their degradation or sink almost to savagery,

¹The Telugu Anglican work was organized in one diocese in 1921. There were at the beginning of 1939 in this diocese 176,338 baptized Christians, with 42,541 more under instruction. There had been 9,762 baptisms during the year, and there were 158 clergymen and 1,772 lay workers. Next to Uganda this is now the largest mission field in the world. Yet thirty short years ago it seemed the most discouraging and hopeless mission field I had ever seen.

who would not "interfere" with them in their devil worship and filth and poverty. But such, at least, is not the genius of Christianity.

BISHOP ABRAHAM OF TRAVANCORE

As a second Christian leader we may mention Bishop Abraham, the Reformed Syrian Bishop of Travancore. That winsome Irishman of wit and piety, Pakenham-Walsh, later Bishop in Assam, had asked me to speak to his students in the high church Anglican college in Trichinopoly, South India. One hot evening there was a meeting for a score of the Christian boys of the college. I hope I may never again judge a meeting, an occasion, or a man by appearances only. Perhaps living by faith is a matter of seeing the ideal possibilities in the heart of every situation and of every individual, and then seizing upon them to make them real. Perhaps it is to sow the seed and let it grow, to speak the truth and let it fructify, counting too assuredly on the results to ask continually that the plant be torn up by the roots to let us see if anything is happening.

On this hot night in South India, about the year 1900, I saw before me a score of boys who professed a Christianity which many of them were not practicing, and which they were belying by their indifference. I fear I was blunt and tactless when I spoke to those Syrian lads from Travancore, as I said: "Boys, you claim that your church was founded here in India by the Apostle Thomas nineteen centuries ago. Whether it was or not, in any case your church has been spiritually asleep for a thousand years. The impoverished masses in your country are sunk in idolatry, superstition and ignorance. Many of you are cramming to get your degrees, to rush out into life and make money while you leave your church and country in bitter need. Will none of you dare to take up the cross of Christ and follow in his train?"

The meeting ended apparently in failure. But out under the stars this boy Abraham paced up and down and could not sleep. As he wrestled with himself, he said: "It is true. Our church is asleep, our country is in desperate need, and I am going out to make money and live for my own selfish ambition."

He told me later that for days, for weeks, he fought his battle, till finally he yielded his life for the service of his own people. I heard nothing of him for a decade. He went to Canada to study in Wycliffe College and Toronto University. One night he crossed the border and came to Buffalo with a group of Canadian students. The Canadians registered at an American hotel but as soon as his darker face appeared the clerk said the hotel was "full." In protest the Canadian students left in a body and went to another hotel where an Indian could be received. But Abraham could not sleep. He was humiliated and lacerated in spirit by the indignity. Then he remembered the outcastes of India who had long been excluded by his proud, prosperous and respectable Syrian Church. He had never supposed they cared about this exclusion, but if they were men of like passions with himself perhaps they did care. Perhaps they suffered from indignities just as he did. Instead of becoming embittered against Americans for their race prejudice, he resolved to return to India and to give his life for the awakening of his ancient church, that they might receive the outcastes and themselves be aroused for the evangelization of India.

When I next saw Abraham he had become a Bishop of the Mar Thoma Syrian Church. He asked me to go down and speak to his people. Annually the Syrian Christians had gathered in a convention like the Feast of Tabernacles among the Hebrews. Erecting a simple palm-leaf pavilion to shut out the sun, and sitting in the clean white sand of a river bed which is empty during the dry season, some 30,000 of

them gathered in a convention each year. A large flat sounding board over the head of the speaker enabled all to hear, in what was perhaps the largest Christian audience in the world. With deep emotion I saw them bring in new inquirers and receive the outcastes publicly into membership, and heard the reports of these Indian workers who had been sent as missionaries to the lowest and neediest of their own countrymen in Travancore.

This ancient church on the Malabar coast claims a first-century origin through the labors of the Apostle Thomas. Many of their leaders believe that the prevalence of trade between South India and the Roman world in the first century, the discovery of many Roman coins in the region, and the tradition that St. Thomas preached in India lend credence to this view. Be this as it may, there is abundant evidence that from the fourth century onward there was an ancient church here that came successively under the influence of the Nestorians, the Roman Catholics and the Jacobite Christians of Antioch, as well as of the Hindu community surrounding them. Many abuses and corruptions had permeated this church.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century this Syrian church presented a sorry spectacle. The Bible was not read nor had it even been translated into the vernacular. Heathen customs and practices had crept in such as guidance by omens, seeking horoscopes, gifts to Hindu temples, and the accounting of the approach of outcastes as pollution.

A hundred years ago the arrival of English missionaries of the Church Missionary Society led to the translation of the Bible into the vernacular, the education of their youth and the exposure of this ancient Syrian Church to the currents of modern life. Their leader, Father Abraham, nearly a century ago became the Wycliffe of Malabar and led a movement for reformation. Prayers for the dead and to the

saints, masses for the departed and many superstitious practices were abolished.

A lawsuit deprived this reformed church of most of its property so that it was driven into the wilderness. But the awakening of the church was followed by a high tide of spiritual revival in 1873, 1895, and again in 1908. Now, a century after their indigenous reformation, these Mar Thoma Syrian Christians are a purified remnant with a community of 150,000 Christians, divided into 250 parishes with four bishops and 120 clergymen. Bishop Abraham is their earnest "missionary to the Gentiles" in leading them to recover their mission to the outcastes and men of all classes. Their Evangelistic Association has over two hundred workers laboring in five fields and has added over seven thousand new converts. From the beginning the work has been indigenous and self-supporting.

The spiritual awakening of this Indian church has borne fruit both in personal character and social change. The National Congress in the Travancore State is agitating for responsible government and reform in this autocratic Indian state. The Maharajah has declared the work of the Congress illegal and has been trying to suppress freedom of speech and association. The modern leaders of the church are in deep sympathy with Gandhi and his fight for freedom. The news came recently that a warrant had been issued for the arrest even of Bishop Abraham. But the long fight for freedom and responsible government has finally been entered upon. A thousand political prisoners were temporarily set at liberty recently on the Maharajah's birthday.

The end is not yet. But I have seen God working in the life of Bishop Abraham and hundreds of his educated fellow workers. God is moving as truly in the lives of Bishop Azariah and Bishop Abraham as in that of St. Augustine in his little bishopric in Hippo in North Africa, when the Roman Empire was being Christianized as India is today.

GOD WORKING THROUGH GANDHI

We must all recognize that the Spirit of God, shedding "the light that lighteth *every* man," is working in the hearts of all men. If God could use the pagan idolator, Cyrus, king of Persia, and Isaiah could call him God's instrument, his "anointed," his "messiah," he can certainly utilize a much more spiritual man like Gandhi.

In London after Gandhi, as a law student, had made a study of the Sermon on the Mount and the New Testament, he was won to deep devotion to the spirit of Christ. After many personal interviews with him, Mr. Gandhi finally told that great Christian leader, F. B. Meyer, that he did not feel he should be baptized and join the little outcaste Christian community, which represented the religion of their British conquerors who were holding India by the sword. He honestly believed that he should work for God where he was among the vast Hindu majority. Mr. Meyer, finally convinced that this was God's will for him, said: "I give you my hand as a brother in Christ."

There are many things in which I differ with Mr. Gandhi. I make no advocacy of many of his ideas nor do I agree with some of the articles in his creed. I only say that, with possibly one or two others, he is the most Christlike man I have ever known. He is not outwardly a Christian. He is, and almost certainly always will remain, a Hindu. He is the despair of the orthodox, whether they be Hindus or Christians. He fits into no theological mold; rather, he upsets our cast-iron theologies. He is not a result of Christian missions alone, nor is he the sole product of Hinduism. He is rather the joint product of the East and the West, both of Hinduism and Christianity, as St. Augustine and the early Christian fathers were the result of the influence of both Greece and Judea. But Gandhi is the handiwork of the Spirit of God.

Gautama Buddha was greater than Gandhi twenty-four centuries ago, but in simple fact no such man as Gandhi has been produced by Hinduism alone during the last nineteen hundred years, though there has been a long and noble line of Hindu ascetic saints, philosophers and teachers. And no Indian Christian like Gandhi has been evolved in the last fifteen centuries, whether among the Syrian Christians, the converts of Xavier, or the followers of William Carey and Protestant missions during the last two centuries.

Almost without exception the Indian Christian is under a heavy handicap because he is associated with the conquering foreigner, while the average orthodox Hindu suffers from the serious seams of weakness in his religion. The Indian who becomes a Christian today is often counted by non-Christians almost as an outcaste, belonging to the same religion as the beef-eating, warlike, profit-seeking Anglo-Saxon with his imperialism, his capitalism and his militarism. This foreigner usually believes more in God-given liberty for himself and his self-righteous, lucrative rule over "natives" of an alien race than he does in the "dangerous nationalism" of subject peoples. Many of the early mission converts were denationalized, Westernized, and left ignorant of India's own rich culture in the past.

Gandhi was born in 1869, the son of the prime minister in the little Indian state of Rajkot in Western India. He was married according to Hindu custom at the age of twelve, and at nineteen he went to England for three years to study law. When he went out to South Africa at the age of twenty-four on his first important law case, instead of returning promptly to India as he had intended, he almost forgot about his lawsuit when he discovered the injustices and indignities to which his people from India had been long subject. He gave the next twenty years of his life to fighting the battle for freedom for the 150,000 of his fellow Indian

subjects in South Africa. They considered themselves in semi-slavery there, held in subjection under the ruling race and finally forced to make their thumb-impressions as if they were criminals. Here Gandhi himself "was kicked, beaten, spat upon as a coolie. He could find no rooms in hotels, no restaurants to eat in." Though a successful barrister earning \$25,000 a year, he dropped his practice to found an agricultural colony devoted to poverty and non-violence.

Here Gandhi developed his technique of powerful non-violent resistance, which he used afterward in India while endeavoring to set his country free. Imprisoned again and again in South Africa and later in India, in forced confinement he read hundreds of the best books, both religious and secular, chiefly in English.² He draws spiritual inspiration both from the Gita and the Gospels, from the whole range of Hinduism and from Christianity. Gandhi appeared in India with the first authentic religious social message of modern times. He unites deep personal piety and social passion, the spiritual and the practical. Many in the West cannot understand him and think him a hypocrite because he combines the work of the saint with that of the politician. Indeed, he unites three contradictory characters in one—Gautama Buddha, Francis of Assisi, and the rational revolutionist, Thomas Jefferson. We cannot conceive of Jefferson working always in the spirit of the gentle St. Francis, nor of the "Little Brother of the Poor" as a powerful statesman. But Gandhi combines them all. As no other man that I know he is as wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove. He learned his non-violent pacifism originally from the Sermon on the Mount and the teaching of Jesus. Later, quite naturally, he read this into his own Bhagavad-Gita.

Two men have led two of the great revolutions of the

² When Mr. Gandhi goes to prison he always takes his four precious books—the Bhagavad-Gita, the New Testament, something of Tolstoi's, and Ruskin's *Unto This Last*. He also takes a trunkful of new books.

twentieth century—Lenin and Gandhi. The one with clenched fist, standing upon an armored car in Petrograd, called for a revolution of blood and iron, of social justice by compulsion. The other sits cross-legged upon the floor in the posture of Buddha, turning his spinning wheel of destiny between the Orient and Occident by the appeal to reason rather than the age-long appeal to force. He has been the great pacifist of the twentieth century. In an age of Lord Curzon and of General Dyer of Amritsar, of Ludendorff and Foch, of Mussolini and Hitler, here is a man who has reincarnated the spirit of the Galilean. He was not swiftly crucified, but for four decades he has been following the Indian custom of sitting *dharna* in protest on the doorstep of the whole Anglo-Saxon imperial and industrial world. In an age when the pagan ideals of wealth and war and rule by the sword have been widely exemplified by imperialistic "Christians," this Hindu has actually incarnated the principles of love and peace, of faith and prayer. If we can but see it, this man, as a symbol and a portent, breaks the mold of two rigid orthodoxies and bids us all be both more Christlike and more tolerant.

I shall recall scattered incidents that occurred during the ten days I spent with Mr. Gandhi in 1929. While lunching with Lord Irwin (now Lord Halifax), the Viceroy, at Delhi, Kirby Page and I were asked if we would take a message to Gandhi as we were then on our way to meet him by appointment. Recognizing that the British and the Indian Nationalists were at that time drifting further and further apart, Lord Irwin was apparently losing no opportunity to come to an understanding with the Indian leaders before it was too late.³

³ After listening to the viceroy's message, Mr. Gandhi gave us his reply, which was in substance as follows: "To be told that India is an equal—as a beloved child in the home which has not yet reached the age of responsibility and of its political majority—is not enough. We are offered dominion status 'in the fullness of time,' but this is an ominous phrase which leaves

We arrived at Mr. Gandhi's settlement, or Ashram, on his "day of silence" which lasts from Sunday evening at 7 to Monday at the same hour. He is often thronged by multitudes of people during the rest of the week, as at the Round Table Conference in London when he was sleeping four hours a night and working sometimes twenty hours a day. So he feels that he must have one day a week absolutely free for rest, for thought, for meditation, for prayer. During that day he does not open his lips to say even "yes" or "no." He smiled when he saw us, as he had been expecting our coming, and sent us a kindly little note saying that he would see us when he broke his silence that evening. He appeared at first to be an almost toothless old man, thin, emaciated, with large ears and close-shaven gray head; his body being clad only in a coarse homespun cotton cloth. His physical presence, like that of Socrates or the Apostle Paul, seemed weak and unprepossessing. Yet after the first few moments with him we never noticed those homely features again. We were gazing into the depths of a great soul which seemed to shine out of his whole face. He moved about in the world before us but he seemed to live in God.

That evening we sat with him in the open air by the river bank where he sleeps. For an hour he answered our questions about his experience of God, about prayer and the things of the spirit. We were surprised to learn that once he had doubted everything and had at one time been

our future and our fate solely to Britain's imperialistic decision, which we have found far from disinterested in the past. Our position is clear and unmistakable. It is stated in our resolution of last year at the Calcutta Congress. Unless our demand for dominion status is accepted 'on or before December 31, 1929,' that is, before the close of the coming Lahore meeting, the National Congress, after vainly pleading for dominion status for forty years, will be compelled to declare for complete independence and to 'organize a campaign of non-violent non-cooperation.' And it will undoubtedly vote for complete independence." (Sherwood Eddy, *The Challenge of the East*, pp. 27, 28.)

an atheist. He said he had observed that others had found this experience of vital religion and he had resolved to make the world's faith in God his own. He has found God now as the great reality of his life.

We saw him next at his half hour of prayer which begins each morning at four o'clock out under the stars, while it is cold and dark, and again at 7:30 each evening. Here we were privileged to join him in a service of worship twice each day. We sat together on the ground as a beloved community in deep spiritual fellowship and affection. It was a memorable experience and I shall carry that picture of the devoted group in prayer out under the open sky to my dying day.

Three times each day I sat close to him at meals upon the floor with the hundred and fifty inmates of the Ashram. Gandhi slipped in last and sat beside the children just across the doorway from my seat. Although all others were provided with simple food in abundance, he himself ate twice each day only a small bowl of the curds of goats' milk and a bowl of fruit. He took no bread nor rice, and he never ate meat in his life, save once or twice as a Hindu schoolboy with a guilty conscience. Yet on this scanty fare he does the work of several men.

Seated next to me on the other side was a Hindu employer who had already given away about half a million dollars, or half his wealth, and was devoting all his time and the balance of his fortune to Gandhi's crusades. On all sides we saw the remarkable influence of Gandhi, both in the changed lives in the Ashram itself and throughout India. He has to date lost none of his spiritual power or influence but has once more withdrawn from active participation in politics in order to devote himself almost exclusively to religious and social reform.

On the occasion of one of his former fasts of twenty-one days, the Hindus and Mohammedans had been killing each

other in riots until it almost broke his heart. Sleepless, in agony of mind, he finally resolved to do what the Orient alone would understand and what would be effective. He would fast for three weeks; he would not touch a morsel of food for twenty-one days. India trembled and pleaded with him in protest but he refused to alter his plan. He had recently had an operation for appendicitis and was a mere shadow of a man weighing then about ninety pounds. On the twelfth day of the fast the doctor said that his pulse was failing and that he would surely die if he did not take food. He only smiled and said: "Have faith in God. Have you forgotten the power of prayer?" He was stronger on the twenty-first day than he had been on the twelfth, having done his full work every day. When at last he broke his fast he called upon a Hindu comrade to read his favorite passage of scripture, he asked his Mohammedan brother to lead in prayer to the one God and Father of all; and then requested his Christian friend, C. F. Andrews, to sing his favorite hymn, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross." Then he was carried out, too weak to walk.

Two scenes I recall vividly from the Lahore meeting of the Indian National Congress, or Nationalist Party. One evening his enemy had risen to speak, endeavoring to win the majority from allegiance to Gandhi to his own method of violence. Gandhi was to reply to him and then the vote was to be taken. At half past seven, while his enemy was still speaking, came his hour for worship. I saw him slip quietly off the back of the platform, and I followed him across to his tent for his unfailing hour of prayer. I tried to recall any other politician in the world today, or any other statesman in history, who at the crisis of the debate would count prayer a really more dynamic, a more practical and efficacious way of working than taking part in any debate. But I could think of none. This man is often incomprehensible to the

"practical" Occident as the Asiatic Jesus was and still is to many.

I saw him for the last time when some 15,000 delegates were gathered in the great tent at the National Congress. He had been sitting quietly out of sight at the back of the platform, always engaged in his handspinning. The time had arrived when he must present his epoch-making resolution on India's political future. I was sitting on the ground some ten feet from him. He remained seated, as he is unable to speak standing because of his weak heart, and with the microphone held close to his lips, he quietly moved his resolution, first for sympathy for the viceroy, because of the attempt which had just been made upon his life, and then for independence for India. There was no oratory; no "give me liberty or give me death." He reminded one more of St. Francis speaking to his beloved community than of Patrick Henry or Thomas Jefferson.

Before leaving the great assembly I went to say good-bye to Gandhi. I met him as he was starting on his way to give a last message to the Congress. Outside the tent a great crowd had gathered in the hope of seeing him as he passed, for, owing to the newspaper, railway, telegraph, radio and modern means of communication, he is undoubtedly more widely known and is followed by more millions during his own lifetime than was any religious leader of the past. It was impossible for him to move because of the press of the crowd. The young Volunteers in uniform formed a kind of football wedge to drive a way through the throng, so that he could proceed. Every eye was fixed upon this frail figure. I saw the upturned faces of his people light up with an affection I had never seen for any other man on earth. It was like a shaft of sunlight falling upon the throng. I saw mothers hold up their children that they might see him, once in a lifetime, as he passed. I saw educated men close their eyes in prayer, or stoop to touch the hem of his gar-

ment, or kiss those aged feet, or gather the dust from his sandals and then kiss their hands. Yet it was quite different from idolatry. The cold West might not understand this but the golden heart of the East, which had for centuries gathered the tropical sunlight to itself, knew and loved its own. All my life I shall be glad that I saw and loved him. His picture hangs above my desk amid the dust and roar of the great metropolis in New York City.

I saw his face for the last time as he disappeared in the great tent, to take up what then seemed the almost hopeless struggle for India's freedom. But why hopeless? He moved as calm as Gautama Buddha, in the unbroken peace of an inward spiritual Nirvana, as loving as St. Francis, and on that battle-scarred old face, which bore the marks of mobs and imprisonment, of fasting, of failure and of heartbreak, I saw a light—"the light that never was on land or sea."

Gandhi is the greatest living example of the non-violent philosophy of life. His idea is not at all the passive-ism of non-resistance but the most effective conceivable resistance by non-cooperation and by non-violent means; by soul force, not brute force. He is more powerful today than any ten regiments of the British army, or any battleships in the navy, or many squadrons of bombing airplanes. His object is to achieve freedom, self-government, and a more abundant life both spiritual and material for India's more than 350,000,000, as George Washington's aim was political liberty for three million American colonists. He seeks to liberate both those under the British government and the backward masses in the Indian states that comprise one-third of the total area and one-fifth of the population of the land. There are some six hundred of these states, the majority of which are patriarchal, feudal, medieval and autocratic, usually with inefficient and corrupt governments, centuries behind the efficiency and honesty which characterize British rule. For

at its worst the British colonial system is the best there is in the world.

Gandhi's last fast was to obtain justice, reform and ultimate freedom for the typical test case of the little state of Rajkot. It was there, where his father was the Dewan or prime minister, that he spent his boyhood. The young prince, "a worthless ruler" according to the British, had seen his state made bankrupt through mismanagement and corruption but he had finally consented to grant certain reforms to his oppressed people in the nationalist awakening which extended in 1938 to many of the Indian States. This was in response to pressure and agitation by the patriotic Indian National Congress. The British Resident, however, forced the prince to rescind his promise of reform, in order that all the Indian states should line up with the British government in reaction against the whole movement of the Congress for justice and ultimate liberty for the hundreds of millions among the impoverished and oppressed masses. Gandhi's fast, therefore, was consciously a powerful protest both against the misrule of the Indian princes and the oppression of the British government.

The Mahatma had led his attack in his paper, the *Harijan*, which was Gandhi's name for the forty-three million outcasts or untouchables. Significantly the name means "the children of God" or "God's people." Gandhi's effort was to induce the Viceroy to intervene with the Indian prince of Rajkot and undo the damage already done by the British to stiffen the young ruler against all reforms.

Mr. Haridas Muzumdar has given the best account of Gandhi's fasts in his *Gandhi Triumphant!* He shows that Gandhi is the apotheosis of the Biblical injunction: "The meek shall inherit the earth." Here is Gandhi's own philosophy of fasting as set forth in 1933 under dramatic circumstances:

My life has been made up of numerous occasions of fasting. It is the sincerest form of prayer . . . It does not mean coercion.

There are only two methods of doing this: violence and non-violence. Violent pressure is felt on the physical being, and it degrades him who uses it as it depresses the victim. But non-violent pressure, exerted through self-suffering by fasting strengthens the moral fibre of those against whom it is directed. Who knows but I may have to go through a series of fasts and die by inches! My life is largely governed by reason, and when it fails, it is governed by a superior force—Faith.

In 1919 when the British Raj passed the Rowlatt legislation in the teeth of popular opposition, Gandhi went on a fast for 72 hours and called upon his compatriots also to fast for 24 hours as an act of self-purification preliminary to the launching of non-violent non-cooperation. When violence broke out within a few days, Gandhi suspended the movement and observed a fast as penance for the shortcomings of his people and for his own unworthiness as their leader.

In 1924 he had hardly recuperated fully from the effects of appendicitis, when Hindu-Muslim riots broke out in a most virulent form. Promptly, the Mahatma went on a twenty-one-day fast as we have seen. This had an electrical effect upon the atmosphere in the country. Practical steps were soon taken for bringing about reconciliation between the two groups.

All of Gandhi's earlier fasts had a definite time-limit. But in September, 1932, he was driven to desperation by what seemed to him the stubborn folly of Premier Ramsay MacDonald who was creating a permanent jim-crow constituency of untouchables in India. On the 20th of September, 1932, Gandhi embarked upon his epic fast "unto death" and broke it on the 26th of the month when the British Government consented not to create a separate constituency for the untouchables.

In May, 1933, at the age of 63, the Mahatma again went

on a twenty-one-day fast as a protest against the inertia of high-caste Hindus who did not exert themselves energetically for the abolition of untouchability. Finally at the age of 70 he undertook in 1939 a fast "unto death," to which we have already referred. This happily was terminated after 98 hours and 25 minutes, when the ruler of Rajkot undertook to stand by his agreement to grant reforms.

As Mr. Haridas Muzumdar says: "Gandhi is a 'fast-master' in the art of dealing with British diplomacy. We have been witnesses to a miracle in the twentieth century. A wisp of a man, without arms, without threat of physical force, successfully defies the organized violence of the mightiest empire of our times. This little man has been playing with the British Lion on the one hand and with Death on the other. Over and over again, the Mahatma has demonstrated the triumph of mind over matter, of Soul Force over Brute Force. Boundless love for suffering humanity, genial flashes of wit, sweet gentleness and politeness remain the unfailing hallmark of Gandhi's personality regardless of the complexion of outer circumstances."

NEHRU, INDIA'S POLITICAL LEADER

More than any other man, Jawaharlal Nehru is today the political leader of India's more than three hundred and fifty millions, as Gandhi is their religious and social leader. I have seen God work in this man, differently but as truly, as in the Indian bishops, Azariah and Abraham, or in the unique life of the ascetic Gandhi. With definite purpose I have chosen Nehru as an example of one in a field outside the more definitely religious incidents of the rest of this book. In the life of this man, more than in any of the other three devout Indians we can understand India's passionate struggle for freedom.

Unless I misread history and the meaning of life itself, God was working as truly in the lives of Washington and Lincoln

as in those of the clergy of their day. Life cannot be divided into the artificial compartments of sacred and secular without stultifying and falsifying it. This means that God is working in society and its institutions as truly as in individuals. The abolition of slavery, of war, of injustice and tyranny, which for centuries have been wounding and destroying multitudes of individual men in body and soul, doubtless lies as deeply on the heart of God as the question of the salvation of individual souls. All the prophets from Amos to John the Baptist were passionately concerned with the social meaning of history, as we ourselves should be. It is human freedom that is one of the ultimate issues in the present European war. That is a burning issue not only in Germany, Czechoslovakia and what is left of Poland but also in India. The Anglo-Saxon is not the only race that is passionately determined to have its liberties. The demand of Gandhi and Nehru for independence and self-determination are exactly the same as that made by Washington and Jefferson in the American Colonies.

In all fairness we must not forget, however, that the British colonial system, with all its faults, is the best in the world and that it has conferred upon India countless material benefits. It has maintained the finest colonial civil service and has provided the *Pax Britannica* after thirteen centuries of internal wars and foreign invasions. It has built roads and railways, postal, telegraph and irrigation systems, a widespread organization of democratic education, medicine, sanitation, public health, scientific agriculture and industry. It provided the first uplift and emancipation for the outcastes and a far more efficient, just and democratic administration than that of the Indian princes and the previous Moslem or foreign conquerors.

This man, Jawaharlal Nehru, I have known and respected for many years. My wife and I stayed in his beautiful home in Allahabad and we came to love every member of his

family. I saw him preside at the Indian National Congress at Lahore in 1929. There, with 15,000 in attendance, I saw the motion for political liberty carried almost unanimously. After fruitlessly seeking dominion status for over forty years, they now demanded complete independence, following the example of the United States instead of Canada.

I saw Nehru again after he had come from his seventh imprisonment, and from the bedside of his wife who had just died of tuberculosis in the Black Forest in Germany. He had been for some six years almost continuously in prison, often in solitary confinement. So, repeatedly, had been Gandhi, and for shorter or longer periods Nehru's father and mother, his wife, his sisters and other relatives, together with some 300,000 of India's leading patriots, including practically all the men of the type of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and the Adamses in America. The facts in this brief chapter may seem surprising to many, for the general public in Great Britain and America was never fully informed of them through the British government, press and cable services.

Jawaharlal Nehru was born in North India some fifty years ago in a proud and rich family of Kashmiri Brahmans. Their ancestors were writing the philosophy of the Upanishads when ours were little more than rude barbarians in the forests of Central Europe. Two hundred years ago Nehru's ancestors had come from Kashmir to North India and had almost immediately risen to the top of the legal profession. Young Nehru's father was one of the handsomest and most distinguished looking men I have ever seen. From his private law practice he had an income of over a hundred thousand dollars a year, and he held a place in the legal profession in India somewhat similar to that of Elihu Root or Charles Evans Hughes in America.

Young Jawaharlal had been brought up with a gold spoon in his mouth, but at the age of fourteen the boy caught the

fever of the national awakening which was then sweeping the land, and began to dream of freedom for India and for all Asia from the thralldom of their European conquerors. Nehru's father was an admirer of the British and sent his son to aristocratic Harrow and then to Cambridge University for seven years of study in England. When he returned to practice law in India he was struck by the glaring contrast between the wealth, luxury and power of the rich rulers, both foreign and Indian, and the abysmal poverty of the peasants and the workers in the mills who were sometimes on the verge of starvation. Instead of seeking privilege and prestige among the favored few he identified himself with the oppressed masses.

India had furnished hundreds of thousands of troops and millions in money to help imperial Britain win the first World War. Having been praised for her loyal gallantry, she was expecting some reward, such as being recognised as a self-governing Dominion of the Empire. Instead of this, like a blow in the face of a friend, came the brutal Rowlatt Bills under which Britain suddenly withdrew the ancient right of *habeas corpus* and other civil liberties, and asserted her absolutist power to arrest, imprison or deport without trial any who were even suspected of disloyalty. These bills were forced through in the teeth of the unanimous and indignant condemnation of all India, and invited a general upheaval, following the years of violence of the World War.

Then Gandhi arrived on the scene. For twenty years he had been building up the technique of satyagraha, truth force, or soul force, to set free his oppressed people in South Africa. Gandhi now organized the Satyagraha Sabha as a peaceful, non-violent body, pledged to disobey this abhorred Rowlatt Act, expecting patriots to go to prison by thousands, as Indians had done in South Africa in order to obtain redress of their grievances.

Satyagraha Day, or Truth Force Day, was observed by the

closing of business all over India. While the country as a whole was prevailingly peaceful, there were sporadic acts of violence as in Amritsar and Ahmedabad. It was late in 1919 that General Dyer resolved to teach the people of India a lesson in frightfulness. Some tens of thousands of unarmed people were assembled on a religious holiday in the closed square of Jallianwala Bagh at Amritsar. The General, who had the whole city at his mercy, suddenly marched his troops to this enclosure where the people were without means of rapid escape, caught like rats in a trap. Without a word of warning, without reading the riot act, or giving them a chance to leave, General Dyer opened fire at almost point blank range on that helpless mass of men and women, and as they broke and fled, continued to fire until his ammunition was exhausted. After killing several hundred and wounding over a thousand in that unarmed mass, leaving the dead and dying on the field unattended, he marched off his troops after his victory, testifying afterward that "the targets were excellent."

One night Nehru entered a railway carriage shortly after this incident and took the only unoccupied upper berth in a large compartment filled with English officers. He was shocked to hear General Dyer himself in an aggressive and triumphant tone, as the hero of this "battle," boast of teaching India a lesson. Amritsar was followed by the long horror and terrible indignity of martial law in the Punjab. In one place where there had been mob violence and an English lady missionary had been struck several blows, the British resolved to teach India another lesson with regard to their attitude to "the superior race." Past this spot occupied by the lady missionary's bungalow, for months all Indians, whether they were princes or paupers, were compelled to crawl on their bellies. If they rose half way to their knees they were beaten down by the butt of a British Tommy's rifle. We can imagine what effect this had upon the patri-

otism of Indians and their attitude to the British Government and the missions conducted by the conquering race.

Let the Anglo-Saxon try to put himself in the place of the now liberty-loving Indian. On the green at Lexington and Concord a score of men were killed and wounded in open battle. Yet that was the spark that set the American Colonies ablaze. The men and women in India shot down by General Dyer, or those who were following the non-violent Gandhi, were entirely unarmed, seeking by the only peaceful means they knew some measure of liberty and justice. Can any patriotic American with the memories of 1776 imagine what would have been the effect if the British rulers had thus treated Washington, Jefferson, and the revolutionary colonists? If they had imprisoned all the leading patriots, shooting into unarmed crowds, imprisoning the leading women, cruelly whipping boys of fifteen to eighteen in jail to break their spirit, and ruling autocratically by arbitrary ordinances and laws, what would Americans have done?

The American colonists, with their indignation at the relatively trifling Stamp Act and their demand for no taxation without representation, never had suffered one hundredth part of the injustices, the indignities, humiliations and cruelties to which the people of long-suffering India were subject. Just as the Tories of England believed that the American colonists were utterly incapable of self-government, and would soon come whimpering, asking to be taken back, so today they honestly believe that the people of India are incapable of governing themselves. They complain that the inhabitants are so divided that unity or democracy is an impossibility. At the same time they protest that the people of Egypt with only one national party, the Waft, are also incapable of democracy because there is only one party there, and not two or three as in Britain!

A spark from the forest fire of burning nationalism which had set India ablaze fell into the heart of young Nehru, and

drove him along the lonely road of sacrificial service for the impoverished peasants, and to imprisonment for his country's welfare. He at once fell in behind Gandhi's leadership, for only his spiritual quality could appeal to India's deep religious consciousness, as St. Francis had appealed to Italy and as, long centuries before, Gautama Buddha had to ancient India.

The tide of non-cooperation was now rising rapidly all over India, fanned to flame by British repression and terror. In 1921 Gandhi was uniting intellectuals, peasants and workers in one growing movement of nationalism, effectively combining politics, religion and mysticism. Young Nehru's job was among the villagers of his province. He found them a poverty-stricken, suffering mass helplessly exploited by the government,⁴ the landlords, money-lenders, police, lawyers and priests. Here this rich young man found a new India, naked, starving, and miserable. Their suffering almost broke his heart. Their crushing, ever-growing burden of rent, illegal exactions, foreclosed mortgages, ejection from their land and mud huts, beatings and oppression by the vultures which surrounded them, moved him deeply. In their sufferings he forgot himself and learned to speak in public.

Agrarian upheavals in history are notoriously violent, and when the people of India stood together for a no-rent or a low-rent campaign, hundreds, and later thousands, were arrested and some died in prison. Some of them were shot down and there was a reign of terror in the United Provinces. The accumulated anger and bitterness of national humiliation was now driving even the more moderate leaders, like Nehru's father, into Gandhi's nationalist camp. Even the saintly English missionary, C. F. Andrews, wrote on *Independence—The Immediate Need*.

⁴ Out of India's poverty the Viceroy is paid \$97,720 a year, plus various allowances, a governor of an important province \$44,000, a member of the executive council \$29,600. The expenditure on defence is \$186,413,030, while fifty million people do not get enough to eat.

Gandhi, after long prayer and fasting, now inaugurated his tragic but successful campaign of non-cooperation, and induced the Indian political National Congress to accept it as its program. In 1921 the people were boycotting the visit of the Prince of Wales and later that of the imperialistic Simon Commission. The Government met these boycotts by an orgy of arrests and convictions. In January, 1922, the first 30,000 were sent to prison, and the police came to seize young Nehru and his father. The whole Provincial Congress Committee of fifty-five members was arrested while in session.

On the first show of violence at Chauri Chowra, when several cruel policemen were killed, Gandhi suspended civil resistance but in spite of this he was soon arrested and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. The account of this trial and Gandhi's moving statement to the court goes beyond the trial of Socrates in spiritual quality. It is the nearest parallel in all history to the trial of Christ before Pilate. The press of Nationalist India frankly recognized it as such. India was now in the midst of a non-violent revolution that was unique in human annals. Gandhi's contemporary, Lenin, was leading a violent upheaval in Soviet Russia with its bloodshed and repeated purges and terror, where over ten millions had perished in war and revolution. Gandhi, saturated with the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount and the Gita, was endeavoring to discover whether a great people could achieve liberty and justice without such violence. But his methods were almost as bitterly resented by the ruling race as were those of Soviet Russia.

Ever since the agitation in protest over the partition of Bengal in 1905 there had been a steady stream of men going to prison in India. But during the first fifteen years of the movement for non-violent non-cooperation as we have seen three hundred thousand were imprisoned for political offenses. Oppressive restrictions were increased. When

Azad, a boy of fifteen, was flogged in prison he shouted: "Hail to Mahatma Gandhi!" with each stripe which cut his flesh until he fainted. Nehru and his fellow prisoners went on a hunger strike for three days in protest against such treatment of political prisoners. Jawaharlal found that solitary confinement for long periods of months or years meant inevitably "the slow and continuous deterioration of the mind, the killing of the spirit by slow degrees, the slow vivisection of the soul." Nehru later went to see the prisoners in the Punjab who had been on a hunger strike without food for more than a month. They were weak and bed-ridden, scarcely able to talk. There was no anger in them and they spoke with great gentleness. Jatin Das, whom Nehru saw in great pain, died later on the sixty-first day of that hunger strike! Gandhi as their leader was not the only one who was fasting in India.

To save his sanity and keep fit Nehru himself spent some three hours a day spinning and weaving, and other hours reading and writing, taking as vigorous exercise as his narrow cell or jail yard permitted. His remarkable 600-page narrative *Jawaharlal Nehru: An Autobiography*⁵ was all written in prison to occupy and clarify his mind. There is a strange absence of bitterness in it, as in almost all the national movement insofar as it has been influenced by Gandhi, outside of violent Bengal. It ranks among the great and moving autobiographies of our time. It is distinctly to the credit of Britain that such a book is permitted to be published. In contrast, Pastor Niemöller and the victims of Hitler and other totalitarian states are kept silent in solitary confinement, while many are subject to cruel tortures and indignities in concentration camps.

On his fifth term Nehru was again sentenced to two years' rigorous imprisonment. While thousands of Indians were in prison it seemed to the nationalists that the fruitless

⁵ Published by John Lane, The Bodley Head, London.

dress parades and the resonant eloquence of the series of Round Table Conferences were without significance. They recorded the oratorical platitudes of Ramsay MacDonald, but always maintained the effective communal divisions and the power of the vested interests who wanted a strong British Government and its army to defend their privileges. Gandhi was there in London a lonely and pathetic figure who seemed out of place and impotent. On his return to India the new Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, refused to meet him or even to discuss the crucial issues which were dividing the two great peoples between Indian Nationalism and British Imperialism. The Congress Working Committee was left no choice but to resort again to civil disobedience. On January 4, 1932, Gandhi and the Congress President, Vithalbhai Patel, were again arrested and confined without trial as state prisoners. I saw Patel upon his release, broken in health by his imprisonment, which like that of so many others hastened his death.

The Government now launched an offensive all along the front of autocratic rule by Ordinances. Organizations were outlawed; property, buildings, automobiles, and bank accounts of nationalists were seized; public gatherings and processions were forbidden, newspapers were controlled, and the secret police of the Criminal Intelligence Department became the most ubiquitous and efficient in the world except those in Russia, Japan, Germany and Italy. All the while, effective British propaganda at home and in America maintained that their benevolent rule was in the best interests of India herself which was utterly incapable of self-government.

Nehru's father, broken in health from his last imprisonment, like a wounded old lion at bay, had died. His aged mother whom I knew and loved, was in a procession stopped by the police, and charged with *lathis*, or clubs. She was knocked down from her chair and hit repeatedly on the

head with canes, until she fainted from her wounds. She was later arrested. With her husband dead, her son and both her daughters in prison, the empty palace where she lived had become a nightmare to her and she felt more at home in prison.

Meantime Gandhi was now once again "fasting unto death" in Yeravda jail on a point of principle. Nehru was amazed that the British used so successfully almost the same methods which they condemned in Hitler and Mussolini. He says: "I have always wondered at and admired the astonishing knack of the British people of making their moral standards correspond with their material interests, and of seeing virtue in everything that advances their imperial interests."⁶

After each release, Nehru, as the Secretary of the Indian National Congress, identified himself with the sufferings of the peasants and workers. He was glad that he had not run away but had stood his ground when processions were violently dispersed and that he had taken the beatings of the police with lathis on his head and body without flinching. He was deeply troubled to find for a period of many years that the profit of the foreign jute mills ran from 100 to 150 per cent a year. Meanwhile the wretched workers, both men and women, had hardly clothes to wear; they were living in miserable mud hovels, struggling to exist on a few pence a day, in order that a broad river of wealth might flow unimpeded by any human consideration to the owners of the mills in Glasgow and Dundee. When the movement among the peasants and workers was repressed with force, the Indian Garhwali soldiers finally refused to fire on the unarmed civil population.

I have referred to seeing Gandhi when spending ten days in his home in 1929. In anticipation of his next term of imprisonment he had already chosen as his successor an aged

⁶ Ibid., p. 341.

Mohammedan to be the leader of the Nationalist Movement. When this second man was arrested the poetess, Sarojini Naidu, succeeded him. When she went to jail, Nehru's father, Pandit Motilal Nehru, succeeded her in command. On the latter's visit to Bombay a parade in protest against the government's cruel repressions was held.

The character of the non-violent resistance of the Gandhi Nationalists is related by many eye-witnesses. The following account by the American newspaper correspondent, Negley Farson, printed in the *Chicago Daily News* and *The Christian Century* of July 2, 1930, gives a vivid picture of India in revolution.

"Bearded Sikhs—several with blood dripping from their mouths—refusing to move or even to draw their 'karpans' or sacred swords to defend themselves from a shower of lathi blows. Hindu women and girls dressed in orange robes of sacrifice flinging themselves on the bridles of horses and imploring mounted police not to strike male Congress volunteers. Stretcher bearers waiting beside little islands of prostrate, unflinching, immovable Satyagrahis, who had flung themselves on the ground, grouped about by their women upholding the flag of swaraj.

"These were the scenes Saturday where the six-day deadlock between police and Mahatma Gandhi's followers broke out in a bewildering, brutal and stupid spectacle. The trouble arose over a magistrate's order prohibiting a parade of Congress volunteers before Motilal Nehru, president of the Congress party, who came here to Bombay to lead and stiffen the civil disobedience campaign. Nehru, let it be said, has the reputation of being non-violent himself. Nehru was going to take the salute of this monster congress volunteer review. When he learned that the police had prohibited it, also that blood would be let, he persisted. Therefore, as the leader of one side, Nehru permitted it to come off. In fact he must have wanted it. After watching brutality that

made me physically ill, martyrlike courage so sublime it wrung my heart—I asked a bleeding volunteer if that were not so.

“‘Yes,’ he cried, fanatically, ‘we wanted it! We wanted it! We want to show the whole world what the British are doing to us!’ Which gives you one reason why apparently decent English police sergeants were forced to beat non-resisting men. They were resisting—but in a manner peculiar to India itself.

“The scene opened at six o’clock outside the esplanade. At the police station facing the park some hundreds of yellow-turbaned, blue-clad, bare-legged Mahratti policemen were leaning on their dreaded bamboo lathis under the command of a score of English police sergeants. At 6:45, marching in good formation down the tree-lined boulevard, came the first detachment of volunteers. This was the ambulance unit, mostly boys and young doctors dressed in khaki, with Red Cross badges on their arms. They marched past the waiting police without a glance, to the south side of the playing field, where they parked their ambulances and brought out their stretchers. It was gruesomely like nurses and orderlies preparing an operating theater.

“At seven o’clock began to come processions of white robed volunteers bearing red, green and white banners, singing ‘We Will Take Swaraj—India, Our Motherland.’ At the head of each walked a detachment of women and girls dressed in orange robes, many garlanded with jasmine. As they passed the silent police leaning on their lathis the faces of the marchers tightened, but, set in the resolve of martyrdom, they marched steadily on and actually lined up behind the stretchers which were waiting to bear them wounded and bleeding off the field.

“Dark-faced Mahratti policemen in their sinister yellow turbans marched along in columns led by English sergeants across the field toward the waiting crowd. As they neared

it the police went faster. The Hindus, who might be willing to die but dread physical pain, watched them approach with frightened eyes. Then the police broke into a charge.

"Crash! Whack! Whack! Whack! . . . At last the crowd broke. Only the orange-clad women were left standing beside the prostrate figures of crumpled men. Congress volunteer ambulances clanging bells, stretcher bearers running helter-skelter across the field. Whack! Whack! Whack!—one's anger flamed at the sound of those lathi blows.

"Then came a band of fifty Sikhs and the most amazing scene I have ever witnessed. The Sikhs, as you know, are of a fierce, fighting brotherhood. These Sikhs were Akalis of a fanatic religious sect. They wore the karpan, or sacred sword, and with them were fifteen of their young girls and women. Coming from all districts as representatives of the fighting Punjab, these splendid-looking Sikhs swore they would not draw their karpans to defend themselves—they would not leave the field—and, be it noted, they did not! 'Never, never, never!' they cried to the terrific delight of their Hindu brothers in swaraj. 'We will never retreat. We will die, we will die.'

"I cannot describe it—but such fanaticism made one feel sick. The police felt so, too, and hesitated before hitting the Sikhs. They asked their women to leave the field. 'No,' said the women, 'we will die with our men.' It was terrible. Mounted Indian policemen, who had been galloping across the field whacking heads indiscriminately, came to a perfect stymie when they faced the little cluster of blue Akali turbans on the slender Sikh men. 'The Sikhs are brave men—how can we hit them?' It was not fear, but sheer respect. But the police, determined to try to clear the field, at last rushed around the Sikh women and began to hit the men. I stood within five feet of the Sikh leader as he took the lathi blows. He was a short, heavy muscled man, like one of the old Greek gods.

"The blows came—he stood straight. His turban was knocked off. The long black hair was bared with the round topknot. He closed his eyes as the blows fell—until at last he swayed and fell to the ground. No other Sikhs had tried to shield him, but now, shouting their defiance and their determination to die rather than move, they wiped away the blood streaming from his mouth. Hysterical Hindus rushed to him bearing cakes of ice to rub the contusions over his brown eyes. The Sikh gave me a bloody smile—and stood up for more. And then the police threw up their hands. 'You can't go on hitting a blighter when he stands up to you like that.' For two hours these unbelievable scenes went on.

"The Sikhs had told the police that if the police left first they would leave too. The police did, and at nine o'clock the survivors of the Sikhs, not one of whom was not covered with blood stains and with some part or another of his clothes torn, led the triumphant procession of Gandhi's non-violent Congress followers down the streets. The injured in the hospitals must number several hundred, some seriously hurt from the wounds of lathi blows. No police were touched."

Let every American and Englishman reading these words ask himself whether the American Revolution ever witnessed such heroic scenes or revealed a people more passionately determined to win their liberties against economic exploitation and political injustice. The British for the most part honestly believe that India is incapable of self-government and is immensely benefited by their imperial rule, just as so many capitalists believe labor is better off under their industrial system without trade unions. The full account of the Government's repressions and atrocities has never been told in the British press. India alone contains nearly three-fourths of the population of the British Empire and is the keystone in its world-wide arch. Its conquest and possession

have meant untold wealth to Britain. The Empire means to India, however, the heavy thralldom of debt. In the early days of the East India Company the "wealth of Ind" was looted of hundreds of millions. The Company had piled up an Indian debt of \$350,000,000 and had drawn a tribute from India of over twice that amount. Britain had charged India for its own conquest, the Afghan wars, the Chinese wars, and other wars fought outside the country. By 1900 the public debt rose to over a billion dollars. One-quarter of all the revenues derived from impoverished India were remitted to England in "home charges." This steady "drain" upon India has never ceased, even in famine years. It has amounted to several hundred million dollars a year for interest on debts and lucrative investments, high salaries and pensions for a great army of civilians and military officers, active or retired.

The representatives of British and Indian vested interests hold up their hands in holy horror at any mention of possible confiscation of the property of the rich, demanded by any socialized, planned economy for the masses. Nehru, Gandhi and all the nationalists believe, however, that: "Confiscation, persistent and continual is the basis of the existing system." The sums concerned are a thousand-fold greater than the petty demands that were resisted by the American Colonies in their taxation and the Stamp Acts. Most enlightened Britishers now hold that the American colonists were justified in their resistance, but many of them believe that it is inexcusable sedition and even moral wickedness for patriotic Indians to resist wrongs and confiscation that are far greater. In the light of the foregoing facts we may realize why Indians under Gandhi and Nehru are now demanding a guarantee of their liberties after the present war, rather than fighting in blind loyalty to the Empire as in the last World War, trusting in the generosity of their rulers to give them their reward.

The white population of the British Empire numbers less than 70,000,000 out of a total of nearly 500,000,000; or one-seventh of the whole. But, apart from the self-governing Dominions, the 430,000,000 under imperial rule, including India, are governed by a small Parliament of a few hundred British members in London who are drawn chiefly from the rich, aristocratic Tory class. Disraeli admitted that better conditions would never willingly be granted by the possessing class of the Conservative Party. Though somewhat more enlightened, they are in no way essentially different from any other possessing or ruling class in the world.

The new Constitution of India, adopted by the representatives of the rulers and the rich, is so heavily weighted in favor of the financial interests, and is so based upon economic subjection and injustice that, in the judgment of liberal Indian patriots, it offers no hope of a non-violent attainment of liberty, justice or self-government for India.

The forms of organized religion in India with which he was acquainted did not appeal to Nehru. He felt that the Church of England was chiefly a state political department. He writes: "It is remarkable how the Church has served the purposes of British imperialism and given both capitalism and imperialism a moral and Christian covering. It has sought to justify, from the highest ethical standards, British predatory policy in Asia and Africa, and given that extraordinary and enviable feeling of being always in the right to the English . . . Usually religion becomes an asocial quest for God or the Absolute, and the religious man is concerned far more with his own salvation than with the good of society . . . Religion invariably becomes a vested interest and thus inevitably a reactionary force opposing change and progress."⁷

Nehru complains that the British are becoming more and

⁷ Jawaharlal Nehru: *An Autobiography*, pp. 376-377.

more the silent bulwarks of the worst social evils in India, due to their close association with the most reactionary elements; while the National Congress is engaged in a fierce life-and-death struggle for national freedom. The coercion which India is experiencing is an expensive affair even for the rulers, and ultimately weakens their foundations. It exposes continually the real character of their mercenary rule.

Nehru agrees with our American Thoreau: "At a time when men and women are unjustly imprisoned, the place for just men and women is also in prison." For Indian patriots the choice today is: "Abject submission to the power of the state, spiritual degradation, the denial of the truth that is in us, and our moral prostitution for purposes that we consider base—or opposition with all the consequences thereof."

In the pledge taken on Independence Day, January 26, 1930, the Indian leaders say: "We believe that it is the inalienable right of the Indian people, as of any other people, to have freedom and to enjoy the fruits of their toil . . . India has been ruined economically. Our average income is less than two pence (four cents) per day . . . The manipulation of the exchange ratio has resulted in millions being drained away from the country . . . We hold it to be a crime against man and God to submit any longer to a rule that has caused this disaster to our country."⁸

The whole national awakening in India under Gandhi's leadership has probably been more idealistic and non-violent than any political movement for freedom known in history. Leaders like Nehru feel, however, that "once admitted that a state is justified in using violence to defend its freedom, it is difficult to understand why it is not equally justified in adopting violent and coercive methods in trying to achieve its freedom. The mere fact that a government happens to be the dominant faction controlling the armed

⁸ Ibid, p. 601.

forces does not give it a greater right to the use of violence. In the event of a non-violent revolution succeeding and controlling the state, does it immediately acquire the right to use violence, which it did not possess before?"⁹

Most of the historic advances in the achievement of liberty in the past have had to use violence. As Gladstone said of England: "I am sorry to say that if no instructions had been addressed in political crises to the people of this country except to remember to hate violence, to love order, and to exercise patience, the liberties of this country would never have been attained." The same would have been true in America. It may yet prove true in India if the privileged, possessing classes will not give justice to the subjugated masses of their Empire.

In closing may the writer, in the quaint fashion of an earlier day, ask the "gentle reader" a searching question? You, of course, do not believe that justice and liberty are only for the chosen "Aryan" Germanic race under Hitler and not for Jews and all other minorities and "lesser breeds without the law." But do you believe in a liberty for Anglo-Saxon imperialism that claims an almost divine right to exploit and rule the people of India, Asia and Africa? Do you believe in the American right to exploit the Negro, ever since the first cargo of slaves was landed in Jamestown over three hundred years ago? Or, do you believe in the equal basic right of all peoples to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?

If you will honestly answer that question you will then know whether you will be able to see God even now at work, not only in the Christian bishops mentioned and Gandhi, but in the life of Jawaharlal Nehru and in the nationalist movement in India.

⁹ Ibid, pp. 546, 551.

7

I HAVE SEEN GOD WORK IN JAPAN

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Every time I visit Japan I am amazed at the poverty of these beautiful but barren islands of sand and lava, and at the titanic achievements of this efficient people. The opening of the country by Commodore Perry's fleet in 1854, the restoration of power by the regent Shogun to the Emperor in 1868, and the adoption of the Constitution in 1889, little more than fifty years ago, marked the birth of modern Japan. When I saw Viscount Shibusawa, the J. P. Morgan of Japan, at the age of ninety, he told me that he was a boy of thirteen when Commodore Perry's fleet of American gunboats first arrived. He then believed that the world was a solid cube and that on its flat top there were only four countries in existence—Japan, Korea, China and India. At that time he was in favor of resisting to the death the American fleet, but the shot fired from the Japanese battery on the shore splashed harmlessly in the water only about half way to the ships, so resistance was futile.

What changes this one man witnessed during his lifetime! He saw Japan transformed in almost every aspect of its life as it sought to assimilate the whole complex of Western civilization, both good and evil, entering in a few decades into a political revolution, an intellectual renaissance, and an industrial and social reorganization almost un-

paralleled in history. He became Japan's leading banker and held office as president or director of some sixty corporations.

The area of Japan proper is less than that of the state of California, and in material resources it is much poorer, having less than half the arable land of that single state, with only a quarter of an acre of cultivated land for each person. I am always impressed by the fact that although Japan built her first tiny little steamship only in 1898, she has lifted herself in the face of terrific handicaps until she now holds the third place of power on the sea and has been capturing world trade in many lands.

More than the material or educational progress of the Japanese I have been impressed by God's work in human personalities and in society, both in Japan itself and in the conquered territory of Korea. In Japan proper we may take Kagawa as an illustration, and in Korea a group of leading patriots who were converted while in prison, and who became leaders in the rapid evangelization of their own spiritually great country.

The life of Kagawa is unique in the boundless measure of human suffering he had to undergo, which he eagerly accepted with outstretched hands. Early in his life he longed to die "ten thousand deaths for his fellow men" when he began to share his life with diseased beggars, as did Francis of Assisi with lepers. Kagawa could have said with the poet Heine: "The misery of the world is too great. One *must* believe."

Like God's chosen Suffering Servant, Kagawa was a root out of dry ground. He was born July 10, 1888, the illegitimate son of a Samurai Japanese official who was a profligate father, dying, when Kagawa was four years old, as the result of dissipation. His mother was a dancing girl concubine. His family for three generations was maintained only by such women. His elder brother, who became the head of the household, had had seven concubines and brought grief

and shame upon the sensitive Kagawa. After the loneliness and sorrow of his loveless and sensuous home, he was adopted by a rich uncle and trained for a diplomatic career. But the dishonesty as well as the licentiousness of his uncle's life called forth Kagawa's rebuke upon his shameless guardian.

When, later, Kagawa was converted and refused to enter the Imperial University, but instead began preparation for the ministry, he was disinherited by his uncle and driven penniless from home. It was no wonder that in violent revulsion against the sensuous indulgence of his home, when he heard the first accents of Christianity from the Sermon on the Mount in the beatitude, "Blessed are the pure in heart," with his whole being he cried out: "Lord, make me pure." It was purity and love that first appealed to him in the new religion.

When Kagawa went to study in Tokushima, he joined an English Bible class taught by the Reverend Henry Myers, who welcomed the boy into his own beautiful Christian home, and took long walks with him. Lonely and melancholy as was this sensitive lad, Dr. Myers first taught him to laugh, and opened his mind and heart to a dynamic and optimistic philosophy of life. Through belief in God his whole life was changed and he seized upon the love of God as a drowning man clutches at a life line.

I recall the outstanding incidents of Kagawa's life as he told them to me in his little home in the slums of Kobe years ago. In 1905 in order to prepare for the ministry, he entered the Presbyterian College in Tokyo. Here he read prolifically Darwin, Ruskin, Tolstoi and a host of modern writers. The atmosphere of the theological seminary seemed very worldly to him and he was unpopular with the students and faculty when he began to take the Sermon on the Mount literally, and shared his room and food with a beggar. He also boldly advocated socialism and Tolstoi's doctrine of non-violent pacifism even in the Russo-Japanese war. For

his stubborn pacifism he was beaten by the super-patriots among his fellow students.

During his second year of study he contracted tuberculosis and was compelled by his violent hemorrhages to leave college and repair to a fisherman's hut in a little village on the seashore, to meet his "rendezvous with death." Here he began living in an experience which was finally reproduced in the title of his first autobiographical novel, *Across the Death Line*. And here he learned to write: "To those who know God pain is the supremest art."

When he could not recover his health in this fishing village, he determined that if he had only a short time to live, he would live life at the full. For him this meant plunging into the midst of what was then perhaps the foulest slum on earth, and sharing his remaining life with some twenty thousand beggars, drunkards, criminals, prostitutes, defectives and scavengers—the scum of the lowest dregs of humanity in Japan. Here at the age of twenty-one, on Christmas Day in 1909, he began living in the slums of Shinkawa in Kobe. In a little hut six feet square, without a bed, a table, a chair, or a stove, he lived for more than thirteen years. He had found it vacant because it was a "haunted house" where a man had once been murdered. It opened upon a filthy alley six feet wide, with overflowing sewers and reeking toilets. I can still recall the feeble barking of a poor dog in the foul air of that filthy slum.

Kagawa took in a sick beggar and then a murderer and jailbird, who begged that he might cling to his hand as he slept, waking frequently and crying out from his dreadful nightmares as the result of his life of crime. Finally ten outcasts had gathered in this small hut and Kagawa, himself, for a time was crowded into the street. In addition to his scholarship of five dollars a month, Kagawa earned an equal sum by working as a chimney sweep. He himself lived on two dollars a month and shared the rest with the poor in-

mates of his hut. During the time he lived there, the slum was thrice stricken with plague, five times with cholera, twice with dysentery, thrice with smallpox, and every year with typhus. Yet strange to say, his heroic life of service temporarily cured his own disease. He was preaching almost day and night during these years, visiting and nursing the sick, studying and writing, and doing the work of six ordinary men.

One of the wretched inmates of Kagawa's hut was a tubercular patient whose soiled clothes Kagawa washed. Another was mentally deranged, while a third was a diseased prostitute. At one time he shared his mat with a blind beggar from whom he contracted chronic trachoma. One of his eyes today is totally blind and with the second he can only read by the aid of a powerful magnifying glass, yet he is one of the most widely read men in the Orient.

Several times he was robbed by gangsters and on other occasions he had to flee for his life from criminals armed with knives or revolvers. One of these bad characters challenged him one day to ask if he was truly a Christian and then demanded his shirt, which Kagawa gave him. The next day the bully returned and took from him all his remaining clothes. This left Kagawa with only an old faded scarlet-lined kimono which a poor woman had given him and provided merriment for the neighborhood, as had Francis of Assisi for the urchins of his city.

Kagawa preached in the streets, or rather alleys, beginning his first service at 6 A.M. before the poor people had to leave for their day's work. Even when coughing in the rain from his intermittent tuberculosis he would proclaim his message, "God is love," till sometimes he would fall to the ground from exhaustion, and be carried by loving hands to his hut. The poor were too impoverished to bury their babies amid the appalling death rate of that slum, so Kagawa

furnished the necessary \$2.50 for each of fourteen funerals that followed.

An enterprising publisher found him in this Shinkawa slum and he unearthed an old manuscript which he had begun in the fishing village, written on pieces of wrapping paper, old magazines, or the margins of newspapers and food tin labels. He was unbelievably happy when offered \$1200 for this manuscript. This was published as his first great novel, *Across the Death Line*, and 250,000 copies were soon sold. It was more terrible than fiction and portrayed life at its harshest and cruelest. His flaming spirit kindled many of the youth of Japan as his books, written with a purpose like that of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, followed one another in rapid succession. He wrote on *The Psychology of Poverty* and a *Life of Christ* for children, books of poems—for he is both a poet and an artist, often illustrating his own writings and lectures—as well as works on economics, sociology, pedagogy, philosophy and religion.

After two years' study in Princeton from 1914 to 1916, he returned unspoiled to his slum in Japan. In time he became a labor leader and organized one of the first labor unions in the country to improve the wretched conditions of the workers. He did not beg for charity; he demanded social justice for the exploited poor. In 1921 he led 30,000 dock workers in a strike. They shouted: "Follow Kagawa" as they marched through the streets. The employers enlisted military force and for the first time in Japanese history blood was shed in labor's fight for justice. Although he insisted on no violence, he was finally arrested, beaten and his clothes torn as with a hundred and twenty strikers he was thrown into prison for thirteen days. Here in his prison experience the ideas took shape which later appeared in his novel, *The Voice in the Wall*, and at this time his popular *Shooter at the Sun* was published.

Upon his release a thousand of the workers escorted him

home. Five times Kagawa was arrested for his fearless vindication of the rights of labor. He found women working from twelve to seventeen hours a day, on a daily wage of from twelve to fifty cents, while most of the wealth of Japan was concentrated in the hands of thirteen rich families. Kagawa's religion is intensely personal yet also practical and social. He told me he believed we must both socialize Christianity and Christianize society. Like Gandhi, he unites inward spiritual piety with tireless social activity. If such a whole gospel could have been realized by large numbers it would have swept the world before it.

During all his busy years crowded with activity, he was an incessant and prolific writer. His books were now to be found in almost every village of Japan. Before he was forty-five years of age he had written some fifty books, long and short, with a total circulation of over a million copies and he had published some thirty pamphlets and thirty-five leaflets with a circulation of over five millions.

In these early years the first peasant union was organized in his hut. He later toured the Empire on behalf of the peasants. Both the capitalists and the communists finally turned against him, however, and he was reviled and persecuted by the labor leaders of the red unions.

In 1923, at the time of the great earthquake which laid waste two-thirds of Tokyo, involving the loss of a hundred thousand lives and of over five billion dollars, Kagawa was appointed on the government's Economic Commission. In 1925 the government granted labor's right to organize under certain restrictions, and the Mayor of Tokyo asked Kagawa to be the head of the Social Welfare work of that city on a salary of \$9000 with the use of an automobile. This Kagawa refused, but he became the chief adviser of the government without salary, still wearing his \$1.85 suit of clothes. At this time he was instrumental in starting eleven new social settlements and helped to inaugurate a system of unemploy-

ment insurance. Owing in part perhaps to Kagawa's attacks, the government began to demolish and rebuild the worst of the slums in the six principal cities.

When I saw Kagawa in 1929 in Japan he was in the midst of a crusade of nation-wide evangelism called "the Kingdom of God Movement." Kagawa is nothing less than a religious genius. After his study of the Huguenot Movement in France, he came to the conclusion that Japan needed a Christian community numbering at least a million if it was profoundly to affect the national life. This movement was carried by Kagawa as the chief speaker and a large band of leading Christians out among many of the two and a half million students, aiming also to reach as many as possible of the more than five million industrial workers and thirty million peasant farmers, as well as the middle and upper classes.

I was deeply impressed by Kagawa's preaching. His sermons covered the whole gamut of life conceived as one organic whole—religious, economic, political, and social. His deep knowledge of the human heart enabled him, out of his wide experience and with all his versatile gifts, to use every faculty in the service of evangelism. There was the free play of humor that would send the audience into sudden peals of laughter; the deep passion of moral earnestness with accompanying conviction of sin; and the appeal of the tragedy of human suffering and pathos that obviously moved his hearers. The work in his own language was, of course, far more effective than in his imperfectly understood English in audiences of American Christians.

For three years he labored in this special campaign of mass evangelism. To his dim eyesight the audiences appeared as a "heavy blinding mist" before him. Unable to undertake more than a fraction of the superhuman task of evangelizing Japan, he called for five thousand lay preachers to carry the good news of the gospel to over twelve thousand

villages which were still unreached. He sought to train youth in this new evangelistic crusade and to extend the brotherhood movement of practical service in every church. He also extended the organization of the cooperative movement among the millions of Japan.

When I last saw Kagawa he was speaking four, five and six times a day. His manner is quiet, yet he moves his audience, apparently without any effort on his part, from laughter to tears. He fills to overflowing halls, theaters and churches, and at times the railways have run special trains so that people may come from a distance to hear him speak.

Like Gandhi of India, Kagawa seems to have a hidden source of energy. He does the work of half a dozen men, yet the chairman of his committee told me that he has hardly a sound organ in his body. His heart is affected; his lungs bear the scars of tuberculosis; he has trouble with his nose, his throat and his kidneys. From trachoma one eye is totally blind and the other is weak. His eyes are like the Apostle Paul's, who could boast that he was still able to sign his name in large characters at the end of his dictated epistles.

Such is the life of this great Christian leader. Liberal, daring, hopeful, he is coming to grips with the challenging social problems of his day. In him and others like him we find embodied the hope of a new Japan, after her militarists and imperialists have had their day and have failed. As a religious genius and a practical modern mystic Kagawa has been heartbroken over Japan's imperialistic war that has spread ruin over China, followed everywhere by the curse of her lucrative opium and poison drugs. But the war in China is only a temporary phase in Japan's life. She will yet have hard lessons to learn. Kagawa is even now laying the foundation for the new Japan that is yet to be. He will not have lived in vain, as the martyred apostles or their crucified Lord did not live in vain.

How many of us could say with the Apostle Paul, as

Kagawa could: "I possess this treasure in a frail vessel of earth. On every side I am harried but not hemmed in; perplexed but not despairing; persecuted but not abandoned; struck down but not destroyed. Wherever I go I am being killed in the body as Jesus was, so that the life of Jesus may come out in my body . . . I prove myself a true minister of God by my great endurance, by suffering, by troubles, by calamities, by lashes, by imprisonment; mobbed, toiling, sleepless, starving . . . Chastened but not killed; grieved but always glad; a pauper but the means of wealth to many; without a penny but possessed of everything . . . Through labor and hardship, through many a sleepless night, through hunger and thirst, starving many a time, cold and ill clad, and all the rest of it . . . For I am strong, just when I am weak."¹

I have seen God work in Japan. Brilliant as has been the advance of this truly great people in material and military matters and in their esthetic life, the Japanese have always been a spiritually backward and undeveloped people. Their primitive religion of Shinto, strong as it was in patriotism, always lacked in spirituality and ranked very low among the world's religions. In the seventh century came Buddhist missionaries from Korea and China, bearers of the "Light of Asia." Leaving the national Sun Goddess of patriotic Shinto supreme, Buddha was assigned the humbler role of the moon, and Buddhism was assimilated as a nationalistic Japanized religion.

By 1600 the southern feudal lords had embraced Roman Catholic Christianity introduced by the followers of Francis Xavier and other monks. After the civil war that followed, for two and a half centuries Christianity was banished in blood and the last Christian martyrs perished.

With the Meiji Restoration in 1867 Protestant missionaries entered Japan and soon enrolled 250,000 converts. By

¹ II Cor. 4:7-10; 6:4-10; 11:27; 12:10 Moffatt's translation.

1913 Christianity had become one of the three officially recognized religions of Japan. But in the World War the Japanese became disillusioned regarding Western civilization, its "foreign" religion, and its "dangerous thoughts." By 1930 Japan had ruthlessly purged all leftist Marxian Communists and Socialists. Each of these had to choose between Marx and the emperor. Many perished for their faith, the others bowed the knee to Baal. As in Germany the Christians of Japan may yet have to go through a fiery ordeal under their military masters. Yet this great people will not be too hard for a patient God whose method and instrument is the cross. God will yet triumph in Japan.

GOD WORKING IN KOREA

The government of Korea before the Japanese occupation almost beggars description. An earnest Korean patriot, who was an official under the old regime, told me that the government of his country during the last forty years of its independence was almost destitute of every good principle. The Emperor, kindly but weak, corrupt, and selfish, did everything to ruin the country. Money was extorted from the rich. False charges were preferred against them, they were cast into jail, tortured to extort some confession, and released only on payment of a large bribe or fine. All the offices were sold and extortion was common. No Korean felt safe with regard to life and property. Many died in prison. The Emperor stole from the rich within reach of the capital, the governors extorted money from the prominent men of their provinces, while petty officials seized whatever they could that was left. The condition of the peasants and the farmers was most pitiable. If a man was found with a yoke of oxen or a little property, he could be seized for the debts of all his profligate relatives; or the officials would forcibly confer upon him some empty title like that of "Royal Grave Keeper," and compel him to sell

his oxen or his property to pay for his title, until finally there were more grave keepers than graves to keep. The old government, this Korean official stated, was the worst in Asia.

This proverbial "Land of the Morning Calm" became for a time the storm center of the Far East. Immediately after the Russo-Japanese war, Japan established a virtual protectorate. In 1905 she sent there her ablest statesman as Resident-General, Marquis, later Prince Ito. Under his wise guidance reforms were rapidly inaugurated, but Japan finally annexed Korea on August 23, 1910.

Ping Yang was once the worst city in all Korea. When Mr. Thomas came from China with a quantity of Christian Scriptures in 1866, in the ill-fated vessel *Sherman*, he and all the crew were killed by the inhabitants of this city. Later on other missionaries were driven out. Only a generation ago the first seven converts in this evil city were baptized.

One Sunday in 1911 I first attended a service in the Central Church in this city of Ping Yang. What changes had taken place in twenty years! Instead of seven men, there was now a Christian community of over 33,000 in this one station. Instead of one little church, forty-two congregations had branched off from the mother church. I saw the first Korean missionary sent to China, supported by the Koreans themselves, and heard the suggestion of the next one being sent to Japan. When I asked one of the missionaries how many of the Christians personally witnessed for Christ, he said almost one hundred per cent. He added that the gospel was still "good news" in Korea, and the people try to tell it to all they meet. I saw a young student whose diary showed 3,400 personal interviews in witnessing for Christ during the year. About forty per cent of the Christians have been enrolled in training classes for the evangelization of their own country. One class of 250 mem-

bers pledged more than 2,500 days of Christian service during the year. The Christians of Korea purchased themselves in one year more than 400,000 copies of Mark's Gospel to distribute among their non-Christian neighbors.

In order to show the effect of Christianity on the lives of the people, let us glance at a group of young men who suffered under the cruelty of the old Emperor, and who became leaders in the regeneration of Korea. These young men had been members of the new "Independence Party," working together for long-needed reforms in their corrupt government. Educated in America or in mission schools, they were striving for the Christianization of Korea. The Independence Party sought to reform the entire government in accordance with the ideas of modern civilization. For a time this party was in power and reforms were rapidly introduced, but the reactionaries soon gained the upper hand over the Emperor. The palace gates suddenly opened, and armed police rushed out, and carried some forty of the choicest spirits of the reform party into prison.

Among those captured was Dr. Rhee, or Yi Seung Man, who had been a member of the Imperial Privy Council while the Independence Party was in power. When English began to be introduced, he joined the mission school in order to learn it, but as a proud and self-sufficient Confucian he came to the school with great suspicion, fearing the influence upon him of some foreign drug. He learned English, however, and along with it, a world of new ideas. On leaving the school, apparently untouched religiously, he threw himself into a movement to reform his country. Then the blow fell, the Emperor and his associates turned against the reform movement, and in a moment all was changed and these patriots were thrown into prison.

No words can describe their prison. Besides being frequently tortured to extort confessions or to incriminate others, the prisoners were herded like cattle in a foul pen.

In dirt, covered with vermin, with unspeakable sanitary conditions, they were living in a stifling atmosphere, crowded in with coarse criminals and outlaws. Those who were not fast in galling stocks were often unable to lie down, unless they lay one upon another, because of the crowd in that stifling room. They were cruelly treated both by the prison keepers and by the professional criminals. The food, disgusting and often decaying, was torn from the weaker men by the stronger. The torture to which the political prisoners were subjected was agony. One had his leg broken. After each period of torture Dr. Rhee was bound hand and foot in painful stocks. For seven months he could not lie down, and seven long years this gifted man, since an M.A. of Harvard, and a Ph.D. of Princeton, spent in this horrible prison. Unprotected from the winter's cold or summer's heat, in the pain of torture, and in the filth of that dark prison, he longed for death. Some of his friends were killed, and he wondered when his turn would come. In a newspaper smuggled into the prison from the city he read the announcement of his own death. He was convinced that it had been determined upon by the authorities, and it was now only a matter of hours. Yes, he was going to die, but after that, what? Where was he going? Confucianism offered him no hope, Buddhism no certainty, and he could not accept the debasing superstitions of Shamanism. In despair he turned to Christianity as his only hope, and recalled much of the teaching he had heard in the mission school of a loving heavenly Father, of a compassionate Savior, of the forgiveness of sins, and of hope for the future for his own soul and for a new social order.

He felt convicted of sin because he had rejected Christ in the mission school through his pride and hardness of heart, and had bitterly and openly criticized Christ, but he dimly remembered some verse that said if a man would repent God would forgive. In his agony he turned, helpless

and undone, to God. He knew not how to pray, but bowing his head as well as he could in the wooden stocks, he cried with breaking heart, "Oh God, save my country and save my soul." It was all he could say, but in that broken cry the young patriot found God. It was the first prayer he had ever offered.

He sent a message to his father, not to mourn his loss as he was soon to die, but to send him a New Testament, such as he had read in the mission school. At last it was smuggled in to him. As I write I have open before me the very copy of the New Testament given to me by Dr. Rhee which was the means of his conversion and of others in that group of prisoners. In the filthy cell one prisoner stood guard at the door to give warning of the approach of the keeper, while another held open this Testament before this young man bound in the stocks. Here on the brink of eternity, a famished soul, he thirstily drank in the truth. As soon as he found the light himself, he began to tell the good news to the miserable group in his prison cell. One by one he pleaded with his friends and finally with every hardened criminal in the place. Dr. Rhee witnessed not only to the prisoners, but to the jailer himself. At last he also believed, and later was baptized with all his house, like the Apostle Paul's jailer at Philippi.

Dr. Rhee had been sentenced to prison for life, but after the jailer's conversion he was transferred to a larger and more comfortable room where he had access to a greater number of prisoners. Here he gathered together a class of thirteen boys and taught them to read. Another adult class of forty members was formed, and the jailer himself attended daily. A continual revival went on in that prison, and the men who were there perfected in suffering came to be leaders in the regeneration of Korea. Many of them became prominent in Christian work. Some five centuries before someone had ironically named this prison "The Hall

of Blessing"; and under the alchemy of the gospel it did indeed become a place of blessing to these men. They were like the writer of the Ephesians, "in chains" yet "in heavenly places." Some forty in all were converted and others were won after they left the prison.

Among the group in prison was the old veteran Korean statesman, Yi Sang Jai. He had been secretary of the Korean Legation at Washington for many years. On his return to Korea he bought a copy of the New Testament. Joining the new Independence Party, he became its Vice-President, and later the Secretary of the Imperial Cabinet. In the new party he vigorously opposed Christianity, which was advocated by the reformers, ridiculing its supernatural element, and holding proudly to his position as a Confucian scholar of the old school. As the leader of the party left for America, still advocating Christianity, he said to the old scholar, "You will yet remember Christ, in prison." The words came back to him like a prophecy, when, two years later, he with a score of his friends was thrown into prison and tortured. Some were killed, but most of all it harrowed the old man's soul to see his son tortured before his eyes. Sometimes the prisoners were whipped with a hundred blows, and at other times their limbs were twisted almost to the breaking point. Dr. Rhee, a member of the party who had now been converted, visited the old man in his cell and told him of Christ, but the latter boldly resisted him to his face. In fact he was the chief opponent of the Christian religion in the prison.

Gradually his opposition began to break down, however, a sense of his own sin came over him, and he felt at last that Jesus was his Savior. No sooner had he yielded his life to Christ than he became as strong an advocate as he had previously been an enemy of the truth. This gray-haired old man afterwards became the Religious Work Director of the Seoul Young Men's Christian Association. A tireless personal worker, an incessant witness for Christ, and a powerful

public speaker, when I saw him last, scarcely a week passed without this man getting definite converts or inquirers. Probably no men did more for the regeneration of Korea than this little band of liberated prisoners. Theirs was the spirit of Ugo Bassi, who, dying for Italy, wrote on his prison cell, "Here Ugo Bassi endured somewhat glad of heart at knowing himself innocent."

Yes, I have seen God work in Korea in the depths of suffering and under the harsh discipline of Japanese imperialism. Japan has introduced railways, trade, a few industries, scientific agriculture and many of the benefits of modern materialistic civilization. These have been first and foremost for the profit of Japan and the Japanese in Korea, and only secondarily for her crushed Korean subjects. But along with scanty material benefits, which have nevertheless left the Korean peasants in bitter poverty, Japan has fostered prostitution and other forms of moral degradation. She has utilized under her harsh military and spy system terror and torture against all suspected of "dangerous thoughts" and every aspiration of patriotic Koreans for the least measure of liberty or justice. I have seen with my own eyes the scarred bodies of Koreans after their imprisonment and torture by the Japanese.

Japan's rule in Korea, unlike the liberal regime of America in the Philippines, has been both a blessing and a curse. Nevertheless, both by the bitter discipline of the equivalent of "the Law" with all its curses, and by the blessing of the gospel, Korea is being prepared for her destiny. Both by the iron prison house of the Japanese imperial system and by the enlightenment of Christian education and radiant, witnessing Christian churches, these people are being trained for their great future.

I have seen God work in Korea.

I HAVE SEEN GOD WORK IN THE PHILIPPINES

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I visited the Philippines once each decade during the first thirty years of the American occupation. Here I found a population now approaching sixteen millions, thinly settled on some seven thousand tropical emerald islands. This southern archipelago has about three-quarters of the area of Japan, which is the northern archipelago of the Pacific. It was discovered by Magellan in 1521 on that memorable first circumnavigation of the globe. For nearly four centuries Spain ruled the islands.

In 1898 Manila was captured by American forces and for three years, employing over 70,000 troops, our armies fought to subdue these liberty-loving people. In the island of Luzon alone, one-sixth of the population, or some 600,000 men, women and children perished, fighting for their independence. For the next four decades the Philippines made remarkably rapid material and educational progress under American rule. While the culture of Spain had centered in the church, that of America was typified by democratic education in the public schools in one of the most remarkable chapters in the whole history of education. Over sixty per cent of the population is now literate, compared to only eight per cent in India. They have a larger percentage of the population in high schools or secondary education than even England, France or Sweden.

The Filipinos were the first people of the Orient to be Christianized, and nine-tenths of the people are at least nominal Christians. Half a million sturdy Moros, virile Mohammedans in the island of Mindanao, had held out implacably against the Christianizing and civilizing influence both of Spain and America. For three centuries they had been fighting against Filipino Christians as their worst enemies. Their language, Maranaw, had never been reduced to writing until the coming of that great modern missionary, Frank Laubach. He was not only the beloved friend of the fierce Moros, but later he became internationally known as "The Apostle of Literacy" after he had worked out a simplified method of teaching illiterates to read in an incredibly short time. Dr. Laubach has already adapted his system to over forty phonetic languages and dialects in Asia and Africa, and believes that it can be effectively used in teaching illiterates in many of the phonetic languages, though not including Chinese or English. When it is estimated that some sixty per cent of the world's population is still illiterate, the importance of the "Laubach method" will be realized. Both governments and private agencies have adopted it and have been stirred to new hope by it.

I have seen God work in the life of my friend, Frank Laubach. Born in Benton, Pennsylvania, in 1884, he served three years as a rural teacher and then graduated from Princeton University in 1907, from Union Seminary in 1913, and received his Ph.D. from Columbia in 1914. In 1915 he sailed for the Philippines under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He was soon known as a scholarly educator, psychologist, dean of two seminaries and prime mover in the establishment of the Union Theological Seminary of Manila. Here he wrote *The People of the Philippines, Seven Thousand Emeralds, The Life of Jose Rizal*, and finally *Toward a Literate World*.¹

¹ *Toward a Literate World*, by Frank C. Laubach, printed by the Columbia University Press, for the World Literacy Committee of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, \$1.00.

His heart was especially drawn to the wild and backward Moros of the Southern Philippines. In 1930 Dr. Laubach went to Dansalan among the beautiful mountainous uplands of northern Mindanao. Here, in loneliness, separated from his wife and child, he mastered the language of the Moros and, what was more important, came to a deep understanding of the life of this warlike but attractive people. At last, realizing his love and sympathy, they began to look upon him as their best friend. Soon over half of the 90,000 people living about that crater lake in Mindanao could read and write.

Dr. Laubach is a man of immense practical activity. He developed not only his unique method of adult education but also industries for this backward people, an efficient health service, the introduction of better seed and improved methods in agriculture, self-government under law and order under the leadership of their own chiefs, and a method for the settlement of disputes with the abolition of age-long bloody war and clan feuds among these divided tribes and families. In his own deep spiritual life he is a mystic, but always a practical mystic.

Let us try to visualize Dr. Laubach's life and hear his message that we may, perchance, catch glimpses of God himself at work. Here comes a Moro Dato, or chieftain, to enter the Maranaw Folk School at Dansalan, Mindanao, saying he wants to learn to read. We are here in the heart of Moroland, among the fiercest, most fearless fighters in the Philippines, who never dreamed of reading and writing in a peaceful civilization. For the next hour we have the thrilling experience of watching a Moro chieftain, whose ancestors for three hundred years had fought, hated and destroyed Filipino Christians in the fanatical belief that if any Moslem lost his life killing Christians he would go straight to heaven, sitting down quietly beside a benignant, big-souled Christian missionary learning to read.

"Thousands of people are learning all the letters in less than an hour. See how bright you are," says the teacher, appealing to the Dato's pride. Then turning to the chart, he says: "Have you ever been to Malabang?" which is the name of a well-known town across the lake. When the Dato answers "Yes," the teacher, pointing to the word on the top of the chart, says: "In our school we call it Ma-la-ba-nga. Now say it alone as I point to each syllable."²

Here we see with our own eyes and hear with our own ears the miracle of a man learning to read in an hour. It does not seem possible. But we cannot deny the witness of our own faculties. The system which Dr. Laubach has worked out consists of three familiar words, each containing four consonants, thus making altogether twelve syllables. By arranging these syllables in all possible systematic combinations with the vowels, he can construct practically every word in the Moro language.

This work grew by such leaps and bounds that soon Dr. Laubach had to call for volunteer helpers. In January, 1932, one hundred Datos of the province were organized into a committee to take over the entire responsibility of their respective municipalities in discovering new teachers, educating their people and at the same time training them in democratic self-government. This is using the Moro's organization in his own community life. Today there are four hundred volunteer teachers scattered throughout the province. It is a thrilling experience to see these people, who through long centuries have been suspicious of each other, have hated one another, have fought each other and carried on their feuds, meet at the Maranaw Folk School as a common social center where all barriers are broken down. Dr. Laubach not only teaches these people to read, he also gives them something to study. He and his Moro helpers publish

²This description of Dr. Laubach's work was furnished by Dr. John Jockinsen.

a little fortnightly newspaper containing local news of vital interest and some of their folk tales.

These Mohammedans had always held Christ to be one of their prophets. Dr. Laubach comes to them as a representative of Christ, in the spirit of Christ, not unlike Kagawa in Japan or Gandhi in India. He does not force western standards upon a hostile people but seeks to permeate all life with the Christ-like spirit, and let that spirit be incarnated in the intellectual and institutional forms congenial to this primitive folk. He thus incarnates the best spirit of modern missions, coming not to destroy but to fulfill all the latent potentialities of these brother men.

Dr. Laubach discovered that the key which he had developed in teaching the Moros to read was applicable with modifications to other dialects. Already he has worked it out for fifteen of the leading dialects in this archipelago. What this new discovery may mean to the more than 1,200,000,000 illiterate people of the world who are living in ignorance and superstition and often in misery, no one can yet know!

Years of creative experimentation in his local situation finally stimulated a campaign for literacy throughout the Philippines by churches, schools, municipalities, and the central government. Widespread interest awakened resulted in visits by Dr. Laubach to Southern Asia, the Near East, and to Africa, where intensive studies and practical demonstrations were made under his direction. John R. Mott writes of his work as "most timely and of the utmost importance." The Bishop of Dornakal also speaks of the enormous benefits of his work in his recent visit to India. Probably more millions of men will have voluntarily learned to read during our lifetime through the work of Frank Laubach and of "Jimmie" Yen in China, than through any other men in the world.

During the lonely period when he was patiently groping

to find his way among the Moros, Dr. Laubach wrote very full letters to his father which were printed in *The Argus* of Benton, Pennsylvania. These were later published under the title *Letters by a Modern Mystic*.³ There is a rare and beautiful quality in these letters. Unfortunately St. Francis of Assisi has left us almost no writing save his beautiful *Canticle to the Sun*. Had he done so I imagine his writings would have been somewhat like these unique letters. I have found them so helpful than I have often used them for daily devotional reading along with the New Testament. The following brief excerpts are here given, with the permission of the publishers, in the hope that they will so whet the appetite of the reader that he will purchase the pamphlet containing the letters in full. Anyone who reads the letters will not be surprised at the statement that I have seen God work in the life and character of Frank Laubach.

1. "January 3, 1930. To be able to look backward and say, 'This, *this* has been the finest year of my life'—that is glorious! But anticipation! To be able to look ahead and say, 'The present year can and *shall* be better!'—that is more glorious! And this is what I do witness. I have done nothing but open windows—God has done all the rest. There have been few if any conspicuous achievements. There has been a succession of marvelous experiences of the friendship of God. I feel, as I look back over the year, that it would have been impossible to have held much more without breaking with sheer joy. It was the loneliest year, in some ways the hardest year, of my life, but the most gloriously full of voices from heaven. And it closed very beautifully. When the young people were gathered for a watch night service, we were resolving new high resolves until nearly twelve o'clock. As for me I determined that I would suc-

³ *Letters by a Modern Mystic* by Frank C. Laubach, published by the Student Volunteer Movement, 254 Fourth Avenue, New York City, price 25 cents.

ceed better this year with my experiment of filling every minute full of the thought of God than I succeeded last year. And I added another resolve—to be as wide open toward people and their need, as I am toward God. Windows open outward as well as upward!

2. "January 20, 1930. Living in the atmosphere of Islam is proving a tremendous spiritual stimulus. I have no more intention of giving up Christianity and becoming a Mohammedan than I had twenty years ago, but I find myself richer for the Islamic experience of God. Islam stresses the *will* of God. Submission is the first and last duty of man. This year I have started out trying to live all my waking moments in conscious listening to the inner voice, asking without ceasing, 'What, Father, do you desire said? What, Father, do you desire done this minute?' It is clear that this is exactly what Jesus was doing all day every day.

3. "January 26, 1930. I am here exploring two lands which for me are new. One of them is within my own soul, the other is in the soul of the Moros . . . I am disgusted with the pettiness and futility of my unled self. If the way out is not more perfect slavery to God then what is the way out? It means two burning passions: First, to be like Jesus. Second, to respond to God as a violin responds to the bow of the master . . . I feel simply carried along each hour, doing my part in a plan which is far beyond myself. This sense of cooperation with God in little things is what so astonishes me, for I never have felt it this way before. I need something, and turn round to find it waiting for me. I must work, to be sure, but there is God working along with me.

4. "March 9, 1930. For the first time in my life I know what I must do in lonesome Lanao. I know why God left this aching void, for himself to fill. Off on this mountain I must do three things:

1. I must pursue this voyage of discovery in quest of God's will. I *must* because the world needs me to do it.
2. I must plunge into mighty experiments in intercessory prayer, to test my hypothesis that God needs my help to do his will for others, and that my prayer releases his power. I *must* be his channel, for the world needs me.
3. I must confront these Moros with a divine love which will speak Christ to them though I never use his name. They must see God in me, and I *must* see God in them. Not to change the name of their religion, but to take their hand and say, 'Come, let us look for God.'

My job here is not to go to the town plaza and make proselytes, it is to live wrapped in God, trembling to his thoughts, burning with his passion. And, my loved one, that is the best gift you can give to your own town . . . *This hour* can be heaven. *Any hour* for *any body* can be as rich as God! For do you not see that God is trying experiments with human lives. That is why there are so many of them. He has one billion seven hundred million experiments going around the world at this moment. And his question is, 'How far will this man and that woman allow me to carry this hour?' . . . God answered convincingly: 'It can be as wonderful as any hour that any human being has ever lived. For I who pushed life up through the protozon and the tiny grass, and the fish and the bird and the dog and the gorilla and the man, and who am reaching out toward divine sons, I have not become satisfied yet . . . How fully can you surrender and not be afraid?'

And I answered:

'Fill my mind with Thy mind to the last crevice . . .

Neither tomorrow matters, nor yesterday. Every *now* is an eternity if it is full of God.

5. "March 15, 1930. If these letters are to be given a name I think it must be 'The Story of a Re-conversion' . . . I longed not only to lift my own will up and give it completely to God, but also to lift all the wills in the world up and offer them all in utter surrender to his will. To feel this great longing as I felt it then with all my being, to desire to put one's shoulder under all the world's hunger and need, and to carry it all to God, is not this the highest longing one can ever feel? God, be the thought within my brain . . . The very Bible cannot be read as a substitute for meeting God soul to soul and face to face . . . Can we have that contact with God all the time? All the time awake, fall asleep in his arms, and awaken in his presence, can we attain that? Can we do his will all the time? Can we think his thoughts all the time? . . . I choose to make the rest of my life an experiment in answering this question . . . This oneness with God is the *most* normal condition one can have. It is what made Christ, Christ. It is what St. Augustine meant when he said, 'Thou has made us for thyself, and our souls are restless until they find their rest in thee.' "

Frank Laubach as an old friend wrote me in one of his most recent letters from the Philippines on April 23, 1939, as follows: "The experience is continuing. There is far more to tell now, and I see ahead far more than I have yet attained. But I never have found a phrase that helps me more frequently than this: 'Lord, walk through my mind and think thy thoughts in me.' I believe that the ultimate battle is in the mind. A day is as great or ignoble as the thought that fills it.

"I am just returning from five months in India where I have had my greatest experience. This year India was waiting for this work among illiterates. The Indian National

Congress had urged all the Provinces and Indian States to abolish the enemy of illiteracy as rapidly as possible. Premiers, Dewans, Ministers of Education everywhere called for me to help, for they had no workable program or lessons. I accepted, trusting God to give the answer. He did it incredibly. The Tata Iron and Steel officials at once consented to cooperate in publishing our charts in thirteen languages. India in 1939 is beginning the greatest period in her history. What she and China are now doing will be recognized as of greater importance for world history than all the rantings of Hitler. Why did I happen to be in India again at this hour? God knows because God planned it! The task is stupendous beyond any man's comprehension. Here in India are 340,000,000, or one-third of all the world's illiterates, who are now to be approached and made literate as quickly as possible."

Not only Frank Laubach but all of us, if we will, can see God work among illiterates, among the poor, the sick, the sinful, the underprivileged, the neglected to whom God wishes to speak through us. We can see God at work in the Philippines, in China, in India or, what is far more important for us, in our own land! We can see God at work in the first century in the Acts of the Apostles or, what is far more difficult and more imperative, in our own modern age. We can see God at work in the decaying Roman Empire, or amid the disintegration of the modern world through the poison of fascism and Nazism. We can see God work in the lives of the saints, ancient and modern; in the life of Frank Laubach or, if we pay the price, in our own lives. Here is the world's deepest need, and it challenges your life and mine here and now. What shall our answer be?

9

I HAVE SEEN GOD WORK IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

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One deep formative influence in my life came in my last year of postgraduate study at Princeton. Harry Luce and I, who were rooming together, were going out to the foreign field in less than a year; he to China and I to India. One day after a long talk we came to an agreement as follows: "We are going out next year to these unknown fields. Are we ready for this terrific responsibility? All the props and helps of a Christian environment, of friends and homeland, will suddenly be taken from us. We have been studying books for the better part of the last two decades, but of how much use will these academic notebooks and textbooks be to us in new situations amidst poverty, ignorance, idolatry and desperate human need? Will we be able to tell these people that we ourselves know God personally? Can we say: 'We are more than conquerors'; could we write in advance, as the Apostle Paul did: 'I know that I shall come to you in the fullness of the blessing of Christ?'" We both agreed that we could not. Well, then, more important than Hebrew or Greek, theology or church history, was not the chief thing so to get to know God that we could meet the unexpected demands and baffling problems of human need in China and India by abundant spiritual resources?

From that time to the end of our student days we de-

voted the first two hours of every day to our "morning watch" of Bible study and prayer. We set our alarm for five o'clock and after a cup of cocoa heated over our gas jet, we each had an unhurried hour in that greatest human record of religious experience. Luce spent that year on the life of Christ and I on the epistles of Paul. Up to the level of my experience at that time I felt that I had grasped something of the intellectual meaning and the spiritual purpose of those greatest letters ever written and that I was beginning to enter into the apostle's experience. After an hour of study we each had another unhurried hour for private prayer.

When I began I did not know what to do with such an hour. There were at first repetitions and unreality. I could spend an hour with any human friend I cared for in joyous intercourse without repetition, but I did not know God well enough to do so. I had never mastered the art of prayer nor explored the secrets of communion. I had read of St. Francis, of Luther, of other saints and mystics spending hours in prayer. I had read what John Wesley had written at the beginning of each volume of his diary that he would spend an hour in secret prayer morning and night, without any pretense or excuse for its neglect. Yet apart from a brief "Good morning" or "Good night" of ejaculatory prayer, I knew nothing of such periods of communion. But this full unhurried hour soon became a thrilling and joyous adventure. I began to learn how to find God, to bring to him my daily needs and my problems, to lay my crude personality on the anvil of prayer to initiate the process of being hammered into shape while molten and malleable. It was an experience like the awe and exhilaration to be found in the heart of nature.

One result of this morning period was that the joy of unclouded communion with God throughout each day became a reality that year. I began to know something of the

experience which Frank Laubach records. It stood me in good stead in the long years that lay before me in India and China. It prepared me for the rush of life in our own materialistic country, when I could not get such long uninterrupted periods. It enabled me to pack more import into moments of crisis, and to carry with me through the busy day a sense of the presence of God, just as one is conscious of a beloved human companion in the silence even when both are absorbed in their daily tasks.

As I approach my three score years and ten I still feel the imperative need of a morning period every day of my life. But I do not measure it by time, any more than one can measure by the clock the making of connection with an electric current. There must be full contact and a free flow of power without leakage, or break in the insulation, or short-circuiting. There is no magic in the resulting light, heat and power from an electric current and no favoritism because of ignorance of natural law, but there are certain conditions that must be fulfilled, even when these are but imperfectly known. There is all about us a knowable and discoverable spiritual world surcharged with undreamed-of energy, which may be tapped and utilized when the right contact is made. This experience is available for all men. But there seems to be a special obligation and privilege resting upon ministers, missionaries and all whose business it is to help other people to become acquainted with God. A preoccupied professional cleric is not apt to be an open channel of the divine life, and he passes by on the other side of human need and opportunity without ever seeing them.

We moderns show high intelligence in mastering the laws of physics, yet we are almost savage and primitive in certain social relations with our fellow men, and we are often ignorant in matters pertaining to our inner spiritual life. With our material and electrical equipment we have girdled

the globe, we have conquered the arctic and the tropics, we have harnessed the lightning, tapped the power of cataracts and oceans, of earth and sea and air, and even measured and analyzed the distant stars by means of our majestic and dazzling attainments of science. In the material world we count nothing impossible to us. Why, then, should we be so impotent in spiritual things?

Our inner spiritual life is often like a neglected dugout or a filthy cave into which a savage might crawl to sleep. But there is an inner world commensurate with the outer, where a man should stand in awe before the spiritual heavens above him and the voice of God within his soul. There is a world within that is spacious, and awesome, and of ineffable beauty. But it is a world of singleness and simplicity. Prodigals may enter freely but righteous Pharisees never find it. Its entrance is smaller than the needle's eye, and busy, bustling men with no leisure for God rushing to and fro have not the time nor the vision to discover it.

I have watched Gandhi in his own home, though he is one of the busiest men on earth, take unhurried time for communion on his day of silence each week, and at four o'clock every morning and again at seven-thirty in the evening in his daily periods of prayer. All day long, in the presence of God, in the calm and coolness such as lies at the heart of a flame, he lives and moves and has his being in a timeless spiritual world. Jesus lived all his life in that Presence, with hours for communion when he could get them, a great while before day or at eventide. But we more practical men are too busy! We are too busy for God, for power, for peace, for life itself. We dwell too often on the outer rim of the material world, or in the slums of the mind, or in the waterless deserts of the barren heart. While all the time just at hand there is a little inner door, like John Bunyan's wicket gate, that lies latched and rusty and unused. It opens upon the starry heaven above us, the holy

of holies of the human heart, and the very presence of God himself.

CREATIVE PRAYER

We readily admit that Jesus and all the genuine saints throughout history had spiritual power and that they had a deep prayer life. We believe that there must be some connection between their power and their life of prayer. But most of us have no rational explanation or philosophy of prayer than can relate these two facts.

When laid aside during the brief illness in Florida referred to at the beginning of this volume, I met a friend whose experience seemed to throw a possible ray of light upon the strange power of creative prayer. He was now over seventy-five years of age, yet still in active service in the full vigor of life. Talking over old times that we had known in India forty years ago, this friend told me the story of his life simply as a testimony to God's faithfulness in answering prayer.

As a young businessman in England, with limited education and gifts, it seemed to him that God was calling him to enter Christian work, to found a faith mission in India, as Hudson Taylor had done in the China Inland Mission in the Far East. When God was preparing him for this spiritual leadership, he had been shown the work of one who had founded and maintained an orphanage in Holland. For a whole generation this Dutch leader had never asked for financial support save in prayer, yet these orphans had never lacked a meal during all these years.

George Muller also had born witness to the same thing during a long life of creative prayer. I recalled the incident when, on a certain morning the orphans in Bristol had no supplies, and Mr. Muller was without funds to buy their breakfast. A businessman was passing the orphanage and resolved to send them money in the near future. He was

already late for his office work and soon had gone a mile past the buildings. But he could not throw off the insistent impression: "Do it now! Do it now!" Somewhat annoyed at the delay, he returned to the orphanage and rang the bell. He apologised for coming at that time but said he had felt impelled to do so, though he did not know why. George Muller replied that he thought he knew the reason, because the orphans were without breakfast, and he was under a solemn covenant never to ask of man and never to go in debt for funds. "My God shall supply all your need" was his only charter. So the orphans had their food that morning, and three meals a day without fail during the many decades of George Muller's long life, and throughout the lives of his successors.

I recalled that it had been my privilege to know not less than a score of similar men of faith in various mission fields including Hudson Taylor and members of the China Inland Mission. And now this old friend from India bore quiet testimony to the faithfulness of God in leading through him something like a hundred missionaries to the foreign field, for longer or shorter periods, who had been sustained and unfailingly supported through some fifty years. As I recalled the sane, sterling, sacrificial character of these workers some of whom I had long known, the impression was flashed upon me that here, perhaps, we were in the presence of an unseen and unknown spiritual principle.

What was the explanation of it all? Was answered prayer an arbitrary continuous miracle, or the operation of some spiritual law? For a year past I had examined and found convincing evidence of the fact of telepathy, or the transference of thought from one mind to another. I had long known Gilbert Murray, Greek scholar of Oxford and distinguished representative of Great Britain at the League of Nations, who had given repeated and convincing evi-

dence of the power of mind reading, or thought transference. The same was true of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Upton Sinclair in California, and of a score of others I had known in connection with my traveling work.

Just as I had suspected a causal connection between a life of prayer and a character of spiritual power, I now observed two phenomena which conceivably might in some way be related. I had seen repeated evidence of what seemed to be striking and inexplicable answers to prayer, and, equally, I had witnessed evidence of telepathy or thought transference quite apart from the five senses, in the realm of "extra-sensory perception."

Science has never yet proved that God cannot put a thought into a man's mind. Nor has it ever shown that a vivid thought or image cannot be transferred directly from one human mind to another. Rather, evidence is accumulating that points toward the reality of telepathy. If we suppose for a moment that such a transference can take place, might it not account for many an answer to prayer? Perhaps there is a natural law involved here as truly as in the case of the radio, though not acting automatically or mechanically.

As an analogy or possible illustration, an incident happened to a neighbor of mine in the suburb of New York where I live. This man was receiving a column by radio every night from Admiral Byrd at the South Pole for the *New York Times*. To get clear and uninterrupted transmission, he had taken his telephone from the receiver, the better to distinguish his short-wave messages from the Pole. Suddenly he was wanted at the newspaper office in the city nearby. When they called they found his telephone "dead" and concluded that he was speaking with Byrd. As the matter was urgent they called up Byrd by wireless at the Pole and asked him to request the man to step to the phone for a moment for an urgent message. Here was a natural

transference of a message between three parties widely separated that, but for the radio, would have been counted impossible or miraculous a generation ago.

Will anyone dogmatically maintain that a spiritual transference of thought is impossible between God and two human minds which may be joined or harmonized in prayer? The New York newspaper office reached their agent with almost the speed of light by means of Admiral Byrd at the South Pole. Is it possible that we may reach a fellow man in need by means of God, and that creative prayer may furnish the energy and spiritual power to link lives together? Is it true, as Tennyson maintains, that more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of, and that all the world is bound by golden chains about the feet of God? I do not for a moment say that this is the only spiritual law involved in the complicated phenomena of prayer, but is thought transference an impossible means of connection between spiritual beings? Is it not one conceivable clue to the power of creative prayer?

In 1893 when I became a traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, and first began to face concrete problems as a prospective missionary, I enrolled as a primary pupil in the graded school of prayer, with the petition of the early disciples, "Lord, teach *us* to pray." Up to this time in my casual and fitful prayer life I was accustomed carelessly to ask for anything, to expect almost nothing, and to be surprised at anything as an apparent answer to prayer. I tried to correct this careless habit in the light of the challenging promise: "The confidence we have in him is this, that he listens to us whenever we ask anything in accordance with his will; and if we know that he listens to whatever we ask, we know that we obtain the requests we have made to him."¹

I began that year to keep in my notebook in pen and ink

¹ I John 5:14, Moffatt's translation.

a record of the petitions that, after deliberation and prayer, I felt led to make. Early in the year I came to Acadia College in Nova Scotia. From that little wooden church in the village, fifty men had gone out to the mission field in the past. But the missionary fire had died out and there was not at that time a volunteer for the foreign field in the college. After the first meeting I went to interview two of the students. One was a leading athlete, Foote, and the other a religious leader, Gullison. Neither of them felt it his duty to go to the foreign field. I returned to my room to pray without the slightest notion as to what was their duty or mine. But as I waited on my knees in prayer, suddenly there came to me the clear conviction: "‘Ask and it shall be given you’ concerning these two men." So I wrote down their names as a definite petition for prospective missionaries, leaving a space to write in the expected answer when it came. The next day I felt led to ask for a third man, Freeman. That week he made his decision and later went to India as a missionary.

Two weeks later Foote became a volunteer and lived a long and fruitful life in Korea. After three years had passed, the other man had, so far as I knew, made no move to go and I sailed for India in 1896 with his name still on my list as, apparently, an unanswered prayer. Of course I never told any of them that I had been praying for them. When I reached India I received a letter from Gullison, saying he had beaten me in arriving there, that he was already at work in the Baptist Telugu Mission and inviting me to see him when I came to Madras. There was just a space in my notebook to write in the answer to that prayer.

I do not mean to imply that there were many written answers in my prayer list recorded as clearly as the one just mentioned. But I do mean that I soon felt in touch with a spiritual world of reality, for an understanding of whose laws I was dimly groping, and that I was getting answers

to many prayers. These were not always or often in concrete things. Indeed, I found that material things, like toys and blocks in a kindergarten, are seldom found in the higher school of prayer, but as I was still in the primary or pre-school age, these seemed at the time the most evidential and wonderful. As I progressed I realized that the object of prayer was surely not to obtain gifts, but to find God himself and adjust one's life to him.

Several thousand student volunteers had been enrolled as prospective missionaries by previous traveling secretaries, but the funds of the mission boards were not sufficient to send many of them abroad, so Horace Pitkin and I turned from the colleges to the churches to endeavor to secure the support of some of these men, especially for four of the mission boards which welcomed our cooperation. Robert Speer gave us the names of six volunteers whose support was needed by the Presbyterian Board. To secure the funds for these and other volunteers, Pitkin and I spent a month in Cleveland and Detroit in the spring of 1894.

After two weeks in Cleveland, while there had been much interest and many missionary collections, the money for these six missionary volunteers had not been secured from individuals. On the last morning there I knelt in prayer definitely to ask for the support for three missionaries that day.

My first call was upon a Christian woman whose generosity was so proverbial that I did not have the courage to ask her for anything more. But during the interview I prayed silently that if it was God's will for her to give even more, she might be led voluntarily to offer the support of one of these three. As I was about to leave she offered to take one of them, referring to my appeal in her church the week before. Whether this was because of her natural recollection of my address, or because God put the thought in her mind, or through thought transference or telepathy

from my mind to hers, I did not inquire. The prayer was answered, that was what mattered.

My second interview that day was with a prosperous young businessman, as we were driving behind his span of thoroughbreds, long before the days of the automobile. He said he could not afford to take the support of a missionary, though he had just paid the equivalent of a missionary's salary for a year for one of his team of horses. When I asked him if he could honestly say to Christ if he sat there in my place that he could not afford a missionary, he admitted that he could not, and undertook the support of a missionary in Africa. That night I called upon a perfect stranger who assumed the support of a third missionary. Thus another prayer for three missionaries that day was answered.

The next two weeks were spent in Detroit upon the same quest. In that city also among other things I asked for the support of the three remaining volunteers for the Presbyterian Board, and just that number was taken. One night before these had been secured, when I was at the end of my wits and dead tired, I started to read a volume of Browning's poems. Suddenly in a mystical way that I interpreted as immediate personal guidance, which was at that period habitual in my spiritual experience both in personal interviews to win men and in my prayer life, a "hunch" or suggestion, obtruded itself upon my mind out of a blue sky: "Go and see Mrs. Addison Moffatt." She was a complete stranger known to me by name only.

At the end of a tiring day in my physical weariness I rebelled. I had already spoken in her church and felt that she knew of the need if she wished to give. Moreover, I did not believe she had the ability to support a missionary in any event. But, that I might not miss my guidance, I dropped on my knees beside my chair and believed I got a clear lead to go and see this stranger. My duty was to obey and not to reason why, so I went from a sense of duty

on what I thought would be a fruitless errand, reading my Browning as I went.

When I asked the lady if she could take the traveling expenses of one of these missionaries to China she answered that her own passage was already engaged for a trip to Europe and that consequently she would have no money left. I accepted her answer as final, but presently to my surprise she volunteered to give up her pleasure trip and take instead the full support of one of those missionaries. There also in Detroit the prayer was answered for the three missionaries in that city, making the entire six asked for in the two cities for the Presbyterian Board, which was one of four with which we were cooperating. I felt that I was a dull and backward pupil in the school of prayer, but that there was a great Teacher, and someone at the other end who was mighty and effective to answer prayer whenever we discovered his will and fulfilled conditions at our end of the line.

I may mention another illustration of answered prayer in the matter of the supply of funds and material need. When I was called to be Secretary for Asia for the YMCA, to spend half my time for work in that continent and the other half in America to secure the men, the money for their support and the Association buildings needed in the Orient, I knew that the position would entail a voluminous correspondence and would require a private secretary. If I asked the YMCA for such a secretary a score of others in as many lands might also need a stenographer. So before I left India I definitely prayed directly for the man and the means for his support. I counted that prayer as already answered, as I felt sure it was according to God's will for the extension of his Kingdom in Asia. Consequently I could and did forget it.

When I returned to America almost the first lady I met

was Madame McCormick, the wife of the inventor of the harvester machine. I was introduced to her on the street near her home in Lake Forest, Illinois, and she kindly offered to take me in her car to my next engagement. As soon as I entered the car she said: "I know all about your work in India. I would like to do something for you." Although a sufferer from deafness, she had an amazing knowledge, through letters, friends, or the printed page, of many obscure persons all over the world and helped scores of them. Without the slightest recollection at the moment of my own need of a secretary, since I counted that prayer heard and answered, I replied: "Madame, I need nothing for myself, but if you could do something for the foreign work of your own Presbyterian Board or of the YMCA I should be very glad." She said: "I am already doing something for both of these organizations, but I want to do something for you personally. Will you let me give you a private secretary and pay his salary and expenses as you travel about the world?" She knew nothing of my need, and the thought was not in my mind at the time.

I was almost speechless with astonishment! From that time to the day she died that gift came in, unasked, every year; and even to the moment of writing, after two decades, it has been continued by a member of her family, in memory of this unique and generous woman. Here was a definite prayer answered for more than twenty years without any human means, unless perchance it were telepathy, or through God's putting a thought in a person's mind. Chance may be ruled out in the case of orphanages and faith missions supported unfailingly through decades and generations.

Once again, I do not know how this thought entered the mind of Madame McCormick just at the time of my urgent need and of my confident prayer that it should be met. Surely it is no less the work of God whether he operates

through natural or spiritual law. As Browning says: "All's love yet all's law." I have learned but little of its philosophy, but through a long life time I have seen God answer prayer.

Space forbids my entering upon the difficult subject of prayer for physical healing. I can only say here that during the fifteen years I was in India, though there were some failures, I experienced such healing in my own life at times, and saw it in the lives of others. Certainly the early Christians bore testimony to divine healing among other spiritual gifts. If these gifts had been fully exercised in modern life there might have been no occasion for such movements as Christian Science which reasserted, though often in forms mixed with error, neglected aspects of abundant, all-fulfilling Christian life.

I saw God heal diseases such as insanity. I early learned, however, that there was grave danger in the application of half truths to life as though they were absolutes, and danger also of casting one's self down from the temple in fanatical faith, as though to force God's hand beyond the bounds of natural law. I found in experience that no trust in God should lessen our use of means, as in the ministry of medical science, and no use of means should obviate the necessity of faith in God.

As I look back over the years spent in the school of prayer, I am amazed at the patience and faithfulness of the great Teacher and at the stupidity and unfaithfulness of his backward pupil. I could never have passed or graduated from the primary, secondary or advanced courses in my secular education if I had been such a truant student. But the years have convinced me of the reality of prayer. I can say with Professor James: "The reason why we do pray is simply that we cannot help praying." That is why we breathe. "It seems probable that, in spite of all that science may do to the contrary, men will continue to pray to the

end of time . . . For most of us a world with no such inner refuge would be the abyss of horror."²

Natural law no more excludes or obviates answers to prayer than it prevents human friendship; rather it furthers both. If the world was made for human personalities and their development, then perhaps it was made for prayer. If it is God's world and was made for man, then the spiritual laws which govern or condition prayer are among the pre-arranged laws of the universe. All life is social; horizontally in fellowship with men, vertically in fellowship with God. Life is but the sum total of our personal relationships. The environment of the soul is God and our correspondence with him is in prayer.

Asking and receiving are laws of life both human and divine. We are usually occupied with the limitations of prayer; Jesus was concerned with its possibilities. If it is for human wellbeing, man usually gets what he seeks earnestly, teachably, persistently, whether of nature, of man or of God. There are some things which a wise parent does not give to a child whether he asks for them or not, such as poison, a sharp knife, or a weapon. There are some things which the parent gives without waiting to be asked, such as daily food. But there are some things which we only get for ourselves or for others when we ask, for our asking furnishes the very condition of receiving them. The object of prayer is not to get what we want, but what God wants; not to change God but our own ignorant and sinful hearts. It is like the pull of a rope from a small boat upon a great ship at anchor; it is not the ship that moves but the little boat. Prayer is not teasing God to supply the whims and selfish desires of spoiled children. It is the conversation of the spiritual family, talking with the Father to learn what is best for us and our brothers. We may learn to get answers to our prayers just as we learn to get answers to examples

² William James, *Psychology*, Vol. I, page 316.

in arithmetic, partly by the instruction of the teacher, and partly by our own successes and mistakes under a method of trial and error in the great school of experience.

Prayer survives because it has stood the test of experience. Unless it were a reality and fit to survive it would wither like a vestigial organ. Jesus prayed; the saints prayed; and we have seen God work through them. If they needed to pray, how much more do we! If they saw God work when they prayed, so, presumably, shall we. We can demonstrate the reality of prayer only by praying. No *a priori* philosophy can prove or disprove it. We repeat, no philosophy or science has ever shown that God cannot put a thought in a man's mind. If God cannot do this, he is more helpless and incompetent than a little child, or any man who asks and receives what he needs from a friend. If God can put a thought in a man's mind, or if telepathy or thought transference between human minds is possible, most prayers could thereby be answered through human cooperation.

In the Lord's Prayer, that model pattern which teaches us how to pray, of the six petitions, one only is for material or temporal need, and that just enough for one day's supply of food. The other five petitions are occupied with the great moral and spiritual ends of life. The one all-embracing central petition is for the coming of God's Kingdom. If, in life's great school of prayer, we thus learn to pray, we shall see God working in changing us and changing the sinful world about us. And we shall yet see "greater works than these."

E. Herman, in a volume on *Creative Prayer*, shows that prayer may be a process whereby both the man who prays and his world may be made anew. As Dr. W. E. Hocking says: "The worshipper does not merely sustain but creates." As Divine Love expressed and incarnated itself in a supreme act of self-giving, so nothing short of an unreserved and

continuous act of self-giving in true prayer can constitute man's worthy response. Prayer is religion in act. It should permeate the whole life and shape our every action. If we live in a spiritual universe, prayer is the process by which we avail ourselves of its spiritual forces. It is the most dynamic form of interaction between the human and the Divine. As the Apostle James and the early disciples found in experience: "The prayers of the righteous have a powerful effect."

The prayer life of sinful man at the beginning is self-centered, in asking for self and seeking for things. But it must pass from self-centered to God-centered prayer and it must result in passionate love and service for men. Like George Fox, we must be "baptized unto a sense of the conditions and needs of all men." It is in a life of prayer issuing in service that we are thus baptized. Such a life of prayer made God as real to Brother Lawrence amid his pots and pans in the kitchen as on his knees before the blessed sacrament. Such a life of prayer alone can make all life holy and bring it within the sphere of redemption. In the presence of God it will generate "the expulsive power of a new affection." It will make all sin hateful and loathsome.

We cannot wait to begin to live until we have achieved a philosophy of life, nor defer our prayer life till we have a philosophy of prayer. We admit that prayer cannot change natural law but it may enter upon the discovery of the spiritual laws of an interdependent universe. When Christ saw the fields white for harvest it was not to the multitude but only to twelve active and surrendered men that he said: "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers." The power of the Apostle Paul's life of intercession breaks past all fetters and prison walls and earthly limitations. Like his Master he had entered a spiritual region where all things were possible.

As we advance in the school of prayer we may find that

"the core of intercession is not 'asking things' for others but an offering of one's soul to God that it may become a fit vehicle of his redeeming power. The motto of the true intercessor must ever be: 'For their sakes I sanctify myself.'"

There must always be an inter-related trinity in true prayer: God, my neighbor and myself. The two great commandments are fulfilled in intercession and the service that inevitably flows from it. We must let the Lord "pray his prayer within us" and live his life through us. It is thus that his Kingdom comes on earth. In prayer we discover the solidarity of the human race. Perhaps the chief reason that we have not is because we ask not. The more we pray the more we shall be able to see God work. Our Lord flings wide the gates of life before us with the challenge: "Ask and it shall be given you." Only as we pray can God adequately work. Only thus shall we behold greater works than these.

I HAVE SEEN GOD WORK IN HISTORY AND SOCIAL CHANGE

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The chief emphasis throughout this book necessarily has been upon the personal rather than on the social aspects of religion. We must always remember, however, that man has a double orientation symbolized by the two great commandments: to love God and to love his neighbor. The full gospel of Christ is always bipolar, both individual and social, inward and outward, spiritual and practical, for the development of a new man within, and a new society without. It is fatal to neglect either factor, or to say that if we concentrate upon only one as essential the other will take care of itself. For nothing takes care of itself. The individual can be developed only in and by the community. And the end or goal is not a finite or infinite number of separate individuals, however perfect, but a redeemed society, a Kingdom of God. Thus, the personal is fulfilled only in the social, and the social is achieved only through the personal.

We must be alert, therefore, to see God's handiwork not only in individual character but also in social change. To this end we must use not only the microscope but the telescope. We must see God at work not only in dramatic moments but over aeons of time. We must believe in the seemingly slow-moving centuries as against the impatient days and hours. This is especially true in the dark days of

war time, in periods of sweeping transition, or of the decline of a civilization as at present. At the outset, however, I wish to repudiate the old automatic, evolutionary idea of progress of nineteenth century liberalism. In this respect I am not a liberal, but feel, with Reinhold Niebuhr, that we must look "*Beyond Tragedy*" to gain a true perspective. But, even so, I remain an optimist because I am a Christian.

It may help us to gain perspective if we see God working over vast spaces and periods of time, first in inorganic then in organic evolution, and, finally, in social change in human history. When the new giant telescope was dedicated in Texas in May 1939, at a world-wide gathering of scientists, Dr. Hubbell showed a remarkable series of astronomical photographs of the universe in the making. In tracing the evolution of the nebulae, these scientists beheld "*one fundamental pattern manifesting itself*, just as they could follow the fundamental pattern of man in all stages of his development from embryo to maturity. They looked upon the patterns of embryonic universes, infant universes, universes nearing adulthood and universes fully grown up."¹

Our whole Milky Way, in which our solar system is an insignificant part, is but one of these nebulae and contains over 100,000,000 giant suns. Some nebulae photographed were 500,000,000 light years distant; and a light year is 6,000,000,000,000 miles. Here we behold the work of a creator "who inhabiteth eternity." As Jesus said: "My Father worketh hitherto; and I work." So we too, at the end of the ages, may be humble fellow workers with God. But it is all God's work and it can be truly judged only in the divine perspective.

When we come to organic evolution, the skull of the Peking man is dated by experts about a million years ago, while the monuments of Egypt and Sumaria suggest less than ten thousand years of human history of which we have an

¹ *New York Times*, May 8, 1939.

imperfect record. We are still a youthful race upon a young planet. But we have "the power of an endless life." The end is not yet. If we are only at the beginning of better things there is no place for discouragement, for God is with us.

In all these three types of development we find at work both an evolutionary and a revolutionary principle. Long periods of patient preparation are interspersed with rapid cataclysmic change. When we introduce the human factor we find the added complications of human freedom and of sin. Henceforth, there are two streams of influence appearing in history, the good and the evil. However dark may be this problem of evil, once we catch glimpses of what may be a mighty plan in the whole majestic sweep of evolutionary development culminating in human history, it should give us vision, patience, and confidence for the future. Neither should we be discouraged by inevitable periods of disintegration and decay at the end of each epoch, as one social order makes way for another that is better. The problem of human freedom or of sin does not negate nor destroy either the principle of progress or the goal of the Kingdom of God.

We are not discouraged even by fascism and the Nazi dictatorship with their menace of world war, or, what may be even worse than war, the enslavement of whole peoples in a temporary reversion of their violent rulers to barbarism and brutality. Here we see a system operating under national leaders whose methods are often literal murder, terror, falsehood and robbery. Perhaps fascism, however, is only the temporary middle term in the dialectic advance of progress through conflict.

Professor Macmurray as a creative philosopher expounds an interesting thesis in his recent book, *The Clue to History*. He shows that Jesus, in describing the conditions which will arise in the process of the coming of the King-

dom, provides for just such a development as is found in modern fascism and its resulting world war: "*'Nation shall rise against nation . . . But when these things begin to come to pass, lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.'* In other words, to take the collapse of a civilization as proof that things are going badly is to misunderstand the process of history. It is a sign that things are going according to schedule."²

If, against the purpose and plan of God, men devise a false philosophy of the will to power, for one super-man, super-race and super-state, it leads to self-destruction. They will be found to be fighting against God as well as man. True Judaism and true Christianity must stand for the religious interpretation of life, for the drive toward spiritual progress, toward the goal of one humanity and one Kingdom.

Many believe that they find the clue to the meaning of history in the dialectic principle of progress through conflict, in a succession of positive and negative phases. The thesis produces its own antithesis, and the tension between the two results finally in a synthesis which combines the values of both in a new and wider affirmative at a higher level. A situation is said to be dialectic "when it produces within itself, from inner structural necessity, contradictions which lead on to some new situation, in which these contradictions can be resolved."

This dialectic principle will help us to understand that man's progress is not easy, automatic, or necessary, because of any mechanical evolutionary development. It will also enable us to appreciate that this particular period of decline at the end of an epoch is the most difficult moment in which to appraise or evaluate this progress, without this key to its interpretation.

Even if we are entering upon a "great tribulation" or, it

²*The Clue to History* by John Macmurray, Harper & Brothers, p. 92. Italics ours.

may be, the greatest crisis in all history, we should view it in this dialectic perspective. Plato confronted such a crisis in the death of Socrates and the doom of Greek civilization. Jeremiah saw beyond the Babylonian captivity to a new Covenant and the hitherto undreamed experience of potentially universal, inward personal religion. At the climax of twenty centuries of Jewish history, Jesus views the end of a spiritual epoch in his crucifixion, yet he proclaims an eternal spiritual Kingdom of God on earth. St. Augustine sees the sack of Rome, the downfall of the Empire and of civilization itself as he had known it, but triumphantly he writes his *City of God*, and proclaims Christ's spiritual realm against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.

We, too, like these mountain-peak men of faith and piercing vision, must receive a Kingdom which cannot be shaken. This is imperative if we are to enter a period of war and revolution with the forebodings of many of a possible "dark age," or "a return to barbarism." There even seems a certain demonic or satanic element of malignant evil in the forces which threaten our civilization today. But we must see on the further side of the abyss the certain triumph of God both in history and beyond history. "Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world."

In the light of this dialectic advance we must be prepared both to feel a deepening sense of man's sin, failure and desperate need, and yet at the same time, by the grace of God, to see some signs of intermittent progress in all departments of life.

GOD IN HISTORY

Let us begin at the basic foundation of man's *economic* life. However discouraging and inexcusable may be the desperate need of the still neglected poor, we must remember that the darkest hour is often just before the dawn and that sometimes evils must ripen and come to a head before

they are fully realized and corrected. At the worst, we can observe progress and social change from the cruel injustice and heartless exploitation of past centuries toward the ideals of justice, equality before the law, and an increasing measure of social security for the workers. The growing recognition of the right of collective bargaining in recent decades in all advanced countries is a sure barometer of social change.

As bad as things are in the present, we must remember that at the beginning of the seventeenth century unskilled workmen in England received less than two cents a day, or \$6.66 a year, while skilled workers received three cents a day, or \$10 a year. In the industrial revolution in Britain, children in the mines were "chained, belted, harnessed like dogs and more than half naked, crawling upon their hands and feet, dragging their heavy loads behind them." It is undeniable that the wages, hours, conditions, and social security of both industrial and agricultural workers over most of the world have been vastly improved, especially during the last century. And much of this has been due to the awakening of the Christian conscience.

Socially, despite much failure and frequent regression, man has made an undeniable advance across the centuries. This is most evident in the triumphs of modern science and the material improvement of man's life. In the intellectual sphere the spread of democratic education, especially in free, compulsory, primary schools, has been extended widely in many lands, even where it might have been least expected. There has been a broad social advance from the former systems of slavery and feudalism to the present democratic states, however imperfect or tarnished by imperialism many of them still may be.

Whatever may be the shortcomings of church and state in our modern world, we must not fail to appreciate the working of the leaven of vital Christianity wherever it has been applied in our civilization. To mention only one or

two brief examples, which could be extended into a volume, when Jesus entered the world, slavery was practically a universal institution. Within a century the condition of the slaves had been ameliorated in Rome and, chiefly as the result of the agitation of his followers, slaves were finally freed in every Christian country, and ultimately the slave trade was prohibited even in the dark continent of Africa.

Womanhood has been uplifted, emancipated and ennobled through Christian influence. Woman is no longer merely man's slave, prostitute or plaything, but increasingly is being given her rightful place in religion, in education, in art, in law, and in all life. Christianity has taught the sacredness of childhood and prevailingly, with some humiliating exceptions, it has fought against infanticide, child labor and exploitation. The sacredness, the security, the inviolable, priceless value of human personality and the protection of individual rights are not found under Nazi racism and paganism which persecute Jews, Catholics and Protestants. Whatever its boasted collective achievements, they are not vindicated under a communist dictatorship with its incessant purges and concentration camps, which have made one country like a vast prison house from which there is no escape for many. Is it too much to say that only through a religion that teaches the Fatherhood of God and the ideal of a cooperative brotherhood of man is such a sacredness of personality taught? Under secular mass collectives, or totalitarian dictatorships, or completely militarized peoples, the individual is only a helpless cog in a vast soulless machine, with no more rights than a part of a lifeless mechanism.

Morally, despite recent reversals or throwbacks to primitivism or barbarism, we can trace broadly over the centuries man's advance to ever higher standards. At first sight the prostitution of science and the degradation of morals and religion by the return to war and slavery under the Nazi regime seem to refute this thesis. But as truly as there was

an awakening of the Christian conscience on the subject of slavery among the Anglo-Saxon peoples at the beginning of the nineteenth century, so has there been an awakening or re-awakening of conscience in the matter of war in our own day.

Conscientious objectors to the system of slavery like Garrison and Wilberforce were violently abused in their day, but from the moment of the awakening of the religious conscience the system of slavery was doomed. So it may be in the matter of war. Surely not in vain have we witnessed the establishment of a permanent World Court, an infant League of Nations, however tentative and imperfect, and a Pact of Paris, however impotent and premature it may have seemed for a time. The very awakening of the critical faculty to the acute social evils of our day is surely the promise that these evils eventually will be destroyed. There has been no more striking moral advance in our time than the birth and development of the peace movement. As in no previous war in history, all about us there is a growing demand for the abolition of the war system and for a lasting and just peace settlement.

Religiously we do not need to look back to any idealized golden age in the past. However great the immediate need of a widespread and thorough-going reformation of religion, we can surely trace broadly an advance from almost world-wide paganism to prevailing ethical monotheism. This was true not only in the first three centuries of the Christian era, and in the period of the conversion of pagan Europe to a united Christendom, but in the last century of modern missions which was marked by a bold campaign to evangelize and Christianize the world.

GOD WORKING IN MODERN MISSIONS

There is no finer illustration of social change in all the nineteen Christian centuries than that achieved by modern

missions in Asia and Africa. When the Apostle Paul founded little Christian communities which incarnated a new type of life throughout the Mediterranean world, imperfect as they were, he could yet write to each: "We are a colony of heaven." Each was a frontier outpost of the Kingdom of God. Sinful though these communities were in Philippi, Corinth, and Thessalonica, they yet held the promise, first of a united Christendom, and ultimately of a new social order on earth.

We student volunteers who had the privilege of having some small part in the missionary crusade of the last generation have surely seen God at work throughout the awakening Orient. There were some fifteen thousand of us who went out from the colleges of North America and Great Britain to every country on earth. If we were temporarily excluded from any closed land like Tibet, missionaries came at least to its borders and strove to win converts who would later enter and attempt to Christianize it. Throughout Asia and Africa we founded churches, schools, colleges, hospitals, normal and medical training institutions, model farms and industries, orphanages, homes for widows, leper asylums, institutions for the blind, printing presses and publishing houses. In short, we created and developed every institution and agency that sought to make men whole in spirit, mind and body, and that aimed at individual transformation and social betterment.

Graduates from a chain of mission colleges were soon in government ministries and cabinets in their own lands, providing leaders, rulers, educators, jurists, bankers, businessmen, publicists, clergymen, and laymen in every walk of life. We preached not only conversion and character building as central, but ideas of justice, liberty and democracy. Within a generation or two the inculcation of these ideals led to moral and social reforms. These were followed by political and industrial revolutions demanding sweeping

social change under indigenous leadership in a score of countries.

It seems but yesterday when I went out to the Orient in 1896. As we have seen, all the millions of "changeless China" then wore the queue in sign of subjection to the tyranny of the corrupt Manchu dynasty. Turkey was ruled by Abdul Hamid with his frequent Armenian massacres; Persia was under an ancient despotism; Japan had not yet built her first tiny little steamboat, and India was experiencing the first beginnings among a few educated leaders of what finally became a national awakening.

Within a few decades we saw China become a republic which was soon under Christian leadership. Japan had broken a world's record in education and was becoming the leader of the Orient, able to compete with the West on its own terms. Turkey, abolishing the Khalifate, was entering the modern world. And India, under its own National Congress, was soon in the midst of a non-violent revolution that was unique in history, with 300,000 of its leading patriots proudly in prison; yet "prisoners of hope" for their future freedom. Has any previous generation in ten thousand years of history witnessed such progress?

Within four decades we have seen widespread social change, often in "storm over Asia," in every area of life. There has been an increase of the Christian community in most mission lands more rapid than the conversion of the Roman Empire during the early Christian centuries. But much more striking has been the evidence of the leavening of all life, inaugurating the gradual transformation of whole peoples in their economic, political, and religious life. Even the non-Christian religions themselves have been appreciably modified.

A fine mind like that of Dr. Henry Van Dusen, after making a recent tour for six months among most of the principal mission fields of the world, had an experience that

somewhat resembled that of one of the Apostle Paul's numerous companions in the first century. In these new and nascent Christian communities, both the first century evangelist and the twentieth century observer were witnessing a new type of life upon this planet. In spite of all the evils in the West and the menace of modern dictatorships and their tyranny, Dr. Van Dusen found in the missionary movement the finest examples both of individual transformation and of social change. Here he believed was the chief promise of the coming of the Kingdom of God and the most encouraging thing on earth today. From the Madras Conference he wrote: "There was no sign that a single one of the nearly five hundred delegates felt the slightest uncertainty regarding the adequacy and authority of the Christian faith, the desperate need of all people and nations for it, and the clamant responsibility of Christians everywhere to redouble present measures to speed its spread throughout the world. Nothing more clearly distinguished the Conference in its whole range than a strong certainty of the utter truth and power of the Gospel, and therefore of the unique importance of the movement which is its unworthy bearer.

"Here for the first time in history the Universal Church of Christ was embodied in striking and undeniable reality. Even more impressive was the leadership given by the representatives of the younger churches. It was widely remarked by westerners that the strongest single delegation, man for man, was not the American or British but that from China. I must add a special comment on the magnificence of that delegation. With hearts overburdened by the dastardly crime under which their nation is being torn asunder, yet unable to have that crime so much as considered by the conference as a whole, they went about their tasks with poise, good will and unwearying energy. I think all of us felt abashed before their character and grace. A group of forty or fifty,

they were the most powerful argument for Christian Missions Madras offered, an argument in terms of incarnation in life.

"Statistics reveal little, but it is interesting to compute that in our tour of mission fields we have touched five continents, have visited twenty-one countries, have travelled thirty or forty thousand miles, have seen something of ninety different centers of Christian work. The temptation is strong to attempt some summary of impressions. One conviction overarches and overshadows all others—the power and promise of the Christian Movement in the world today. We set forth on this tour of visitation with serious misgivings about the validity of much Christian work abroad. We return knowing now from first-hand observation that that enterprise in its reach and breadth is infinitely stronger, finer and more significant than we had ever imagined. Often, during the Madras Conference, the thought came upon me—the realities of the Christian Mission are far grander than any discussion of them; the Gospel of Christ far grander still. Almost everywhere in the world gloom prevails. It would be untrue to say that the only rays of light piercing the darkness come from the Christian Movement; but it would be only an exaggeration of the truth.

"Here, within our hands today, under our charge and responsibility, we Christians hold the greatest power for truth, for health, for reconciliation, for good, for holiness that the planet has ever witnessed. There is nothing else which can be so much as compared with it. Its powerful advance, with incalculable services to mankind, waits upon our realization of the *fact*, and then our worthy response."

GOD AS A CONTEMPORARY WORKER

Throughout this book we have tried to catch at least fleeting glimpses of God at work in our contemporary civili-

zation, both in the transformation of personal character and in society. This small volume is only a fraction of what one man, the writer, thinks he has seen of the working of God in his own life and in the lives of others about him. And all this represents but one facet in that myriad-faced, flashing jewel or mirror of life that reveals God. The author is but one—and one of the most mediocre—of the nearly two billion contemporary human experiments of God on this little planet. In the light of the evolving nebulae and forming universes depicted by modern science at the beginning of this chapter, what inconceivable, infinite, immeasurable “light years” of reality, of spiritual grace, of truth, goodness and beauty must there be in God himself, that shall yet be revealed to and realized by man—“man the unknown.”

It should help us if we form the habit of looking for God, not only in nature, in the contemporary world, in our own lives, in every one of God’s two billion incomplete, individual experiments about us, but in social change over the centuries and the years. Each life discloses at least a fraction of another facet of God’s working.

I have said elsewhere,³ that there are four basic human needs: justice, liberty, an abundant life both material and spiritual, and brotherhood. As man awakens, these become the increasing demands of almost every movement, whether for reformation or revolution. Were not these just the elements in the Kingdom of God which Jesus proclaimed? Of the weightier matters of the law in his view justice came first, even before mercy. Jesus came to give liberty to the oppressed, to set free the bruised and enslaved. He had come that men might have life and have it abundantly, both material—“give us this day our daily bread”—and spiritual. And his Kingdom envisaged a fellowship or brotherhood united in love, of all who would do the will of God of

³ *Revolutionary Christianity*, published by Willett, Clark & Co., Chicago.

whatever family, race, nation, class or creed. Love must create, motivate and integrate the new social order that must be increasingly patterned after the Kingdom of God and the principles that Jesus taught.

Now if these are the fundamental needs of all men, if they are the growing demands of almost every movement for social betterment, and if they are the principal elements in the Kingdom of God, we should be able to observe signs of progress on just these lines, as we have already sought to do in this chapter.

We dare not for a moment delude ourselves that we have as yet attained in the matter of these four principles. With regard to justice we are reminded by several high authorities that probably not less than a third of our people in America are ill-fed, ill-clad and ill-housed in the richest country on earth. From the official report of the National Emergency Council to the President, we must repeat the sober fact that "earnings for sharecroppers ranged from \$38 to \$87 per person, and an income of \$38 annually means only a little more than 10 cents a day." We hold up our hands in holy horror at the poverty of masses in totalitarian Germany and Russia but can we point to economic injustice equal to our own in any country on earth?

Up to the time of the war, in the tenth year of the depression which had lasted from 1929 to 1939, there were still some ten million unemployed in the United States, six million on halftime work and five million youth, graduates from our high schools and colleges, for whom we had, and still have, no work. There is obviously something wrong with an economy which cannot employ either its idle men or its idle money.

We sternly judge and condemn with righteous indignation what we call the "barbarism" of Nazi Germany and the "imperialism" of Great Britain. But do we judge ourselves or seek to put our own house in order in the richest,

safest and most favored nation on earth? Stephen Raushenbush shows in his *March of Fascism* that practically all the conditions that obtained in pre-Nazi Germany, especially among millions of the unemployed and a frustrated and indignant middle class, are ominously found in America today. In another post-war depression these could be fanned to flame in a possible fascist or communist revolution. It *could* "happen here."

If the four principles of the Kingdom of God are ever to be growingly realized on earth, the victories already won in the field of social change should nerve us to apply our religion to the whole of life in all its relationships. We should demand justice as a primary, divine, and human imperative. We should advocate every law and institution that makes for the full protection of the workers from the great risks of life—accident, illness, old age, and unemployment. Especially in this day when freedom is threatened all over the world, as Christians we should guard our priceless traditions of liberty and extend them to handicapped and restricted classes and races; freeing labor from unfair legal restrictions and giving genuine liberty to our twelve million segregated Negroes. We should demand an economy of abundance for all classes instead of the existing system of artificial scarcity which makes possible special profit, and the privileges of the good life only for the favored few. And, finally, we should demand the application of the principle of equal and universal brotherhood, especially for all to whom it is now denied.

If these four principles of the Kingdom of God are inevitably denied by the very structure of our present social order under the capitalist system, the enlightened follower of Christ will be as radical as his Master in seeking to go down to the roots of things to build a new social order which will make possible the realization of these four essentials of justice, liberty, abundance and brotherhood.

One reason why we do not see more individual transformation and social change is the poisonous and demoralizing effect of our present unjust order. Yet the far-seeing Christian will perceive God already at work for the building of a better world. In the light of the fact that no privileged, possessing class in history has ever voluntarily surrendered its privileges and given equal justice in time, the Christian will be concerned that we also do not drift blindly in a false security but that we shall so seek to give justice that the transition to a better economy shall be as far as possible non-violent.

Here we may find a suggestive illustration in the erection of the present Grand Central Station in New York City, which is likely long to remain the finest station in the world. Many will remember the small, dingy and utterly inadequate building that stood on the present site. Violently to destroy the earlier structure would have left millions without transportation and would have disrupted the life of the great metropolis. Instead of destroying the old station they first tunnelled under the solid rock and opened more than a score of new tracks on a lower level. Then below, around and above the old, obsolete building they built the new one. Without delaying a single train, or the transportation of a single passenger, or of supplies for the great metropolis, they opened up fifty tracks on two levels in the heart of the most congested city in the world, and built the new edifice as they gradually destroyed the old one. This was a magnificent triumph in engineering. It should be our aim in the democratic countries as far as possible thus constructively to build a new social order that shall more closely approximate the principles of the Kingdom of God.

If, however, we selfishly and stubbornly refuse to build the new order, war or revolution, as a judgment permitted by God upon the sin of man's present competitive order of monstrous injustice, may be the only alternative, like a

desperate surgical operation for a sinking patient. Church and state have both, perhaps, become involved in this situation even now in "peaceful" America. Though other countries are being swept into the widening vortex of the present war, we see no imperative necessity to put our own house in order in the basic matter of social justice for all classes. This we shall consider in the next chapter.

We need to see God at work most of all, not in the classic past or in some utopian ever-postponed future, but here and now, both in personal transformation and in social change—whether in war or in peace—even in our unjust and sinful social order which so denies and opposes him.

II

I HAVE SEEN GOD WORK IN OUR WAR-TORN WORLD TODAY

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Without for a moment seeking to minimize the boundless evils of war, I am as sure that I have seen God work in time of war as that I have seen him work in time of peace. He is not only a God of love but also a God of judgment. In London on Sunday, September 3rd, 1939, I heard the Prime Minister say, "We are now at war." Within an hour the sirens were sounding a warning for the first air raid. A few hours later the first British ship, the *Athenia*, was sunk without warning in the open sea and, shortly after, more than a score of neutral vessels were torpedoed. I heard the band playing in the next street and found carefree soldiers, who were rollicking boys barely of age, singing exactly the same songs that the youth of the last generation were singing here twenty-five years ago: "Pack Up Your Troubles," "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," etc. From the very next house I had seen the first German Zeppelin shot down over London in 1914.

Above us hundreds of silver balloons were shining in the sun, anchored there with the object of driving invading airplanes above effective marksmanship. The streets were in a complete blackout each evening and London was a "city of dreadful night," as were the cities on the Continent.

Three millions were immediately being evacuated from the towns and business was almost paralyzed. In the opening weeks of the war many were losing the savings of a lifetime. The priceless treasures were being taken from the museums and art galleries, and the stained glass from Chartres and Canterbury Cathedrals was being removed when I was there. This is symbolic of the attempt to rescue all that may be saved of the values of our civilization which are now threatened with destruction. I saw the beginning of this vortex which will eventually tend to drag all the continents into the agony of war, as surely as did that pistol shot at Sarajevo in the last world conflict. I am, therefore, constrained to turn aside from the general plan of this book, which has been to describe what I believe is the handiwork of God, chiefly observable in the changed character of individuals, to face this particular manifestation of the problem of evil which will inevitably stagger the faith of many, and ask, can God be at work even in our war-torn world today?

I fear that if Hitler begins his threatened blood bath of frightfulness, this will not be simply another world war. Personally, I believe that we are now at the beginning of the greatest crisis, not only of modern times but of all history. It looks as if we are entering upon a period of wars and revolutions, and that we are on the eve of vast world changes. Why are Britain and France now making their firm stand with their backs to the wall, fighting for their very existence and, as they believe, for a civilization of free men? The situation cannot possibly be understood unless it is seen in perspective against the many milestones of the retreat of the democracies during the last eight years—in Manchuria, Ethiopia, the Rhineland, Spain, China, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Memel and Albania. Poland was then annihilated and Finland invaded. Hitler was determined that

Britain and France should be the next in the long list of victims.

The aggressive advance of the fascist military powers began in Manchuria in 1931. It so happened that I had just gone out for a series of evangelistic meetings throughout China which began in Mukden on September 18th. That very first night, as the result of a long-laid military plot, the Japanese captured Mukden, then seized five cities, and began to tear the three Northeastern provinces from China.¹

Had Britain and America stood together in demanding Japan's fulfillment of her treaties she would probably have left Manchuria in a few weeks, once her economic interests had been safeguarded. But Sir John Simon and the Tories of Britain thought it would be more profitable to deal with a strong Japan than a weak China, and they did not believe the American Congress would consistently support a firm policy in dealing with Japan. Simon made no protest against Japan's breaking the Covenant of the League, the Pact of Paris and the Washington Nine Power Treaty, apparently blind to the danger that this might wreck the whole system of treaties which undergird our civilization.

Seeing Japan's success and the failure of the impotent League, Mussolini was now emboldened to invade Abyssinia, a sister member of the League, while America, Britain and Soviet Russia continued to supply him with oil, under half-hearted sanctions, to his and their own apparent profit. Like Japan in Manchuria, Mussolini was victorious and the League further weakened. Few, as yet, recognized the be-

¹ On October 12, 1931, I sent the following cable to Geneva, Washington, London, and Nanking, and it was read by China's representative at the meeting of the Council of the League of Nations: "I was present at the capture of Mukden. Evidence of many witnesses interviewed at the time and on the spot points to a premeditated, carefully prepared offensive plan of the Japanese army, without the provocation of any Chinese attack . . . All the Orient is looking to the League of Nations and Kellogg Pact signatories for action. Asia believes the League and Pact are on trial. A notable turning toward Soviet Russia as an ally, and communism is developing."

ginning of a now ominous drift toward world disintegration and world war.

On March 7, 1936, Hitler denounced the treaties of Versailles and Locarno and marched his troops into the Rhineland. He had already repudiated the clauses of the Versailles Treaty which limited the size of the German army to 100,000, and began to build a war machine that was soon to number over 3,000,000. Winston Churchill shows that the Anglo-German Naval Agreement liberating the Germans from the naval stipulations of Versailles condoned their breach of the military clauses also. Shortly afterwards, Germany began to construct the Siegfried Line and the impregnable West Wall, which could be penetrated only at a cost of millions. Hitler gave warning that he was arming "night and day" and announced when he made his demand for Poland that Germany had already spent out of her poverty \$22,500,000,000 in rearmament. Hitler thus defied the League of Nations and entered into a life and death struggle between the Nazi regime and the principles of the Covenant of the League which had been reiterated by the Kellogg Pact.

In July, 1936, after a long-laid plot with Mussolini and Hitler, Franco and his generals led a rebellion against the democratically elected Republican Government of Spain. In the Non-Intervention Committee and elsewhere the Tories of Britain always threw their weight with the fascist rebels until the democratic Republic fell, leaving the fascist powers in control of further strategic centers in the Mediterranean,² the northern border of Spain with eighty airdromes

² Under the farce of Non-Intervention, first Italy and Germany on the one side and later, defensively, Russia on the other, made little pretense of keeping their agreements. The fascist victory left Mussolini threatening the whole western Mediterranean by holding the strategic Balearic Islands, Hitler with his guns mounted about Gibraltar, and Spain a friend or ally of the enemy Axis powers. Mr. Winston Churchill wrote: "The bulk of the Conservatives admire General Franco . . . Nothing has strengthened the Prime Minister's hold upon well-to-do society more remarkably than the belief that he is friendly to General Franco." *Step by Step*, p. 312.

on France's undefended frontier, and threatening Britain's life-line to India and the Colonies.

Encouraged by the success of these four fascist advances, in July, 1937, Japan, after manufacturing another artificial "incident," invaded China and captured the eastern half of the country, including nearly all the principal cities. Two years of the most barbarous warfare known in modern times witnessed the wholesale slaughter of non-combatant men, the systematic violation of women, and the forcing of opium and drugs upon the helpless Chinese, apparently both for the profit of Japan and the demoralization of China. Meanwhile, for sordid profit, America, regardless of her century-long protestations of being China's best friend, shamelessly supplied the bulk of the oil for Japan's airplanes, metals for shells, and trucks to mobilize her army to enable Japan to conquer China.

Encouraged by these five advances of the Axis powers, Hitler, breaking recently made promises, invaded Austria with his armies on March 13, 1938, annexed it by force and began a brutal totalitarian regime of the Nazi party and secret police, of which even the officers of his army were often ashamed.

Then came the Munich crisis in September, 1938. France threatened to break her solemn treaty with Czechoslovakia, and Chamberlain and Bonnet, upon whom the chief guilt for the Munich betrayal must rest, abandoned to its fate this last democracy left east of the Rhine. Czechoslovakia was thus forced to surrender the thousand-year-old border of ancient Bohemia which was the third strongest bastion in Europe, her \$100,000,000 gold supply, her munitions, and her key industries and railways as a now maimed and helpless vassal state. This strategic country was the keystone in the arch of the democratic defense of Europe. This action further alienated Soviet Russia and other potential allies of Britain and France. From Manchuria to Munich there

was a continuous surrender to dictatorial aggression by the pluto-democracies. This was not based on pacifist principle. Each "appeasement" only stimulated the dictators' appetite for further conquest. We do not question Mr. Chamberlain's *bona fides*, nor his sincere desire for peace, but each step he took to secure it was a long stride on the road to war.

Mr. Chamberlain in his address to his constituency at Birmingham on March 18, 1939, said that throughout his administration he had consistently tried to follow his policy of appeasement of the dictators. Apparently he had never read *Mein Kampf* and Hitler's cynical avowal that he intends to conquer the world by his "shining sword" and by false propaganda.³ Mr. Chamberlain was stunned when the Nazi dictator marched into Prague on March 15, 1938.⁴ There followed a revulsion of feeling in complete distrust and loathing of Hitler by even the pro-fascist Tories of Britain. Up to this time Hitler could have been halted by the democracies without a war. The German staff had refused to fight if Russia, the democracies and their allies were all united against them. This was Hitler's final perjury when

³ Hitler writes: "The continuous use of force . . . will lead to the conquest of the world by Germans." A pure racial state "becomes one day lord of the earth." "One acted on the very correct principle that the size of the lie is a definite factor in causing it to be believed . . . Something therefore always remains and sticks from the most impudent lies." He then pours contempt on any nation that yields to the advance of ruthless militarism.

⁴ Mr. Chamberlain reported to the House of Commons that Hitler had said of the Sudeten area at the Sports-palast in Berlin during the "September crisis": "This is the last territorial demand I have to make in Europe." Of the rest of Czechoslovakia, he said: "The Czech State no longer interests me; if you please, I give the guarantee: We do not want any Czechs." Of Germany's relations with Poland, Hitler said, just one year before he seized it: "We succeeded in arriving at an agreement which for the duration of ten years basically removes the danger of any clash. We are all determined, and also convinced, that this agreement will bring about lasting and continuous pacification." Mr. Chamberlain concluded: "What reliance can be placed upon any other assurances that come from the same source?"

he broke all his promises and guarantees and took all that remained of Czechoslovakia.⁵

Encouraged by these advances in world conquest, Hitler next steamed up to Memel with his fleet and seized it, while on Easter Sunday, 1939, Mussolini, breaking the solemn promise made the previous week to Lord Perth, the British Ambassador, captured Albania, placing the Axis on the borders of Greece and Jugoslavia, ready for the next advance.

The outlook for war and the alignment of the powers was radically altered by the sudden announcement of the Russo-German Pact. Like the bulk of an iceberg that lies below the surface, we do not yet know all of the implications of this secret treaty. It must be remembered, however, that as soon as Hitler entered Prague and seized Czechoslovakia it was the Soviet Union that proposed an immediate conference and later an equal alliance to stop Hitler. This would have included Britain, France, Russia, the threatened Baltic States, Poland, Roumania and Turkey, and would have had the support of all the democratic nations. But Mr. Chamberlain's government repudiated such an alliance. Later, when forced to negotiate with Russia by his own party, sixteen weeks of fruitless negotiations with the Soviet Union, which the Russians characterized as "frivolous," convinced all that the negotiations had reached a complete deadlock of mutual suspicion.

For fifteen weeks during these parleys, Hitler, who seemed to be desperately in earnest, had made advances in the offer of a neutrality pact which was much more advantageous to Russia, and left her free to strengthen her position, while the Nazi and capitalist countries might mutually half de-

⁵ Mr. Winston Churchill says that: "Unbearable pressure was brought by France and Great Britain upon the Czechoslovak Government" which finally meant "the ruin of Czechoslovakia, the collapse of the Little Entente, the defection of Poland and, finally, the possible departure of Russia from the European system" before exultant Nazidom. *Step by Step*, pp. 286, 287.

stroy each other. At first sight Hitler gained escape from encirclement, the temporary removal of Russia as an enemy by appeasement, so that he would only have to fight on the western front, and the probably empty verbal threat that the Soviet Union *might* back him with sufficient supplies and cooperation to enable him to win a lightning war. He seemed to forget that it was not in the interest of the Soviets to let him thus win, only to become the chief menace of Russia, and that he himself had written in *Mein Kampf* that if Germany ever made such a pact with the Soviet Union "its outcome would be the end of Germany."⁶

Stalin gained more by the pact: 1. No world war for the neutral Soviet Union which can now steadily progress economically while the capitalist and fascist countries demolish each other in a long war of attrition; 2. Without fighting, Stalin gained the eastern, formerly Russian section of Poland; 3. The military and economic hegemony of the Baltic States which Hitler had hitherto overshadowed; 4. The domination of the Balkans from eastern Roumania to Turkey; 5. The checkmating of Hitler, the halting of Germany's age-long drive to the East, and the expectation of an ultimate revolution in Germany with the destruction of the Nazi regime; 6. The end of Japan's attack on her eastern border; 7. The hegemony or dominant position of the Soviet Union

⁶ "The conclusion of a treaty with Russia embodies the declaration of the next war. Its outcome would be the end of Germany. The present rulers of Russia do not at all think of entering an alliance sincerely or of keeping one. We must never forget that the regents of present-day Russia are common bloodstained criminals; that here is the scum of humanity . . . One does not conclude a treaty with someone whose sole interest is the destruction of his partner . . . The danger which once overwhelmed Russia always faces Germany . . . Germany is today the next great battle aim of bolshevism. It is insanity to ally oneself with a power which has as its rulers the mortal enemy of our own future. The struggle against Jewish bolshevization of the world requires a clear attitude towards Soviet Russia. You cannot drive out the Devil with Beelzebub." *Mein Kampf*, pp. 959-961, Landsberg Fortress, October 16, 1924, Reynal & Hitchcock, New York City, publishers.

in all Europe, into the midst of which Russia has now returned after years of isolation.

Stalin lost, however, in world public opinion, in moral confidence and prestige, and did not fulfill his earlier promise to countries fighting for their independence like Poland. Rather, the signing of the pact enabled Hitler immediately to launch his attack upon that helpless country, with inevitable war on the western front. It must nevertheless be recognized that Marx, Lenin, and Stalin had been prevailingly consistent on three principles: their economic interpretation of history, the necessity of a dictatorship of the proletariat, temporary however long, and the launching of the world revolution at the psychological moment in each country. The ruthless invasion of Finland by the Soviets, however, has shocked and alienated the whole non-communist world.

Hitler, whether he be sane or half-mad, has consistently used violence, terror, falsehood and robbery, especially of the Jews, to achieve and maintain his rule which now menaces civilization. His very launching of this war in his ultimatum to Poland was based upon a lie. He cannot face the truth and now threatens to impose the death penalty on anyone who listens to a foreign radio broadcast. On August 24, 1939, he told the British Ambassador, Sir Nevile Henderson, that he preferred war now when he was fifty years old, rather than when he would be fifty-five or sixty. That meant, if the present war is finally equal to the last in casualties, that he would prefer 10,000,000 dead soldiers, 26,000,000 combatants and non-combatants killed, 5,000,000 war widows, 9,000,000 war orphans and a world impoverished when he was fifty, rather than at the more inconvenient age of fifty-five or sixty!

The British Prime Minister, on the Sunday evening that Britain entered the war, said over the radio to the German people: "Nobody in this country any longer places any trust in your Leader's word. He gave his word that he would

respect the Locarno Treaty; he broke it. He gave his word that he neither wished nor intended to annex Austria; he broke it. He declared that he would not incorporate the Czechs in the Reich; he did so. He gave his word after Munich that he had no further territorial demands in Europe; he broke it. He gave his word that he wanted no Polish provinces; he broke it. He has sworn to you for years that he was the mortal enemy of Bolshevism; he is now its ally. Your Leader is now sacrificing you, the German people, to the still more monstrous gamble of a war. In this war we are not fighting against you, the German people, for whom we have no bitter feeling, but against a tyrannous and forsworn régime, which has betrayed not only its own people, but the whole of Western civilization and all that you and we hold dear. May God defend the right."

This raises the question of what is "right" in this strange conflict. It may yet pass through many phases on many fronts in various groupings or re-groupings of the powers and many efforts for peace before a final and just settlement is reached.

THE ETHICAL PROBLEM OF WAR

Europe is now at war; millions are suffering, men are dying, many who live are losing their all. Facing this war and world crisis, what is the duty of the individual and of the nation? Except for the man who over-simplifies the situation, there is no easy answer to this question. There is no demonstrable position that can be proved as the one and only right Christian attitude. As between pacifism and self-defense, equally good Christians are honestly divided on this question and always have been. At one extreme the nationalist patriot, if his government declares war and commands its citizens to fight, counts it treason to disobey, whether his country is right or wrong, whether the war is for conquest or defense. He thinks his only duty is to Caesar,

or the civil state. On the other hand, the Christian who is an absolutist may quote some such text as: "Thou shalt not kill," "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword," "Resist not evil," and may decide that since war is evil he cannot possibly participate in it.

But actual situations are seldom so simple as both these men would make them. All life, and most of all this war problem, is highly complex. Practically no concrete choice in real life is ever presented between an absolute right and an absolute wrong, between white light and midnight darkness. Almost every situation, every community, and every individual man is a mixture of good and evil. In the matter of war or peace, whichever way a man decides, his decision will probably aid some and injure others, as in the case of the American embargo. The decision inevitably aided either the democracies or the dictatorships. In each situation one must choose what seems to him the greater good and the lesser of two evils.

The only ultimate rational guide to conduct is found in experience interpreted by reason. The guide to Christian conduct is experience interpreted by reason in the application of the principle of love, or in the light of the spirit of Christ. But what is the spirit of Christ? Is it Jesus praying "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do," or driving the money changers from the temple? In both cases I believe he was motivated by love—love for God, for his people, for his enemies. Jesus also faced complex situations where there were conflicting loyalties. It was the same love that could weep and suffer, or flame in judgment and defend the weak. Love may use passive resistance or force and coercion. It can bless and it can punish. For God himself blesses and God judges, but he always loves. He both sends the Law from Sinai and suffers on the cross. He works not in one way only but in two or more ways. He is in the

dialectic process of history, of progress through conflict, in the reconciliation of opposing forces.

There are for man two poles of conduct and two commands, to love God and one's neighbor. But there is only one ultimate obligation and principle of action for the Christian. The basis of all Christian conduct is love which sums up all the law and the prophets. To love is to seek to do good to one's neighbor—and a maximum of good to all men, for it is not a single neighbor that is concerned. In complex human situations there are not merely two parties, the evil-doer and the suffering peace-maker who seeks to overcome evil with good. In international relations there are usually three parties concerned, the aggressors, the victims, and the neutral or spectator states. In this war it is not a question, for instance, merely of sentimental love for a Hitler. Any heroic Christian might gladly die for such a man if it could move him to repentance. But that opportunity is not presented to him. His love must include the whole German people, all residents of the victimized and enslaved nations like Czechoslovakia, as well as all in the remaining democracies which are not yet enslaved. What is best for all of these? And which is the greater evil, war or long continued slavery and demoralization? Here there will be an honest difference of opinion.

The Pharisee was bound by six hundred and thirteen fine points which must be obeyed under the Law. But for the Christian all moral rules, even the Ten Commandments, are at best only special applications of the principle of love. After repeating these commandments the Apostle Paul adds: "If there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Love is the only absolute obligation and fulfillment of the law. None of the rules are. They often impose opposite and incompatible courses of action. Moral rules are only

rough approximations of what is generally right or wrong in an imaginary, simplified situation, apart from other considerations.⁷ Even the command "Thou shalt not kill" is not absolute, for the death penalty is enjoined a score of times in the chapters that immediately follow this injunction. We must not make a fetish of some one rule such as non-resistance or non-violence. The use of force or the alternative of non-violence must always be subordinated to the principle of love, and that not for the evil-doer alone, but for the whole community and all concerned.

Let us take three complex situations with conflicting loyalties where the principle of love would have to be applied. If a violator assaults my wife and I alone can render assistance, love will compel me to protect my wife, seeking the maximum of good and the minimum of evil for all concerned. But in the effort to save my wife I might lose my own life or, either knowingly or inadvertently, the life of the criminal might be taken. It is an evil if I have to use violence on the evil-doer. It is a greater evil if my wife is violated and the man permitted to commit the crime. Love constrains me both to restrain the criminal and to save my wife at all costs in a matter that is more important than life or death.

Or, to take an historic situation, if I had been present at the battle of Tours when Charles Martel sought to turn back the Moslem hosts from the conquest of Europe, I would have been confronted with a choice between two evils and two relative goods—as in nearly all human decisions. It would be an evil to kill Moslems in battle and to engage in the cruelty of war. But it would seem to me a greater evil to let Christianity in Europe be overwhelmed by Islam with its superstition, slavery and polygamy. A few thousand must fall in this single battle; but millions would

⁷ This is well presented by W. M. Watt in *Can Christians Be Pacifists?*, The Student Christian Movement Press, London.

die in the endless wars that would follow the triumph of Islam in Europe, and its slavery might be even worse than war. Thus, I believe that love itself, love and not hate, would have constrained me to engage in this battle to save Europe from Islam. If to maintain my own perfection, or the purity of my religion, I refused to defend Europe and trusted God to work a miracle in its defense, I would have to remember that Palestine and other lands in the East were not so preserved when their Christian women were taken into Mohammedan harems and their children reared for centuries as devout Moslems and warriors of Islam. We are not encouraged as Christians to cast ourselves down from the temple if we rely upon God, or seek to force God to work a miracle. It cannot be said that no war ever settled anything, or ever accomplished any good commensurate with the boundless evil of war itself. That single battle of Tours settled for all time whether Europe was to be Christian or Moslem in its standards and ideals.

As a third situation, suppose the individual must face the present world war and that his country is threatened by the Nazis who have already taken Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland, who have persecuted devout Jews, Catholics and Protestants, and now menace our Christian civilization. War is a boundless evil but that I cannot now avert. With or without me, it will go on until the gigantic evils in the present economic and political systems are overthrown. We have already seen what Hitler has done to the people in the lands he rules or conquers, what his system means for the home, the church, the school; what it means for freedom, for religion, for the human spirit. Would it be better to let him take country after country, unresisted or ineffectually opposed? Would it be better to stand aloof and let the democracies be destroyed one by one, including our own country? Or, if our own country is ever menaced, would it be

the lesser of two evils to resist and seek to maintain our freedom as our forefathers did before us?

All through history there are two types of minds. Men are prevailingly either absolutists or relativists. These two types usually reach two different conclusions, and often both are right. If we may judge from the analogy of slavery, these two classes will have to cooperate for the final abolition of the war system. The absolute abolitionists like Wilberforce and William Lloyd Garrison, as well as the realists like Pitt in England and Abraham Lincoln in America, had to cooperate for the final abolition of slavery. We believe that both were right in their attitude to slavery and both had their part to play.

The same two classes confront the problem of war today. There will be the absolute pacifists on the one hand, and the pragmatists, relativists and realists on the other. The latter will use every possible means to remove the causes of war and to prevent war, whether by diplomacy, sanctions, boycott, or other means, even if these should lead ultimately to defensive war as a last resort. War would have been unnecessary if these other means had been used earlier in the eight year period of blindness, cowardice and retreat that lies behind us. War has now been forced by a dictator who has consistently used terror and violence to conquer and to rule, and most realists will believe that even the evil of war is preferable to the yet greater evil of slavery and moral degradation that seems to be its final alternative. The only people we found in Europe in 1939 who wanted war were the Czechs, who felt that even war would be better than their present slavery under the Nazis.

Which attitude toward war the reader will eventually take will be determined in part by his method of approach to the problem. It will depend upon whether he faces the question as an absolutist or a relativist in his philosophy, whether he is primarily an idealist or a realist, whether in

his ethics he is a perfectionist or a pragmatist, and whether he views it from a personal or a social standpoint.

We should all recognize that a few men, like Gandhi in India, are today both idealists and realists. Gandhi has used most effectively the method of non-violent resistance motivated by love in the situation in India. He had no state, no wealth, no army, no police. His method became effective, however, only when coupled with almost superhuman sacrifice and suffering, when he visibly fulfilled the spirit and method of the cross. He did not retire to a monk's cell but went to prison. He was not a passive spectator on the side lines. He did not leave others to suffer and die for his country, whose protection he continued to enjoy, without making any commensurate sacrifice himself. Rather, he went far beyond the sacrifice of the soldier on the battlefield.

I believe that some are called to the high vocation of the absolute pacifist position, to be the sacrificial saviors of society, to trouble the conscience of the rest of mankind. But they will never trouble the conscience of men merely by selfish isolationism, or escape war by the purely negative position of peace at any price. This whole competitive social order of injustice that we had before the outbreak of hostilities in Europe was not "peace." There was little justice for the have-not classes at home and the have-not nations abroad. There is overt war in Europe and in China now; there is latent war in selfish, materialistic, profiteering America. And there is much smug pharisaism and unconscious hypocrisy in our unctuous attitude of moral superiority due to our fortunate geographic isolation.

A democratic state today is a mixed body of citizens with a government based upon consent, sustained by organized force under judicial sanction. Law and order in a community can be maintained only if a certain minimum standard of conduct is enforced. There must be police and courts of justice to enforce the law. There exists as yet no

real "Christian" country nor any serious approach to one. We are dealing with many moral individuals but with an immoral society. There may be ten per cent or more of earnest Christians and, at the other extreme, a smaller percentage of criminals, but the great mass are neither saints nor criminals. The rule of absolute non-resistance does not often apply to the action of a secular, civil state, nor to complex three-party situations. A completely pacifist state in the modern world might mean not law but anarchy. War, which is a boundless evil, would seem to be wrong for the Christian except in the avoidance of a yet greater evil such as Hitler's slave state. Whether a given war for the Christian believer is right or wrong will depend upon the nature of the war, and upon which of the two attitudes mentioned above he feels he should take. But the Christian cannot rightly say in advance that all war is wrong for all men. He must ask, What is right for me and for my country in the present world crisis?

To answer the question of the duty of the individual and of the nation with regard to war, the Christian must first decide whether, all things considered, he should take the position of absolute pacifism or of self-defense for his country and the democracies. When war broke out in Europe, most Americans and their representatives in Congress believed they should immediately modify the neutrality law and lift the embargo on arms to supply the democracies, as Soviet Russia was under treaty obligation to supply Germany. A small minority, four per cent according to the poll of *Fortune*, believed that it was the duty of the United States immediately to participate in the war to protect not only herself, but the democracies in Europe if they were seriously endangered.

It is to be hoped that at least America will not make her decision on a basis of pharisaic, self-righteous superiority. After the previous indictment of British Tory leadership

and of its capitalistic imperialism, I admit that democracy has fallen to a low estate in Great Britain, but I believe that it is sheer blindness and unconscious hypocrisy to maintain that the present injustice and selfish isolation of America are on a higher plane.

We have in America a more sordid materialism and a more ruthless capitalism than in England. We have more bribery, graft and corruption in business, in our legal system, and in politics. We have no higher idealism. In the sphere of religion, while more people go to church in this country, religion has more thoroughly permeated the national life and institutions and ideals in Britain than it has in America. Britain has a riper and more advanced social culture than our own. Her ruling class is the wisest in the world. It is these Conservatives who wisely insist, in their own farsighted interests, on labor's right of collective bargaining, on slum clearance, on an adequate housing program, and on a more drastic taxation of their own class than the New Deal has ever dared to dream. Many American employers, on the other hand, are more hard-boiled and short-sighted than those in Britain. We have more crime and racketeering than Great Britain. In England there are only some 40,000 inmates of her half-empty prisons, while the United States is sending nearly 400,000 a year into its overcrowded penal institutions. England and Wales have only 36 prisons left, while our own country has some 3,000, including chain gangs. Crime is only one of the prolific brood of evils which results from our unjust economic order. The use of violence in the crushing of strikes is another. Edward Levinson's *I Break Strikes* reveals the whole murderous business as it exists in America as in no other democratic country.

If, therefore, we withhold help from the threatened democracies it can be because of no moral superiority. Neither must our most severe criticism of Mr. Chamberlain and

the British Tories ever lead us to equate British imperialism at its worst with Nazi barbarism, for they are poles apart. All democracies are faulty; we have more social democracy and equality in America, there is more political democracy and passion for good government in Great Britain. If attacked by Hitler and the conquering Nazis, we would feel, as the people of Britain and France now do, that the ultimate issue of the war was not a mere struggle between two imperialisms, but between democracy and dictatorship. The present war is *both* a realistic struggle between two rival imperialisms and an idealistic defense of democracy against dictatorship.

The Christian liberal, however, should not be swept into war blindly by emotional propaganda, or because of the sinking of a few of the ships of his own nation, or a few casualties among his own nationals, if he is completely callous to the woes and injustices a hundred-fold greater among tens of millions in Europe and Asia.

No matter how protracted the argument may be, even in lengthy volumes and endless discussion, men will always differ and differ honestly on this moral problem of war. For there is no one demonstrable Christian position that commends itself to the conscience of all as right, where all others are wrong. The final decision at each extreme seems to the other party not only wrong, but incredible. My absolute pacifist friend, who I admit is a saint, says to me: "If the armed forces of the Nazis or of Japan, after being victorious over the democratic Allies, were finally ready to invade and conquer America, I would not have the government use the army, navy or air force in our own defense. I would let them take and govern America and love them still. I would meet them by non-violent resistance, as Gandhi does the British in India, and confidently leave the results with God."

My pacifist friend continues: "This probably seems to you

unrealistic folly. But to what lengths does the other position of self-defense carry you? Can you in the spirit of Christ, motivated only by love, slay your Moslem enemy in your battle with Charles Martel at Tours, or drive your bayonet into a German Nazi or a Japanese? If not, the futility and folly of the boundless evil of war, and the sin of mass massacre seem to me to be an absolute moral wrong, and I will take no part in it, though the penalty is imprisonment, ostracism or death."

Thus equally earnest Christians find themselves in opposite camps. At least we should regret to differ, refuse to judge, and determine to understand each other in the spirit of Lincoln's second inaugural: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right."

A little sober thought should show us that geography and environment have had their part to play in forming our judgment in this matter. Only in the Anglo-Saxon countries is the number of conscientious objectors large enough to have any military bearing or political significance. These are the countries that hitherto have considered themselves safe and that have been free enough, under their civil liberties guaranteed by the police power of their democratic governments, to permit a powerful propaganda for pacifism to be launched by the churches during the more than two decades since the World War. In the recent draft when the young men of Britain were called up for service, 1.7 per cent registered as conscientious objectors. That would mean 85,000 men, if Britain's army in this war equals that in the last. The number of absolute pacifists has been greatly reduced during the eight years' advance of the fascist militarist nations, where realists could not see how the Nazi menace could be halted by those who refused all means of forcible resistance. Nevertheless, the proportion of conscientious objectors and pacifists who would resist America's en-

trance into the war, even if our own ships were being steadily sunk, and would equally object to the United States' defending itself if attacked or invaded by the Nazis, is probably about the same as in Great Britain.

France, on the other hand, with the memory of four invasions of their peace-loving country during the last century, has only five or six individual conscientious objectors who refuse military duty. Not one in a thousand Christians in Germany or in France, in China, Spain, the neutral countries bordering upon the Reich, or any seriously endangered country, has maintained the absolutist position that they could not conscientiously forcibly defend their country if it were attacked or invaded.

Only in Britain, Canada and our own country is the issue of absolute pacifism a serious problem, but here it must be recognized. There are thousands of religious pacifists of Dick Shepherd's movement in Britain, and men like Bertrand Russell, Aldous Huxley and George Lansbury, who would cheerfully accept imprisonment or death rather than take part in the slaughter of modern warfare. They would agree with Niemoeller in Germany that at all costs they must obey God rather than man. There are several thousand pastors in this country also, like Harry Emerson Fosdick, Dr. Ernest Tittle, and Dr. George Buttrick, supported by their influential laymen, who have taken and will continue to take this position.

Absolutists, however, will always be in a minority. The majority will feel that if the use of force is still necessary in our relatively Christian city, state and nation, in the outer world of Hitler's barbarism they cannot successfully restrict themselves to Gandhi's perfectionist methods of non-violence. In this conclusion I now agree with the Master of Balliol, Reinhold Niebuhr and the majority of the best minds in Christendom who are not able to take the absolute pacifist position either in reason or in conscience, though I admit no

moral problem can be settled by a majority vote. I have here stated the change in my own position which I have been forced to make as a realist and relativist in the light of the last eight years' advance of the fascist and communist nations.

THE FINAL PEACE SETTLEMENT

It would seem to me that two very stringent conditions would have to be fulfilled to justify America's final entrance into war: Negatively, that democracy and civilization were seriously endangered and likely to be defeated without American participation. Positively, that the Allies whom we are prepared to join should specifically declare their war aims and peace terms in a way that they have not done, and that these should not be merely the old hollow shibboleths of the last war in new dress—"to make the world safe for democracy," "a war to end war," etc., etc. We should require a firm guarantee that we would not be fighting merely for another more vindictive Versailles, with its accompanying secret treaties and imperialist division of the spoils. Such a victory and peace treaty would only sow the dragon's teeth of future wars and repeat the old vicious circle of injustice, ever breeding inevitable future conflicts. We should require a guarantee also that there would be a peace settlement based on justice which could furnish a stable foundation for building a socialized planned economy for a new world. That would imply a world organized for peace where there could be no place for further irresponsible national sovereignty in Europe, ever producing fresh Hitlers arming for war and preferring a world holocaust when they were "fifty rather than fifty-five or sixty" at a less convenient age. In the minds of many that would suggest the principle of federal union, beginning perhaps with some kind of a United States of Europe, and a regional organization in the Western Hemisphere which would ulti-

mately form parts of a growing cooperative world organization.

Under whatever name, there should be an official, international World Peace Union, an International Consultative Parliament, an International Cabinet in place of the Council of the League, requiring not a cast-iron rule of unanimity but the vote of a two-thirds majority. Learning from the shortcomings and tragic mistakes of the past, the old League of Nations should be either completely revised and reformed, or left like a vestigial survival to its cultural tasks, just as the former once-useful panels of the old Hague Court were left.

Any unwillingness of the Allies to guarantee such terms would be a sure indication that they did not really need America's assistance for genuine democratic ends. Vindictive "peace" terms that contemplated the old set-up of the plutocracies, or capitalistic-imperialisms would be no real peace but only another armistice. We should certainly not plunge into war again on the impulse of blind passion, only to have leaders in the European democracies say once more that the world would have been better off if America had not come in to make possible an overwhelming victory and the dictated peace of a monstrous Versailles Treaty. Probably the present Tory leadership of Great Britain symbolized by Mr. Chamberlain, which, in the judgment of many liberals in Britain and America, betrayed Czechoslovakia and Spain and made impossible a British-French-Russian Pact, would be quite incapable of guaranteeing or even understanding such a settlement.

Unofficially members of the Labor Party in Great Britain such as Mr. Harold Laski, Mr. Zilliacus and others, have already been proposing the only kind of settlement which Labor or genuine British Liberals would accept. Lord Lothian and many conservatives agree with this. They start with the premise that the basic flaw in the present state system of

Europe and of the world is the anarchic principle of absolute national sovereignty. It is this which makes the use of war an instrument of state policy and the use of force a means of imposing their will upon other states, and upon the dispossessed classes at home. This leads inevitably to the police-controlled state and the whole complex of power politics. It leads to economic nationalism, to imperialism, and to the necessity of heavy armaments for the protection of its artificial class and national privileges. The whole system eventuates in class war at home and international war abroad.

To abolish the chronic menace of recurring war, we must get rid of the root evil of irresponsible national sovereignty and an unequal society where the instruments of production are monopolistic and privately owned for the profit of the relatively few of the possessing class. Even Hitlerism is not a cause but a result, only a symptom of the real disease, not the disease itself. Our final problem is not Hitler but the system which periodically produces ever-fresh Hitlers. And this economic system is found not only in Germany but in the pluto-democracies.

Far-sighted members of the Labor and Liberal parties of Britain now propose the federal and democratic reconstruction of Europe as follows:

1. All states may enter the new union which are prepared to pool their sovereignties and submit all disputes to settlement by peaceful means.
2. All states may enter which have democratic constitutions and elections and which will guarantee civil liberties to all citizens regardless of race, religion, color or creed.
3. They must pool their defense forces for mutual security and provide for a collective economic life, with a customs union and mutual agreements with regard to currency, migration, social security, labor standards, etc.
4. They would have to agree to socialize or transfer to

national ownership the vital instruments of production with reasonable compensation to the present owners.

5. They should internationalize the ownership of colonies with an international colonial civil service in the interests of the native peoples themselves, with a view to the rapid realization of their becoming self-governing dominions.

6. Financial provision should be made for national and international loans for public works and housing to provide for the transition from a war to a peace economy, and from competitive private capitalism to a socialized planned economy.

7. Provision should be made to envisage an ultimate world economy or commonwealth of nations, to be worked out in harmony with intensely nationalist and isolationist powers which were unwilling to join the original League of Nations.⁸

British Labor believes that war is rooted not only in the very foundations of Nazism but in our competitive economic system. The far-reaching character of the changes necessary in our whole social order shows clearly that no mere repetition of Versailles, whether milder or more drastic, will be anything more than a temporary armistice in the present war system which threatens to destroy our very civilization. In Europe or the Americas there are no true democracies that have as yet solved their basic economic problems which are the chief cause of recurring wars. The mere maintenance of this monstrous status quo is not "peace." The mere summoning of the vast possessing powers and the have-not nations to a superficial peace conference with their present attitudes and ideologies could not bring any lasting settlement. The further "appeasement" of the present dictatorships by a few colonies, or surrendered Czechoslovakias, or conquered Polands would not satisfy them.

A religious realism must recognize that three conflicting

⁸ See Harold Laski in the *New Republic*, October 4, 1939.

and competing systems, unequal but all ruthless, now menace the world. There are the Fascist and Nazi dictatorships—Mussolini boasted of seventeen on the tenth anniversary of his march on Rome. There is the communist sixth of the globe, where the Soviet Union believes that as Czarist Russia fell when it was rotten-ripe with injustice after the last world war, other nations will fall in line with their communist dictatorship after the present conflict. And there are the pluto-democracies, or capitalist nations, which think of themselves as pure democracies, but which own or rule most of the earth under their present imperialisms.

France possesses an empire roughly twenty times the size of the mother country, Holland sixty times, Belgium eighty times and Britain a hundred times her own area. Americans usually forget how much of the United States was added by conquest, such as California, Texas and the Southwest after our imperialist war with Mexico. As a matter of fact the empires mentioned above and the republics of the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. now possess the greater part of the earth, ruling most of the continents of Europe and Asia and all but one-thirtieth of Africa.

The democracies declaim with righteous indignation against the denial of liberty under the dictatorships. Not beholding the beam in their own eye, they usually are blind to the monstrous injustice of their own social orders of congested wealth side by side with abysmal poverty, with their millions of unemployed, their disgraceful slums, their segregated and impoverished Negroes, their half-starving sharecroppers and landless agricultural workers, described in *Tobacco Road* and *The Grapes of Wrath*. Under the dictatorships they shoot or imprison too many in concentration camps. In the plutocracies we starve and rob too many. Is any one of the three systems fit to survive as it is? And if we in the Anglo-Saxon and French pluto-democracies are stubbornly unwilling to put our own house in order and

grant the economic emancipation of equal justice to all classes, just as all possessing classes have always been in past history, is it possible that only by the boundless evil of war or revolution this sweeping social change can be brought about? Unfortunately it was in violence that the American system of slavery was ended, in blind revolution that feudalism was destroyed in France, and capitalism in Czarist Russia. Is it just possible then, that in no other way will the possessing classes in the pluto-democracies learn their lesson? If Hitler caused the war and we produced Hitler, may it not be that not merely Hitler's Nazism but the system that produced this will only be brought to an end by a similar catastrophe?

Our whole unjust competitive order of exploitation, of wealth and poverty, reaches its climax in war. Under the judgments of God some evil is destroyed, some dross is purged, and the nature of evil is revealed, that in time its causes may be removed. If men would listen to reason, the boundless destruction of war or revolution would be unnecessary, but we know of no possessing class in history that was ever willing to share its privileges and voluntarily give equal justice to all. So the crust of class and caste privilege hardens till the volcano bursts into eruption and the molten lava of the infuriated impoverished classes, or have-not nations, white hot pours forth in destruction.

All through man's selfish, sinful history, evolution and revolution are interspersed. Unfortunately, there is an outbreak of violence in war or revolution at the end of each social order or epoch. Slavery, feudalism, capitalism, imperialism, fascism, nazism, or any other rule of a privileged, owning class or dictatorship tends to reach its climax in a period of violent destruction, when the old order is battered down. The English Revolution of 1649, the American Revolution of 1776, the French upheaval in 1789 or the Russian in 1917 were all theoretically unnecessary *if* the ruling classes had been willing to give justice. But they were not

willing in the past and probably they will not be in the future. They are always blinded by self-interest. Undoubtedly we are living in a period of social and moral decline and disintegration that marks the end of an epoch and a probable period of judgment.

Jesus in Nazareth could do no mighty work because of their unbelief. So, perhaps, without abrogating man's freedom God himself can accomplish no adequate transformation in the unjust status quo which we call "peace," because of our blind greed. Is it possible then, that only in judgment, only in the boundless evil of war or revolution, may this system of organized injustice radically be changed? If so, we should not be baffled if history must now repeat itself. I believe that God, who makes the wrath of man to praise him, is mightily at work even in our war-torn world today.

To sum up the position taken in this chapter, we view the world situation under a philosophy of dialectic realism, of progress through conflict. We do not have absolute truth in the stages of the thesis, antithesis, or temporary synthesis of man's progress in thought or in history. We are everywhere subject to relativity. Only God is absolute and we have no absolute access to his omniscience or omnipotence.

War, which is the world's supreme evil and menace, is a final consequence of a long line of antecedent causes arising from our unjust social order in whose guilt we must all share, as individuals and as nations, especially our own country. Mutuality of guilt, however, does not imply equality of guilt, nor exclude discriminating judgments as to degrees of responsibility between contending forces. We cannot hold that there is equal responsibility for war between Russia and Finland. We cannot equate the guilt of Nazi Germany, whose tyranny threatens the destruction of Christian values, and the democracies which, with all their faults, are struggling to maintain standards of justice and civil liberties.

In the division between state and church, the state has the

responsibility of providing for the general welfare and for national defense, and it alone has the power to declare war. The church must determine the principles upon which these shall be based and may pronounce a qualified moral judgment upon the state. A good state, from the point of view of religion, is one where the gospel can be preached, where men are free to worship God and to pronounce such moral judgments, and which provides justice, liberty, security and brotherhood for all.

In the judgment of public opinion, American vital interests are not immediately involved in the present European or Asiatic conflict. We cannot on that account uncritically identify our political neutrality with the will of God nor our fortunate geographical position with pharisaic moral superiority. An uncritical sanctification of neutrality by an irresponsible nationalism may be almost as dangerous as a predatory nationalism.

Twenty-five years ago the churches uncritically gave their whole-hearted support to the World War. In their rightful desire to avoid past mistakes, many of their absolutist members are in danger of passing sweeping condemnation upon the nations that seek to defend themselves in the present war, which is as uncritical as was their support of the Allied cause a quarter of a century ago. We believe neither in a "holy war" nor in a "holy neutrality."

We have maintained throughout this chapter that some are called to be conscientious objectors as absolute pacifists to challenge the whole war system, but that the majority will feel it to be their duty forcibly to defend their country when it is attacked or its vital interests are threatened. Gandhi himself, the most effective and the greatest living pacifist, is not an absolutist but a relativist, a realist and, to a large degree, a practical statesman. He is effectively using non-violent resistance to achieve the independence of India, but he recognizes that a modern state cannot be maintained without both a police force and an army. When the writer

asked him personally how a divided Indian army could be commanded by a Moslem, a Hindu, or a Sikh, he told me they could first ask an American or some foreign neutral to lead their army. But Gandhi pacifists and Indian nationalists would defend their country if attacked by Japan or Soviet Russia or any other foreign power by the full force of their army. So, I believe, should our own country.

We have reviewed in this brief volume only a few of the evidences of God at work in America, in Great Britain, in Czechoslovakia, in Russia, in China, in India, in Japan, in the Philippines, in answer to prayer, in history and in social change and, finally, even in our war-torn world today. May each of us form the habit of watching for the handiwork of God all about us. Thus, in both individual transformation and social change, we shall be able increasingly to say

I HAVE SEEN GOD DO IT.

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